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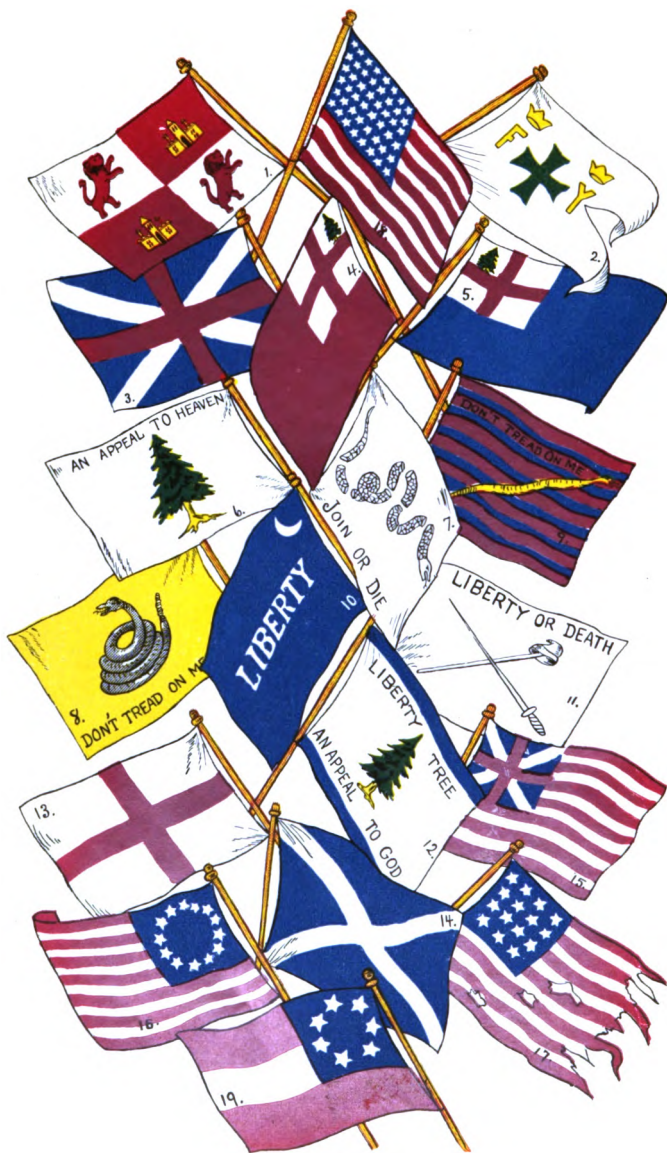
OUR COUNTRY IN STORY





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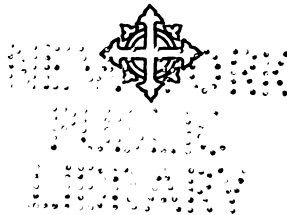
THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR FLAG

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OUR COUNTRY IN STORY

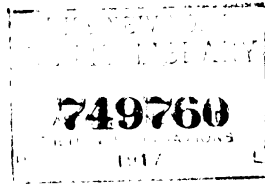
BY

THE FRANCISCAN SISTERS
OF THE PERPETUAL ADORATION, *La Crosse, Wis.*
ST. ROSE CONVENT, LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN



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CHICAGO

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FOREWORD

This little book, intended for use in the fifth and sixth grades of our elementary schools, embodies in a series of stories many of the more notable events in the history of our country. In these various narratives are portrayed the Catholic missionary, discoverer, explorer, and statesman, bringing out the influence of faith on character and actions. Another distinctive feature of the book is that while it deals with projects, and emphasizes the elements of cause and effect, it still contains all the ethical value of a biographical work.

Children delight in stories. The dramatic, the picturesque, the personal, appeal powerfully to the youthful mind, leading it to see the past as a living present, and to think the thoughts and experience the feelings of those who now live only in their words and deeds. When reading about Columbus, Father Marquette, or Washington, the child is charmed; it quite intuitively imbibes ethical principles and acquires without special effort the knowledge of what is in itself dry, unattractive fact-matter.

"Truth embodied in a tale
Will enter in at lowly doors."

Accordingly, the historic events described in this text are made to center about some hero, and are presented in a manner to attract and claim the attention of the youthful mind, inspiring it with a desire to search farther into the broad field of history. Thus this little book will achieve the main object of its mission—it will become a basis for the more advanced study of history in the seventh and eighth grades.

The subject matter has been arranged in chronological order as nearly as possible. No attempt, however, has been made to give a connected account of historical topics. On the contrary, each set of narratives is a separate unit complete in itself. The two first series of stories, "A Pathway Across the Atlantic" and "Balboa and Magellan Prove That Columbus Had Discovered a New Continent," treating on discovery, prepare the way for the colonization of the American continent. "The Story of a Great River" is representative of the period of exploration. "The Great Southwest" embodies the great scheme of civilization and christianization. "On the Banks of the Potomac" and "Our National Banner" stand for

the organization of the American nation. "West to the Mississippi," "West to the Pacific," and "A Missionary to the Far West" carry emigration and industry across the Alleghanies into the Mississippi Valley, thence over the Rockies to the Pacific; "The West Is Linked with the East" finally connects the extreme ocean coasts by the story of the first transcontinental railroad. Thus all the subjects taken together contribute toward forming a peculiarly charming and valuable whole.

The teacher's attention is called to the several maps and numerous illustrations by means of which events and characters are presented more clearly and accurately to the mind.

At the end of each series of stories are found questions which not only stimulate thought about what has been presented in the text, but also furnish an incentive for additional reading. In addition to the questions are references to historical poems and songs. The reading or singing of these stirring poems and ballads will aid wonderfully in firing the imagination and fixing a principle or fact of history in the memory.

In the preparation of this book original records, old journals, and various other authentic sources have been freely consulted and utilized. We would acknowledge indebtedness to the Jesuit Fathers at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, and Spokane, Washington; and to a number of other Reverend members of the clergy who read the manuscript and offered helpful advice and suggestions. Special mention is due to Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M., Santa Barbara, California, the author of *Missions and Missionaries of California*. Besides reading very closely the entire manuscript, he offered freely for use in this book any matter, maps, or illustrations from his books that might prove suitable for the purpose. We are indebted to the Bobbs-Merrill Company for kind permission to reproduce seven illustrations from *The Conquest of the Northwest*; to the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company for permitting the use of the illustration "Meeting with the Natives," from Towle's *Magellan*; and to Dodd, Mead & Company for the illustration "A Patagonian," from Guillemard's *Ferdinand Magellan*. Our thanks are also due to Mr. F. A. Wadleigh, passenger traffic manager of the Denver & Rio Grand Railroad Company, for the photograph from which the engraving "The Great Divide" is reproduced. Credit must also be given Miss Mary E. Tobin, Principal of the Marquette School, Chicago, Illinois, for reading proofs and offering valuable suggestions.

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I

A PATHWAY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

1. A LONG-AGO VOYAGE

Here is a picture of an interesting statue which adorns Commonwealth Avenue in Boston. For the meaning of this beautiful monument we must go to the rugged island of Iceland, located between Scandinavia and Greenland, and close to the Arctic circle. The inhabitants of Iceland possess a wealth of hand-written history stories, or sagas, as they are called.

These famous Icelandic sagas tell us of a great prince, Eric the Red, so named because he had red hair. Eric was born in Norway, where he lived, not in a castle, but in a large, rudely built wooden house with an open roof. Norway is a land of snow-capped mountains and woodland plains, of thousands of lakes and numerous mountain torrents. Its high-walled coast is deeply cut by numberless bays, and is fringed by countless islands which are rich in meat and eggs and birds and fish. In this rugged country, Eric led a wild, free life. He fearlessly followed the sharp bark of the wolf, and tracked the shaggy bear into its favorite haunts. Above



STATUE OF LEIF ERICSON

all, did the boy Eric love to sit before a roaring fire and listen to the stories of the chiefs or *vikings*, as they were called, from the Norwegian word *viks*, meaning "bay."

These vikings were tall, strong, and fine-looking men with blue eyes, long, light hair, and shaggy beards. They were clad in rich clothing and glittering armor with curious iron helmets.

The proudest possession of the viking was his ship. The prow, or front, was high, and usually had a savage-looking dragon's head upon it. Its stern looked like a huge dragon's tail. Both head and tail were covered with gold and seemed all on fire when the sun shone upon them. The long oars resting in the oar-locks of the swelling sides looked like so many legs. The single brightly-colored sail, set into a huge block of wood, resembled the wings of the dragon. From the masthead of this strange ship fluttered a square yellow flag with the picture of a raven upon it.

Hardy, vigorous, and daring were the pagan Northmen. But they were sometimes also fierce and cruel. They made their way far around Cape North to the White Sea, and even sailed as far south as Algiers and Constantinople. They enjoyed nothing more than a raid upon European market towns, many of which they left in ashes.

Eric delighted in the vikings' tales of successful plunder. There was, however, one story of a gentler nature which was especially interesting to the young viking. Would you like to hear this story as it was told at the firesides of the Northmen about a thousand years ago? If so, find St. Brandon's Bay on the map of Ireland.

Let us imagine ourselves living almost fifteen hundred years ago on this famous bay. It is a beautiful summer morning. A boat is anchored in the bay. On the shore we see a man clad in the garb of a monk. His bearing is

noble. His kindly face expresses wisdom, prudence, and manly courage. This man is the holy abbot, St. Brendan the Voyager. About him are gathered groups of monks. All are silent and thoughtful, awaiting the signal to embark.

"Let us," says St. Brendan, "set out on our long voyage in the name of the Holy Trinity."

And where are these voyagers going? They are setting out in search of an unknown western country in which they expect to find strange people whom they will teach to know and love God by the wonderful stories of Bethlehem, of Nazareth, of Jerusalem, and of Calvary.

A favorable wind spreads and fills the sail, and the brave little company speeds smoothly on. Before long every trace of land is lost. The lonely bark seems but a tiny speck upon the mighty, boundless ocean.

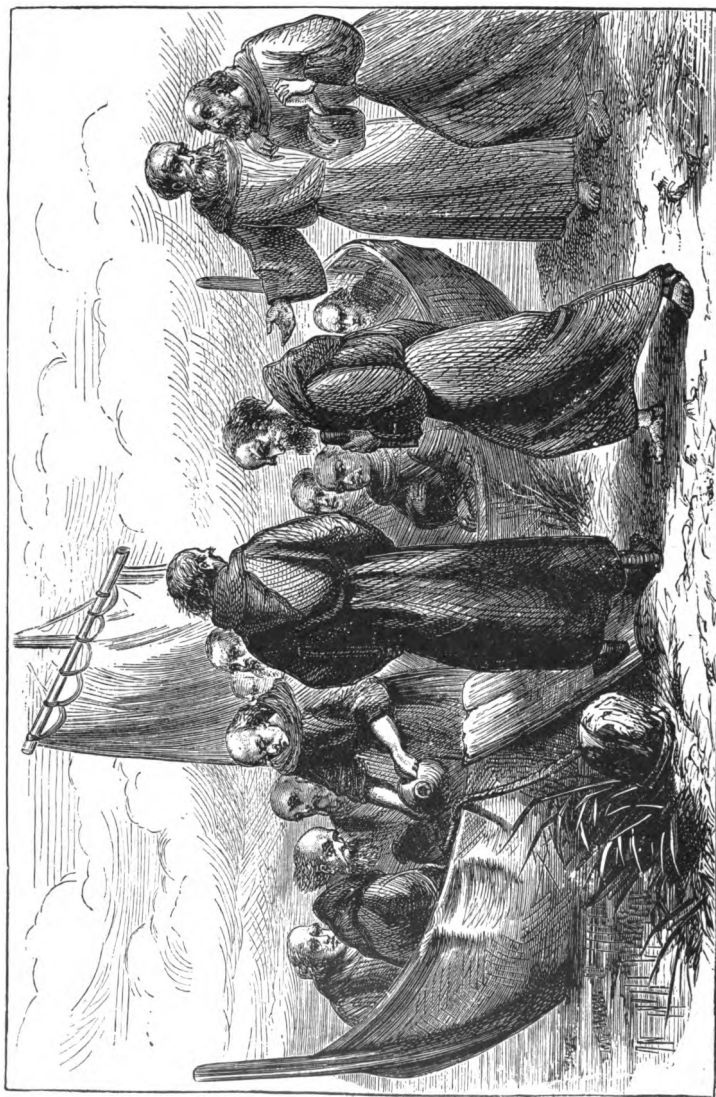
"Tell us," says one of the monks to St. Brendan, "do you really believe that there is another country far away to the westward?"

"I do," answers St. Brendan. "We are told that long, long ago, even before Christ came upon this earth, the pagan people of our nation discovered a wonderfully beautiful western island in which lived a happy people."

"May we hope to be as fortunate as were these first western navigators?" asks another monk thoughtfully.

As if to say "no" to the good monk's inquiry, the wind suddenly ceases to blow, and the boat comes to a standstill. The monks eagerly reach for the oars and take turns at propelling the bark along. But alas, their strength is soon spent, and on beholding the seemingly endless expanse of water, they begin to lose courage.

But the holy Brendan knows no fear. "Be not afraid, my good Brothers," he answers. "Trim the sail and let the vessel float whither Providence will guide it."



ST. BENEDICT AND HIS MONKS SET SAIL FOR A WESTERN LAND

The boat now drifts steadily and safely westward. But our brave voyagers are weary and hungry. Their store of food and drink is fast giving out. They have already been forty days upon the water, and all this while have not seen even a sign of land.

"Look!" exclaims one of the monks in sudden joyous surprise. "Do you see that vast stretch of land and those towering hills shaded in the mists?"

With joyful hearts the brave navigators steer towards the land. They moor their boats and hasten to step ashore, where they fall on their knees and raise their hearts and voices to God in fervent thanksgiving. They find the new land covered with rocky cliffs and fertile plains, and see sparkling streams flowing into the sea. Heavy forests bound the horizon. Who can describe the joy and delight of St. Brendan and his brave companions! For seven long years they wander about, exploring the country and enjoying the newness of its scenes and products. Then they return to their native land.

Where Brendan's voyage really led him we do not know. The story of his strange adventures, however, spread throughout Europe. The bold, sea-roving Northmen told and retold the tale at their firesides and recorded it with their own bold adventures in their sagas.

And why, do you think, did Eric like the story of St. Brendan in particular? Undoubtedly because this adventurous young Northman thought of making such a long Western voyage himself some day.

2. THE NORTHMEN ON AMERICAN SHORES

Eric the Red became the proud captain of a large viking ship, representing a dragon. In this ship he roved the seas in every direction, robbing and plundering as he went. He finally got into a quarrel with some of his countrymen,

and had to flee to Iceland for his life. Here he became as lawless as ever, and was again obliged to seek safety in flight.

But in which direction did he this time turn his dragon's head? Hear him shouting in tune with the lashing waves as he pushed out from the shore: "West, west, on to the westward, my trusty dragon, steer me on!" And on, on, ever westward, dashed the fearless viking.

He was already far out at sea. Dense clouds hid the sun by day and the stars by night. Fogs and mists surrounded him. But the sea king knew no fear. Setting a screeching raven free, the viking watched its flight with intense, straining eyes. But the raven soon returned, and Eric knew that no land was near. So on, on, through the fog, against storm and wind, he again pushed his trusty dragon. Once more he set his feathered pilot free. This time the bird did not return; so the sea king rowed with all speed in his power in the direction of its flight, and soon came upon a large island all covered with ice and snow, excepting one spot on the low, southwestern coast which was overgrown with green grass and shrubs. The sea king swung his dragon around what is now Cape Farewell and leaped upon the largest island on the globe.

Eric the Red named this gray and white country of rocks and ice and polar bears Greenland, thinking that his friends would be more anxious to come and settle in this new land if he gave it this inviting name. After whiling away three years on the coast of Greenland, Eric ventured back to Iceland. He soon returned with a number of friends and kinsmen. Other Icelanders followed, and by and by a thrifty colony grew up on the southwestern coast of Greenland.

A certain young Iclander named Biarni wished to join his father in Greenland. On his way thither, he was

driven out of his course by a storm. When the storm was over, he caught sight of land to the southward. This land being so far out of his way, he paid but little attention to it, and steered northward, finally reaching Greenland. He later returned to Norway, and the news of his having seen land to the south greatly interested Eric's son, named Leif. Leif's home was in Iceland, but he happened to be in Norway at the court of King Olaf at the time. The young Northman at once resolved to see the new land. So he bought Biarni's ship and with some thirty hardy sailors prepared for his long ocean voyage.



RUINS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF GARDAR,
GREENLAND

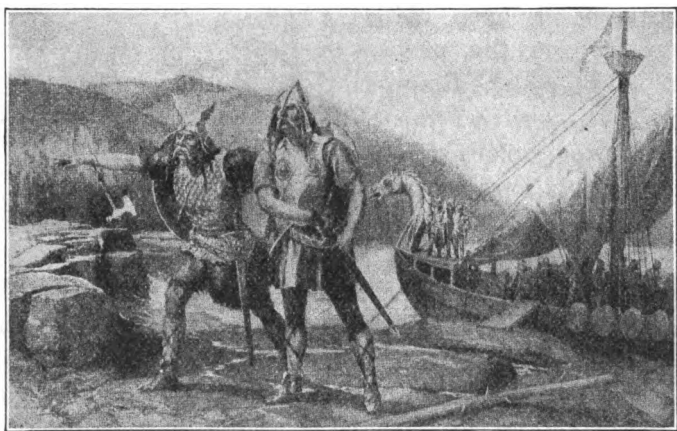
Meanwhile the missionaries of the Catholic Church had been preaching the Gospel throughout the land of Norway. King Olaf had become a zealous Catholic. Leif Ericson, too, with his whole crew of sailors, had become a convert, and his chief motive in sailing westward was to take missionaries to Greenland.

Let us picture to ourselves the noble captain and his brave crew setting out from Norway in the year 1000, fourteen years after Eric the Red had discovered Greenland. This famous Norse leader was thirty years of age, a stately, prudent, and wise man. His ship was a real viking boat except that, above its fluttering yellow banner with the raven, rose the cross.

The voyagers reached Greenland in safety, and from there Leif turned his course southward and presently sighted the coast seen by Biarni. He touched upon what may have been the peninsulas of Labrador and Nova

Scotia. After about three weeks' sailing from Greenland, Leif and his company landed upon what was probably the coast of Massachusetts, near Boston, or, possibly, Rhode Island.

With shouts of joy the hardy Northmen leaped upon our American continent. In some places they found the land barren and bleak. Rocky tracts stretched back to snow-capped western mountains. In other places were great forests in which the deer roamed, beautiful flowers



THE LANDING OF THE NORTHMEN

bloomed, and many kinds of birds sang. The waters of the bays and rivers were alive with fish. The sagas tell us that one of Leif's party, a German, hailed some clusters of berries with intense joy. "It is grapes we have found!" he exclaimed, "such as abound in my native land. This is truly a land of the vine."

"So it is," said Leif, "and therefore we shall call it Vinland. It is really a far better country than Greenland, and the Northmen will gladly come to live in it. Let us erect log huts and spend the winter here."

The party passed a very comfortable winter in what

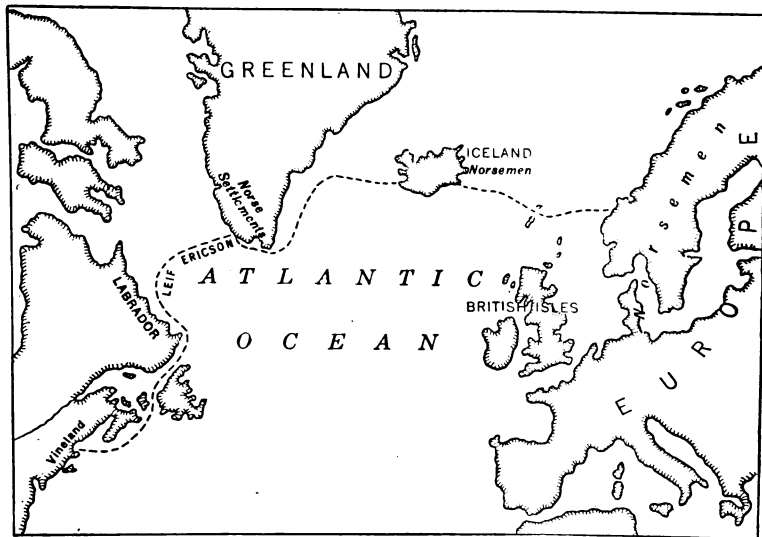
may have been the region back of the present site of Boston. They found the weather mild compared with the extreme cold of their native country. When springtime came, they all returned to Greenland.

Leif now became chief of the Greenland colony in the place of his father who had died. He never again visited the country he had discovered, but his brother, Thorvald, and some other people from Greenland, came at different times to Vinland. Some came only to visit, while others remained and built homes. Before long a little Norse village sprang up. Soon the settlers found, to their great surprise, that strange, broad-faced, copper-colored people lived in the new country. Who were these people? The Northmen, considering them an inferior race, called them "skraelings." They were probably Indians. The skraelings came to trade with the newcomers, and the vikings noted that they used bows and arrows and stone hatchets, and that their boats were made of skins.

These skraelings did not long remain friendly. One day while they were very busy exchanging their furs for strips of red cloth, a bellowing steer, belonging to the new settlers, burst from the woods. The furious creature scattered the sand in showers as it made directly for the crowd of traders on the beach. The poor skraelings were so frightened that they fled headlong in every direction. Ever after they showed themselves unfriendly. Some weeks later, a great many of the skraelings came up the river in their skin-boats, all yelling and howling at the top of their voices. A savage attack followed, in which Thorvald was killed by a poisoned arrow. The brave young leader was buried on a pleasant cape, the very spot from which he had joyfully cried out when landing: "On this beautiful spot I should like to fix my home."

A cross was set at his head and one at his feet and the place called Cape of the Cross.

There was great joy among the people in the little Norse village when one day a blue-eyed baby boy came to them. He was the first white child born on the continent, and was named Snorri. Snorri and his mother later went on a pilgrimage to Rome, where they told the Holy Father all about Vinland, the good new country in the far West.



MAP OF NORSE VOYAGES

Trading voyages between Greenland and Vinland became common and continued for many years. The last record of a Norse ship going from Greenland to Vinland for timber is in 1347. Then an awful plague, called the "Black Death," ravaged the countries of the Northmen, sweeping off about one-third of the people. After this we hear no more of the hardy viking in North American waters. The people of Europe did not, at that early date, know enough about geography to understand the importance of Leif Ericson's discovery. And gradually even

the story of the Norse voyages to a distant western country was quite forgotten, excepting that the people had a vague sense of something done somewhere. This something, however, is clearly and truly stated in the Icelandic sagas, which tell us that the Catholic Norwegian, Leif Ericson, with his Catholic Norse crew, was the first of Europeans to set foot on the American continent.

Such is, in short, the meaning of the beautiful statue of Leif the Lucky now standing in Boston, gazing seaward.

3. THE NEED OF A NEW WATERWAY TO THE FAR EAST

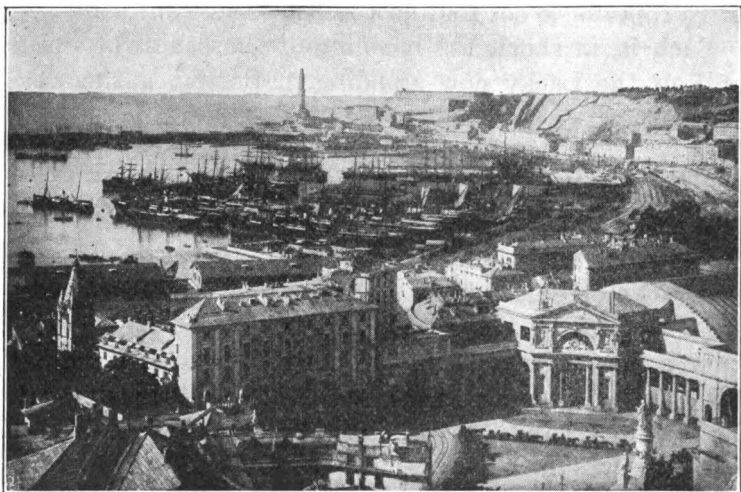
In the northern part of the sunny land of Italy, sheltered by the Apennine Mountains, is located the grand old seaport town of Genoa. One day, nearly five hundred years after the daring Northmen had visited and named Vinland, a child of about eight years of age was seen making his way along the sea-beach of Genoa. His fresh, ruddy face was surrounded by a wealth of golden hair which fell in rich waves upon his shapely shoulders. His frank blue eyes were unusually thoughtful for one so young.

"How I should like to stay here all day," cried the delighted lad. "But I am on an errand for my mother and must be off."

Just then a large ship appeared in the distance. The boy's keen blue eyes kindled with pleasure. Forgetting all about his mother and his errand, he bounded away toward the wharf to see the vessel come in and hear the news the sailors might have to tell about the wonders of far-away countries. The morning grew to noon, the afternoon to evening, and still the boy tarried.

Meanwhile his good parents had become much alarmed over their little boy's long absence. The whole household was greatly excited, fearing that the child was lost. But

at nightfall the boy returned, and when his mother, almost beside herself with fright, flew to meet him, he answered simply, "I've been on the seashore." But the little lad loved his parents dearly, and a grieved look in his thoughtful eyes told them that he was sorry for having caused them so much anxiety.



GENOA, TODAY

Who was this boy, so fond of the sea and so interested in the ships that sailed upon its waters? He was Christopher Columbus, the son of poor but good and pious parents. He was born in the busy seaport town of Genoa, in a high, six-story house, about the year 1446.

The father of little Christopher was a simple working-man, a wool-comber by trade. He prepared wool for spinning and weaving, work which is now done by machinery. It took all the father could earn to keep his five children, four boys and a girl, in food and clothing.

But when the good man saw how fond his little Christopher was of the sea, he sent him, when only ten

years old, to a famous school at Pavia, located about fifty miles north of Genoa. While at this school the boy Columbus studied arithmetic, geography, and much about the stars and about life upon the ocean.

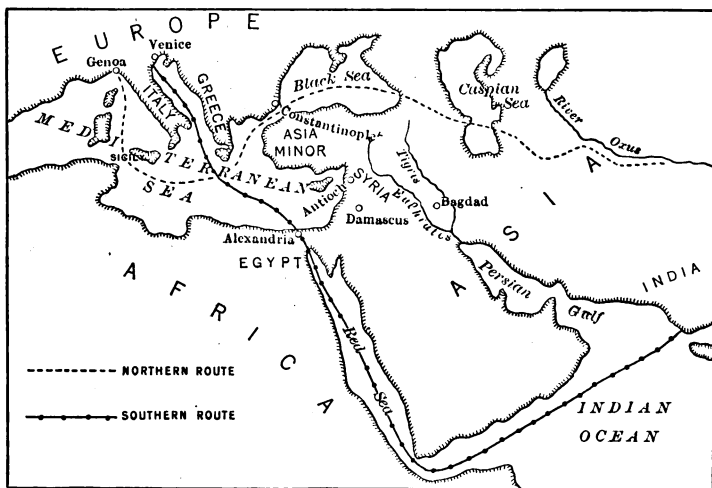
After studying diligently for a few years at Pavia, Christopher was obliged to return home to assist his father in his work of wool-combing. We might think that he very soon forgot all he had learned at school, but he did not. For he was a studious boy, and just as eagerly as he had listened to his teachers at Pavia, so now he read every book of travel and every sailor's story that he could lay hands upon. Whenever the boy was not working he would sit on the seashore for hours with a book in hand, looking toward the deep blue waters, watching the ships going to or returning from distant countries.



THE BOY COLUMBUS

Many, indeed, were the ships that the youthful Columbus saw come and go, for the old seaport town of Genoa was at that time the great depot, or trading center, for the whole of Europe. Its busy tradesmen sailed far east past Constantinople and across the Black Sea to the very borders of Asia. Here they loaded their vessels with rich silks, dyestuffs, gums, spices, ivory, and precious stones. These costly products had been previously brought to the shores of the Black Sea from India, either on the backs of camels, or on ships and river boats to and up the Tigris or the Euphrates River. India, as spoken of by Europeans at that time, included the distant and then scarcely known parts of Asia, particularly China, known as Cathay; Japan, called Cipango; and also the East Indies, or Malay Archipelago.

With their ships laden with the treasures of the East, the Genoese sailors would hasten back home. There they unloaded their precious cargoes on to other trading vessels which lay waiting to receive and carry them to all parts of Europe. In this rich trade with the East, Venice was a great rival of Genoa. Venice, however, reached India by way of the Isthmus of Suez and the Red Sea.



MAP OF TWO PRINCIPAL TRADE ROUTES TO INDIA

Need we wonder that this sea-faring Italy became the mother of the discoverers of our country? Or that its merchants claimed that no one in Europe could spice wine or season meat without helping to make rich some one of their cities? Or shall we be surprised to learn that Columbus went to sea when only fourteen years of age? He made his first voyage as cabin boy on a galley that sailed on one of the great trading voyages to the East. When not yet sixteen, he sailed beyond the Strait of Gibraltar, way around and along the western coast of Africa, as far south as Guinea. He later also voyaged as far north as England and Iceland.

Distant voyages like these meant far more at that time than a voyage around the world does at present, for people had a great dread of the wide, unknown ocean. They imagined that it contained boiling seas, great whirlpools, and frightful sea-monsters.

These were all only imaginary dangers. But life on the sea was in fact full of real dangers in the days of Columbus. The cities of Italy were constantly at war among themselves and captured one another's ships wherever they could. The Moors, enemies of Christian Europe, were always sailing back and forth, seizing ships and killing the sailors or selling them into slavery. In short, piracy, or seizing without right the ships belonging to another, was quite a common thing in those times, and a vessel at sea had to be ever on the watch and ready to fight its way.

At one time in a sea-fight with pirates, Columbus lashed his ship to that of the sea-robbers. After some hard fighting both vessels caught fire. Clouds of smoke rolled over the water. The crash of falling masts mingled with the stifled cries of victory, rage, and pain. Only when both ships were fast sinking did Columbus plunge into the sea to save his life. With the help of a floating oar, he made his way to the nearest shore, which was six miles away. On landing, he knelt and earnestly thanked God for his narrow escape from death.

He was happy to find that the coast upon which he thus landed was that of Portugal. For the little nation of Portugal was at the time foremost among the countries of the world in the discovery of new lands. Its brave sailors had ventured farther away from home than those of any other country. The learned and daring Portuguese navigator, Prince Henry, had discovered the Azores, the Madeiras, the Cape Verde Islands, and the Canaries. They

had even safely crossed the equator, with its imaginary boiling seas and frightful giants, and reached the very southernmost tip of Africa. This tip they called the Cape of Storms, but King John II later renamed it the Cape of Good Hope, thinking that there were now good hopes of reaching India by an all-water route.

Need we wonder that Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, became the center and school of geographical learning, where the most famous navigators, map-makers, and scholars of the time met? It was, therefore, to Lisbon that Columbus directed his steps. Here he made charts and maps for a living, and spent his leisure hours studying arithmetic, geography, and astronomy.

In the meantime the sea-captains of Genoa one day returned home with empty ships. What had happened? The barbarous Turks had conquered Constantinople, and Christian sailors could no longer safely pass through the Bosphorus, or Strait of Constantinople, into the Black Sea to Asia. At about the same time Egypt began to ask excessive dues for passage over the Red Sea. This made traveling by way of the Isthmus of Suez and the Red Sea so expensive that Venice could no longer reap any profit from her trade with India over this old trade route. Thus both of the famous trade routes to the East were suddenly blocked. Commerce ceased, and the cities of Italy became as miserably poor as they had been exceedingly rich. The people of Europe, however, could not well do without the rich trade of the East, and they began to ask themselves if some other route could not be opened.

4. COLUMBUS PROPOSES A WESTWARD VOYAGE TO THE FAR EAST

The question of a new trade route to the East was earnestly discussed by the learned men gathered in the

Portuguese capital of Lisbon. But at that time all the wise men of all the world—and they were learned for their time—knew less about geography than a nine-year-old schoolboy of nowadays.

Westward from Asia, everybody knew, stretched the Sea of Darkness, as the Atlantic Ocean was then called. But beyond a little distance none knew what this Sea of



THE WORLD AS KNOWN IN COLUMBUS'S DAY

Darkness was or what it contained, for sailors had not ventured far westward, fearing they might fall over the edge into space or be swallowed up by great whirlpools or sea-monsters.

Columbus, like many of the wisest men of his day, thought that the earth is a globe. He was confirmed in these ideas by talks with experienced sailors. While in Iceland he had been reminded of the voyage of St. Brendan, and had also heard of the westward sea-travels of Leif Ericson. He read and heard of a Franciscan, a companion of St. Francis, who had gone as missionary

to eastern Asia; of another Franciscan who had preached there some years later. Each of these monks had brought back to Europe the news that an open ocean lay to the east of China. "This ocean," thought Columbus, "must be the same that bounds western Europe."

Columbus was greatly interested in a book written by a renowned Italian traveler named Marco Polo. Polo had spent over twenty years in the Kingdom of the Great Khan, as China was then called. In his book he told of the golden gates, the marble bridges, the grand palaces, and other dazzling wealth of its numberless cities.

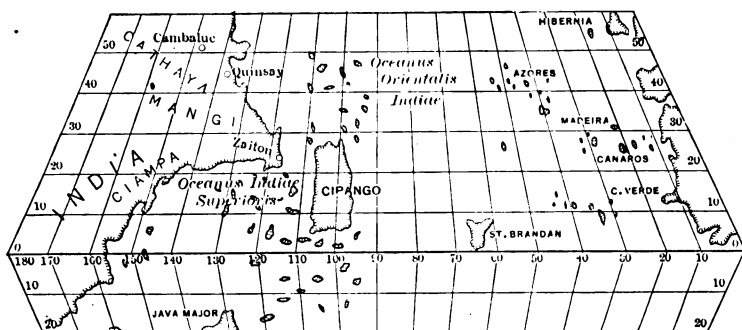
Columbus also read and studied a Latin book whose title in English is "The Image of the World." This book, written by a learned cardinal of the Catholic Church, shows clearly that the scholars of all times, even from the days before Christ, thought that the earth is a globe, and that eastern Asia lay directly opposite western Europe. Is it surprising that a man like Columbus, after hearing and reading all these things, should have made the bold resolution to seek India by a westward voyage?

"If I should succeed in reaching India by a westward voyage," said our hero, "I would prove that the earth is a globe, and would also open for Europe a short and easy route to the riches of the East. Over this new waterway the coveted treasures of Asia could be brought to the very doors of Europe; and by means of them the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord could be rescued from the infidel Turks. Who knows but that in this far western country live millions of human beings who have never heard of God and His love for mankind? We shall bring to them the light of the Christian Faith."

Such were the motives and such the plans of Columbus as he eagerly set about drawing a map of a westward route to the shores of Asia. On this map he located a

great many guesswork islands in the Atlantic, and a short distance beyond these, about where America is, he drew the eastern coast of Asia, never dreaming of the existence of another continent lying between western Europe and eastern Asia.

While Columbus was still busy at his map, he heard of a great astronomer named Toscanelli, living at Florence, Italy. Eager to know what this learned man might think of his plans, Columbus wrote and asked him what

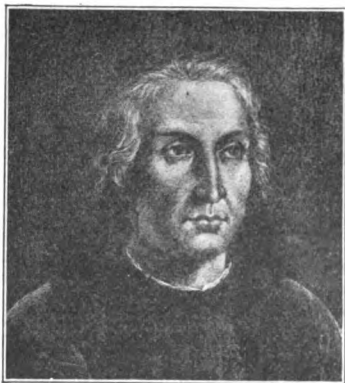


TOSCANELLI'S MAP

he thought of the idea of sailing by a westward route to the kingdom of the Great Khan. In return, Toscanelli sent Columbus a map and also a letter, in which he assured the great navigator that his ideas were correct and that he could undoubtedly reach India by sailing west.

Encouraged by the famous astronomer's letter, Columbus hastened home from Portugal to tell the people of his native town that he would find a new waterway to India for them if they would but give him ships and money for the purpose. The Genoese people, however, were too poor to help Columbus in his enterprise. Besides, they thought his plans foolhardy and sent him away as a worthless dreamer.

Columbus then went back to Portugal and laid his plans before King John. The king favored the idea of a westward voyage to India, but did something very unworthy of himself: he fitted out a ship and gave the captain the charts of Columbus, with orders to sail westward to Asia. The captain started out, but the charts and plans of Columbus without the great man's faith and courage



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

could do him little good. A few days of stormy weather soon frightened him back to Lisbon, where he told stories of terrible experiences and made sport of Columbus's ideas. .

Keenly hurt, but not disheartened, our noble hero turned to leave Portugal, turned to leave the company of its wise and learned men who had found it easier

to teach that the earth is round and that Asia could be reached by sailing westward, than to prove these facts by an actual voyage.

His wife, who was a Portuguese, had meanwhile died, and there was no longer anything that bound him to Portugal. So, taking his little six-year-old son Diego, he set forth on foot across the mountains to Spain. He sometimes carried the child, sometimes led him by the hand, and thus reached Spain. Here he visited a relative, an aunt of the little Diego. Leaving the child in charge of this good woman, he hastened to seek King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, who were then the rulers of Spain.

But he had come to Spain at an unfavorable time. The country was then in the midst of a long war with the

Moors. These Moors were a Mohammedan people who had passed from Arabia into northern Africa, and thence across the Strait of Gibraltar into Spain. The Spaniards were at the time slowly, though surely, driving off these infidel people. But King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella were moving about with the army from camp to camp, and Columbus could not expect them to give much attention to his pleadings.

Nevertheless, he one day succeeded in seeing the Queen at Cordova. He explained his charts and plans to her.

"If Spain will help me in this undertaking," said he to Queen Isabella, "I will not only open a rich trade for her with the East, but will add a new empire to her kingdom."



QUEEN ISABELLA

The pious and beautiful Queen Isabella was a learned, zealous woman. She understood Columbus, was pleased with his ideas and plans, and felt confident that he would successfully carry out what he had promised if he were given the necessary help. She knew, however, that Spain had become poor by her long war with the Moors, and that the government would not be willing to risk money on what it might consider a foolhardy enterprise. Notwithstanding, she asked a council of learned men to say what they thought of the ideas of Columbus. These men declared that it seemed quite impossible to reach India by a westward

route. As a result, the Spanish court would neither consent nor refuse to assist Columbus. The Queen, however, promised him that she would again take up the matter in earnest after the war was over.

Though greatly disappointed, Columbus resolved to wait patiently. But day after day, month after month, and year after year passed in weary waiting. The good man became poorer and poorer, and his hair was fast turning gray. Many began to look upon him as a fool.

"You claim that the earth is shaped round like a ball," said they to him. "If it is, tell us, can a ship sail up-hill? Do the people on the other side walk on their heads? Why don't they drop off? Do the rain and the snow fall upward? Do the trees grow with their tops downward?"

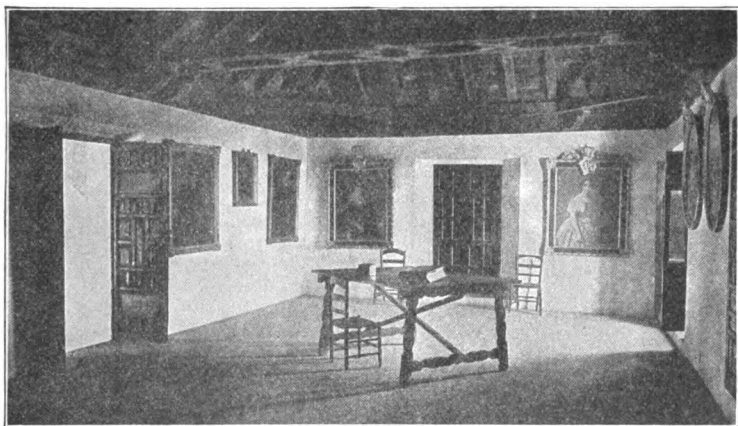
Even the children tapped their foreheads and smiled meaningly when they met the great man on the street. Can you see the noble, tall, and powerful form of Columbus, his calm, thoughtful face, as he passed along with his long gray hair streaming in the breeze? Could the insults of a rude, ignorant people render this noble man, with his great heart and lofty thoughts, less noble?

Notwithstanding, our hero was often heart-sick over his long waiting. He finally visited the King and Queen once more in camp, but again received no decisive, not even a hopeful answer from them. He had waited and pleaded for eight long years in Spain, and, tired of trying to do anything further in this country, he now made up his mind to seek a home either in France or England, with the hope of securing help in one of these countries.

One day our hero and his youthful son Diego were walking along a road leading over a high bluff. On the top of this bluff, overlooking the sea, stood a Franciscan monastery called La Rabida. Weary and hungry, the two travelers sat down to rest near the convent gate.

The good Fathers invited the strangers in and gave them food and drink. The learned prior, Father Juan Perez, became greatly interested in the noble traveler, and the latter finally told him all about his plans and also of his failure to interest the Spanish government in them.

The worthy prior was well acquainted with the Queen. Mounting his mule, he made a long journey of two hundred miles to Granada, where he called upon his royal



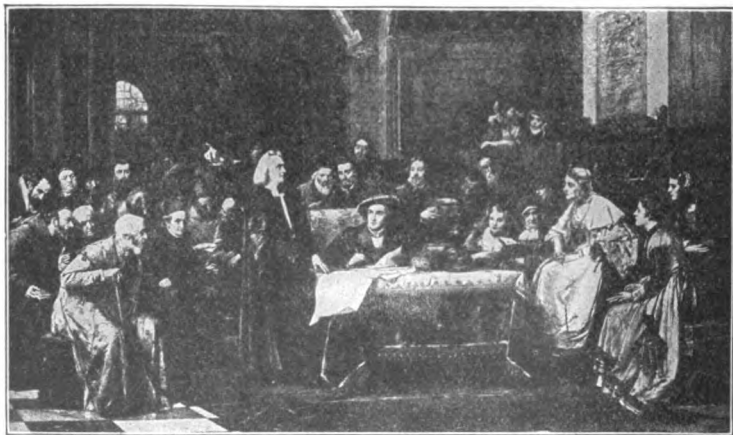
COLUMBUS'S ROOM AT LA RABIDA

friend and so earnestly pleaded the cause of Columbus with her that she at once sent for the great navigator. The latter arrived at Granada in time to see the last crescent flag lowered, and a glittering silver cross raised in its stead upon the highest tower of the Alhambra, the beautiful castle of the Moorish king.

Now that the war had come to such a happy close, the King and Queen were willing to listen to Columbus. They favored his plans and seemed inclined to help him. But when the King asked Columbus on what terms he would make the voyage, the latter said that he wished to be

made admiral of the ocean and governor of all the lands he should discover; and, also, to receive one-tenth of all the gold and other wealth that might be acquired. These were strong demands for the son of a poor wool-comber, and the King rejected them.

The great Genoese now left the Spanish court with the intention of setting out for France at once. He was sadly



COLUMBUS BEFORE QUEEN ISABELLA AT GRANADA

disappointed, it is true, but was determined, nevertheless, to hold his claims and still carry out his plans. He had not gone many miles from Granada before he was overtaken in a pass of the mountains by a messenger from the Queen, who summoned him back to court.

"I have my own little kingdom of Castile," said Isabella to him, "and if the King feels that he cannot risk the money of the kingdom of Aragon on a seemingly foolhardy undertaking, I am willing to pay a large part of the expenses of your voyage from my own treasury. I shall even gladly give up my jewels to help you, should this be found necessary." How much we owe to good

Queen Isabella, who thus made it possible for Columbus to find a New World!

The demands of Columbus were now granted, and one of the most important papers that ever held an agreement was signed by the sovereigns and their new admiral. With gracious thoughtfulness, the Queen appointed the boy Diego one of the pages of her court—a rare honor usually bestowed only on the sons of the highest nobles. Deeply grateful, Columbus knelt to kiss the hand of the noble Isabella, and then hastened away to the distant seaport town of Palos. How happy he must have been to find himself thus on the road to success after nearly twenty years of opposition, disappointments, and weary waiting!

The people of Palos were ordered by the Spanish government to supply Columbus with ships and sailors. They received the news with dismay. "Surely," said they, "neither ships nor sailors will ever return."

5. COLUMBUS SAILS ON A WESTWARD VOYAGE

Three boats were finally fitted out and manned with crews of unwilling sailors, many of whom had been released from prison for the purpose of joining the enterprise. Two of the ships were of the kind called caravels—light vessels something like our ordinary masted schooner used in coasting trade. Of the three ships, the *Pinta* was the fleetest, and the *Nina* the smallest. Neither of these two vessels was decked. The largest of the three ships, the *Santa Maria*, was decked and served as the Admiral's flagship. The sails of the vessels were rich in color, with designs of the cross, images of the suffering Christ, and the arms of Spain painted upon them.

The three vessels were lying in the harbor of Palos for some days, waiting a favorable wind to carry them westward. Shortly after midnight on the morning of August

3, 1492, came this favorable wind. Father Juan Perez hastened to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the monastery of La Rabida. Columbus and his crew of ninety men assisted and received Holy Communion.

One-half hour before sunrise, Columbus ordered the sails to be unfurled in the name of Jesus Christ, and the little west-bound fleet pushed out to sea and sped on its dangerous voyage, followed by the doubts, fears, and prayers of those on shore.

On losing sight of the last traces of land, the courage of the sailors began to fail. The idea that they were now entirely separated from all most dear to them—country, home, and friends—made them feel much like men who are condemned to death. For a few days the vessels glided smoothly along. Then a slight storm came up, in which the *Pinta* lost a rudder. Perhaps the sailors broke it off, thinking that Columbus might leave them behind and thus give them an opportunity to turn back.

The fleet was, however, nearing the Canary Islands. On reaching them, Columbus landed and mended the rudder of the *Pinta*. He also repaired a sail of one of the other vessels. Then the navigators again continued climbing up the water hill of the world and sliding down on the other side, as they thought. Just when the Canaries were fading out of sight, the sailors were terrified to see fire and smoke and hear a noise like thunder coming from the islands. Columbus quieted their fears by explaining that the fire and smoke and thunder were caused by an eruption of some volcano on the Canary Islands. When this island group, the last-known land to the west, finally disappeared altogether, the navigators felt sure they were plunging down-hill into

A world of waves, a sea without a shore,
From which they surely could return no more.

One day they noted that the needle of the compass was no longer pointing directly to the north star, and their fears increased. The change in the magnetic needle, which we can now easily account for, led them to fear that the bewitched instrument might be leading them into destruction to punish them for their foolhardy undertaking. Though greatly puzzled himself, the Admiral told his sailors that the needle of the compass had not changed, but that the north star had changed its position in the sky, in the same manner as many other stars do. Fortunately, these faint-hearted men had great faith in the Admiral's superior knowledge of these matters, and they were quite satisfied with his explanation.

But before long the ships struck into a vast region of floating seaweeds resembling an endless green prairie. To add to the trouble, the wind suddenly ceased to blow, and the boats stood for some days without

"nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

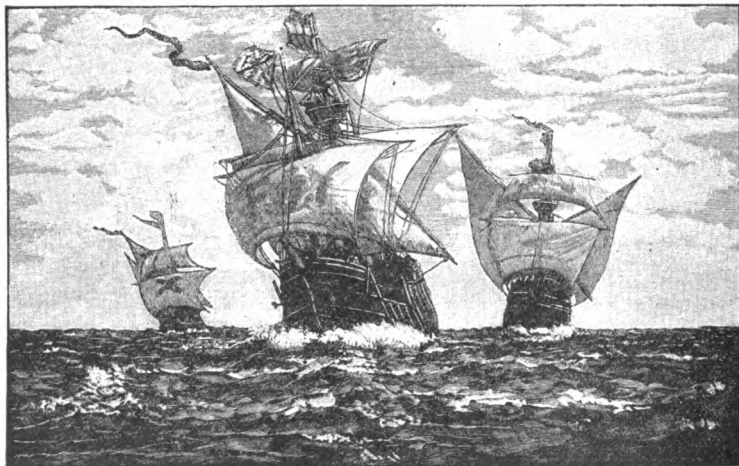
A long rope with a heavy weight was quickly let down into the water, but it did not reach the bottom. "So you see we are not run aground," said Columbus.

"Then we must be close to the edge of the earth, and will suddenly fall off into space," screeched some of the men, frantic at the mere thought. As if to have pity on these cowardly mariners, a strong breeze filled the sails and carried the vessels once more into clear waters.

A number of times the navigators saw a mirage, or false appearance of land, such as is sometimes caused by the effects of the light and heat of the sun upon the air. Each time a joyous alarm was given, and the crews passed through alternate fits of joy and dejection. They at length became day by day more sullen

and threatening. One of the wretched men even hinted that it would be an easy thing for them to push Columbus into the sea and return home, saying that the Admiral had slipped and fallen overboard while gazing at the stars, as he was wont to do. The treacherous suggestion might have been carried out had not all on board felt that they should need Columbus to bring them back home safely.

One evening when the three ships had drawn closely



NINA

SANTA MARIA

PINTA

together to sing the *Salve Regina*, as they were accustomed to do at nightfall, all the men on board the *Pinta* and the *Nina* suddenly leaped upon the deck of the *Santa Maria*. In the twinkle of an eye, the three united crews surrounded the Admiral. With furious looks and upraised swords, they demanded of him that he return at once to Spain. What a trying moment this must have been for Columbus! But he stood unflinching in their midst and boldly declared: "I have started out in search of the Indies, and nothing can induce me to turn back until, with

the help of Heaven, I shall have reached the shores of the land that I am seeking." Strange to say, not one of that enraged company dared touch the fearless speaker. With manly courage and unfailing trust in God, he now gently quieted their rebellious spirits. He asked them to thank God for having led them thus far safely through waters which had never been sailed before. He also assured them that land was near.

In truth, land was near. A flock of land-birds was one day seen flying toward the southwest. Soon there were other unmistakable signs of land, such as floating logs, carved sticks, and thorny branches with red berries. The crews now gave way to the wildest excitement, and ninety pairs of eyes were strained day and night to catch the first sight of land.

One evening Columbus saw a light moving in the distance, as if someone were walking along the shore with a torch. At two o'clock that night, on Friday, October 12, 1492, one of the sailors way up in the masts of the *Pinta* saw distinctly a long, low coast ahead which was brightly lit up by the moon.

He at once burst forth in the loud cry, "Land! Land!" The report of a gun immediately announced the happy news to the rest of the boats. Who can describe the feelings of Columbus and his band of sailors when, after that long ten weeks' voyage, a great stretch of seashore lay before their eyes. With exultant joy they fell upon their knees, thanking and praising God.

The rising sun revealed a low, sandy island which was one of the Bahama group, now known as Watling Island. As the ships drew nearer, the mariners found the shore exceedingly beautiful. Orchards of unknown trees bore an abundance of many kinds of fruits. There were bright, fragrant flowers and climbing vines. The ocean waves

rolled gently upon the sandy beach. The air was pure and fragrant, and the skies were blue and cloudless.

6. COLUMBUS FINDS STRANGE COASTS

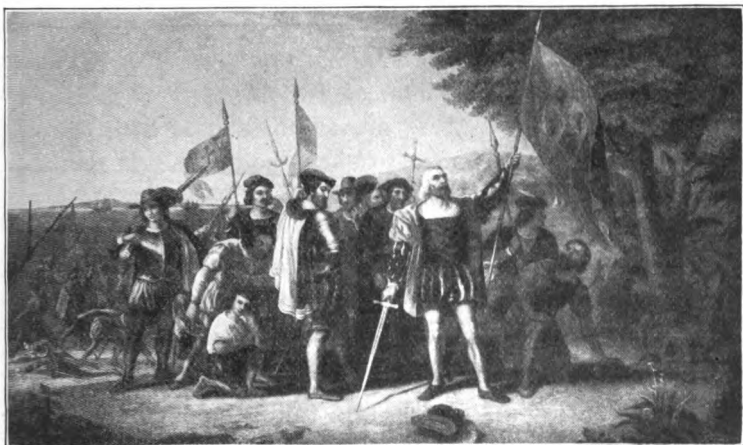
Columbus gazed with deep, silent happiness upon the fair new land which he had so often pictured to himself, and which he found even more beautiful than he had ever dreamed it could be. His noble heart beat fast with joy, while his thoughts rose to heaven in grateful prayer. He clad himself in a splendid uniform of scarlet and gold. Then, with the royal banner of Spain in one hand and his own white, swallow-tailed flag with the cross and crown in the other (See frontispiece), he joyously went ashore, followed by all on board. With streaming tears he fell upon his knees adoring God, and three times kissed the soil of the new land to which Providence had so wonderfully directed him. The sailors followed the example of their Admiral. They, too, were deeply touched.

Picture our hero at that moment. How noble he looked as he arose and stood with the bright light of the morning sun full upon him! He planted the royal banner of Spain with the usual ceremonies of the Church; and, while its splendid colors unfurled to the breezes for the first time on that distant shore, he solemnly offered the new land to the Holy Trinity and took possession of it for Ferdinand and Isabella. A large cross was also erected, and the island named San Salvador, or Holy Savior.

Next the Admiral called upon his sailors to promise him submission as the representative of the King and Queen of Spain. This they willingly did, for, fancying that princely wealth and honors would now come to them through their great leader, they most eagerly wished to

please him. Wild with joy, they pressed around him, some embracing him, others throwing themselves upon their knees before him, kissing his hands and his clothes, and begging pardon and favors from him.

Meanwhile a multitude of copper-colored, half-clad men, women, and children had been looking on with timid wonderment from behind trees and bushes. They thought that the three ships were huge, white-winged birds which



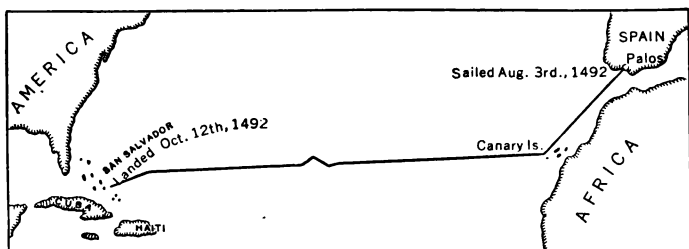
LANDING OF COLUMBUS

had brought the newcomers down from heaven. By and by they approached shyly and touched and felt of the strangers to make sure that they were real. Then they freely offered balls of cotton yarn, tame parrots, and gold ornaments to the Spaniards in return for glass beads, small bells, and other shiny trinkets.

Columbus noted with joy that these strange people, so unlike any he had ever seen, were a gentle race who would readily be won over to Christianity. Thinking that he had reached India, he called them Indians.

But had Columbus really reached India and landed on

an island off the eastern coast of Asia? Surely these dusky people were not clad in India's richly-dyed silks, or adorned with India's costly rubies and pearls. And though the air was full of pleasant odors, no fragrant spices grew on the trees and bushes. Columbus was somewhat puzzled, but believed, nevertheless, that he was in the ocean which the two Franciscans had said was east of China, and which Marco Polo had described as crowded with thousands of spice-producing islands.



MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF COLUMBUS'S FIRST VOYAGE

The great discoverer cruised from island to island, everywhere raising his voice in praise and thanksgiving to God, planting the cross, and taking possession of the land for Spain. He named one island St. Mary of the Conception, another Fernandina, and still another Isabella. He coasted for a number of days along the northeastern shore of what is now Cuba, and was greatly delighted with the beauty of the scenery. "This must be Cathay!" he exclaimed in an outburst of joy. Were his dreams of many years really becoming true? Was this at last the reward of his patient toil and waiting of nearly one-fifth of a century?

Having with him a friendly letter from the sovereigns of Spain for the Great Khan, he at once sent two runners to seek the famous eastern ruler. The two explorers found neat villages with spacious houses around which

lay fields of corn, potatoes, and tobacco—three plants until then unknown to Europeans.

The two travelers were surprised to see the natives form the large leaves of the tobacco plant into rolls resembling cigars. These rolls they called *tabaccos* and smoked them with delight. The strangers also passed vast fields of growing cotton and saw heaps of cotton yarn waiting to be woven into coarse cloth or knotted into large nets which were hung between trees or posts. These suspended nets the Indians called *hamacas* and slept in them at night. It is therefore from the Indians that the white men have learned to smoke tobacco and to use the hammock.

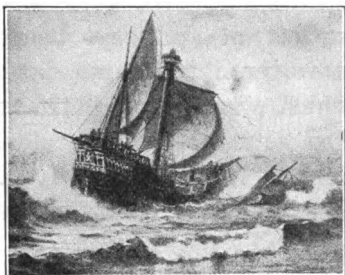
When the two Spaniards returned to the ships and reported what they had seen, Columbus was both interested and puzzled. Where, thought he, are the great cities with their towering palaces of gold and marble? Where is the home of the Great Khan? Where the wealth of silks and jewels and spices?

Poor Columbus! He did not know that the cities for which he was searching were on the other side of the globe, nor that the Great Khan and his heirs had long ago been exiled from their kingdom. The ports of China had long since been closed against strangers, and Columbus could not have entered them if he had come upon them.

Columbus thought, however, that Cuba was China, and that, therefore, Japan must lie to the eastward. Accordingly, he set out in search of the island, and came upon our present Haiti. He was charmed with the grandeur of its mountain scenery. It had numerous lakes and rivers, about which flourished endless varieties of trees, some so tall that they seemed to touch the stars. Delicious fruits and fragrant flowers grew in rich profusion, and birds of many kinds were singing in December.

"This is surely Cipango," exclaimed Columbus, and, since it quite resembled the more beautiful provinces of Spain, he named the island Hispaniola, or Spanish Land.

The great discoverer might have continued his explorations for some time longer but for a grave mishap: The



WRECK OF THE SANTA MARIA

Santa Maria ran upon a sand-bank and was beaten to pieces by the wind and the waves. The *Pinta* had treacherously sailed away some time previous and had not again returned. Now that only one of the vessels, the frail and undecked *Nina*, was left, Columbus began to

feel alarmed. "What a misfortune," said he, "if we should all be obliged to remain here and the news of our wonderful discovery thus never reach Spain!"

7. COLUMBUS RETURNS TO SPAIN

Columbus hurriedly constructed a fort on Hispaniola with the timber of the wrecked *Santa Maria*. This fort he called Nativity because the island had been discovered on Christmas day. Leaving a settlement of forty well-armed volunteers with provisions for a whole year, Columbus and the remainder of his sailors went on board the *Nina*.

The *Nina* had not gone far when its crew was surprised to sight a ship in the distance. It was the *Pinta*. At the request of its repentant captain, its crew came once more under the command of Columbus. After the two vessels were well on the way, a storm arose and raged with such violence that the two frail boats were

in great danger of being dashed to pieces. The frightened sailors prayed loudly to Heaven for help, vowing, if their lives were spared, to go in solemn procession to the nearest shrine of Our Lady at the first port they should enter.

Fearing that his ship might be wrecked and the knowledge of his discoveries never reach Europe, Columbus hastily wrote two accounts of his voyage. These he wrapped in cloth and enclosed in large cakes of wax, placing each into a barrel, which he sealed securely. One of the barrels was thrown into the sea and the other set upon the stern of the vessel, that it might float away in case the ship should go down. The great man thought that at least one of the barrels might be drifted to the coast of Europe and there be found and opened and the story of his discovery thus be made known to the world, even though he and his crew should be lost. After the storm had ceased, Columbus was grieved to find that the *Pinta* had again disappeared. He feared that the vessel had been wrecked and that its crew had perished.

Scarcely had the sea become calm once more when another gale came up and raged with terrible fury. Nevertheless, the storm-tried *Nina* finally carried her crew safe and unharmed into the harbor of Palos on a Friday afternoon of March, 1493. The people hastened in joyful throngs to meet the incoming vessel and welcome the mariners home, while the convent bells of La Rabida, joined by other bells of the city, pealed forth a gladsome greeting.

While the bells were yet ringing, the *Pinta*, too, sailed into the harbor with the Admiral's flag floating proudly from her main mast. The vessel cast anchor side by side with the *Nina*. Was her captain glad to find the ship of Columbus safely anchored in the harbor? Alas, no! The storm had driven his vessel into the Bay of Biscay. From

there the wretched man had written a letter to the King and Queen in which he claimed for himself the honor of all that had been done, and asked the favor of calling at court to give a full account of the discovery.

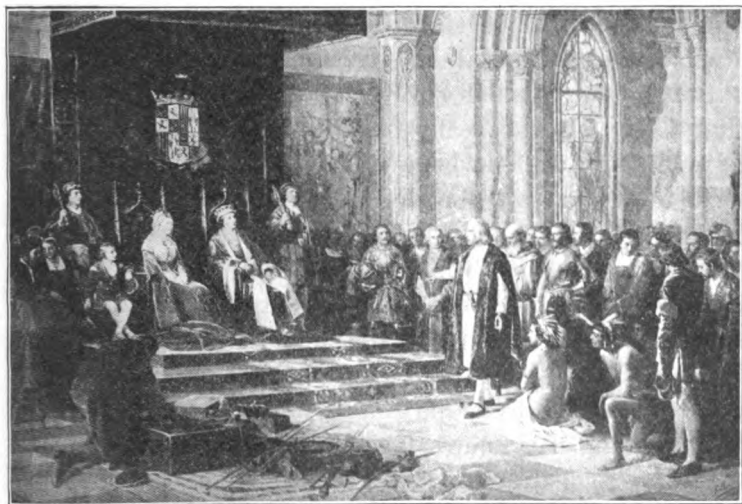
When he entered the harbor of Palos, the *Nina* lay hidden by a bend in the river so that he could not see her until close upon her. How miserably wretched the man must have felt at the unexpected sight of the *Nina*, which he thought lay at the bottom of the sea! He crept from the *Pinta* and hastily made for the shore in a small boat, whence he slunk away as quickly as possible. The shame of his conduct was more than he could bear and he died suddenly a few days later.

How happy Columbus and his companions must have felt to be home again! Home again after such unheard-of experiences! Home again in full number! In full number? Yes; the *Nina* and the *Pinta* had together brought back every man belonging to Palos. Of the volunteers who had remained at Fort Nativity, not one was a native of the city. Remembering the vow made during the storm, these weather-worn men formed in rank and marched in procession to the Franciscan convent of La Rabida. Father Juan Perez said the Mass of Thanksgiving and the whole crew assisted with sincere devotion and heartfelt gratitude.

As soon as King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella heard that the great Admiral had arrived, they summoned him to court at Barcelona. What a gallant sight it must have been to see the great discoverer seated in almost royal splendor on the King's horse, heading a great procession through the very streets where once he had walked poor and friendless. Then the people looked upon him as a madman; now they shouted his praises as the great finder of a path across the Atlantic to the Indies.

But the greatest honors which came to our glorious hero were those showered upon him by the Spanish sovereigns and their court. All the noble company—the King and Queen, the courtiers, the great nobles of Spain, and the youthful page Diego—arose when Columbus drew near.

Kneeling, the Admiral respectfully kissed the hands of the sovereigns who directed him to a seat in their pres-



COLUMBUS BEFORE THE SPANISH COURT
AFTER HIS FIRST VOYAGE

ence, nor would they reoccupy their golden thrones until they saw Columbus seated. Such distinctions as these were then shown only to kings and queens.

With gentle dignity, the Admiral told the story of his wonderful voyage. He vividly pictured the beauty and described the strange products of the lands which he had found. The seven gaily-painted and strangely decorated Indians whom he had brought along were objects of great interest to all, especially to the Queen. The sample prod-

ucts of the new land—gold, brightly-colored birds, cotton, tobacco, and potatoes—also excited much curiosity.

But surely these Indians and the potato and tobacco plants which they taught us to use and cultivate were not the treasures of the East which Columbus had gone out to seek. Nevertheless, the Indians were but a few of the multitude of human beings in the New World whose souls were precious treasures to be won for heaven. Tobacco and the potato have since been of greater value to the civilized world than all the dazzling riches of India.

But did the Spanish sovereigns and their court believe that Columbus had really been in India? They did, for he told them that he believed the northeastern coast of what is now Cuba to be the eastern extremity of China; that our Haiti was the island of Japan; and that the numberless other islands which he had seen were some of the islands described by Marco Polo. All that he said corresponded so well with the then-known geography of China, Japan, and the Indies that no one thought of doubting that Columbus had really found a short, all-water route to India.

The Admiral acknowledged that he had not yet come upon the golden and marble palaces, the costly silks, the precious jewels, nor the fragrant spices of India, but he thought that he had been very near them and would undoubtedly find them on a second voyage. The prize for the first sight of land was awarded Columbus because he had seen the moving light upon the shore.

Then Isabella rose,
With face illumined: then overcome with joy
She sank upon her knees, and king and court
And nobles rose and knelt beside her,
And followed them the sobbing multitude;
Then came a burst of joy, a chorus grand,
And mighty antiphon—
"We praise thee, Lord, and, Lord, acknowledge thee,
And give thee glory!—Holy, Holy, Holy!"

8. THREE MORE WESTWARD VOYAGES

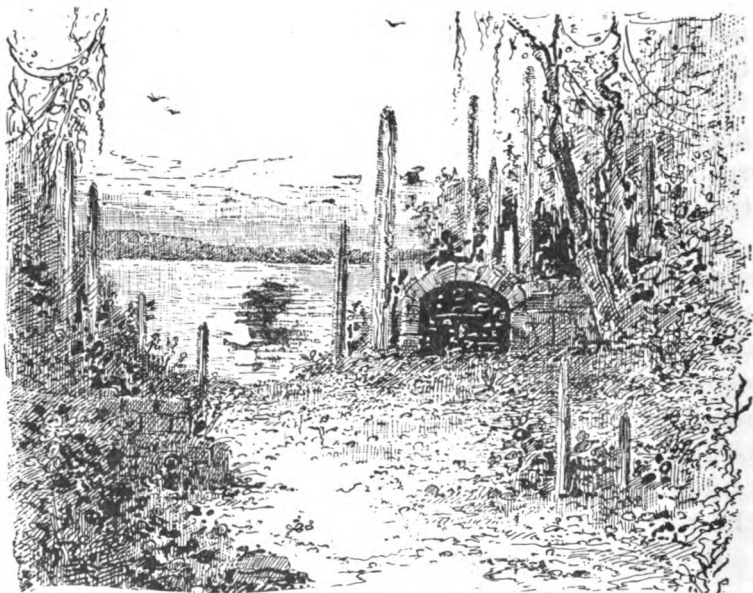
Now that Columbus had proved that one could sail up and down the water hill of the world without falling off, he found no trouble in getting men and money for a second voyage. This time he started out with seventeen ships and fifteen hundred men on board, twelve of whom were missionaries. Among the latter was also found the ever loyal friend of Columbus, Father Juan Perez. Three of the vessels were large store-ships and were laden with horses, mules, and other animals; also with seeds and roots of many kinds of plants. Columbus this time intended to start a permanent settlement on Haiti.

The expedition reached Haiti after a pleasant voyage of sixty-three days. Here a gloomy welcome awaited the newcomers. The colony of the Nativity had been entirely destroyed, not one man remaining to tell what had happened. A number of corpses were dug up near the fort, which had been pulled down and partly burned. Columbus built a new fortification some miles distant from the site of Fort Nativity and founded the first Christian town in the New World, which he called Isabella.

It may be interesting to know that the Indians were as much alarmed when they one day unexpectedly saw a rider on horseback as the skraelings of the Northmen were when the bellowing steer burst from the woods. They thought that the rider and horse were one being and when the rider leaped from the back of the horse, they were terrified, thinking that the one creature had separated into two. They feared also that the horse might eat them up, and we are told that hundreds of hostile Indians would flee before a single man on horseback.

One would wish that the story of Columbus might end here, for the remainder of it is sad indeed. With the sec-

ond landing of Columbus on Hispaniola began the worst of his troubles. The management of the little colony of Isabella became a trying task for the good man. The new settlers were disappointed when they did not find the wealth and fortunes they had promised themselves, and became extremely discontented and unruly. To make mat-



RUINS AT ISABELLA

ters still worse, some of the Spanish officers at court and also in Hispaniola, were jealous of the honors shown Columbus. They encouraged the colonists to rebel against him and to complain about him to the King and Queen.

How well these wretched officers succeeded in their wicked work may be seen from the following incident: A crowd of rude men, just returned from Hispaniola, were ~~one~~ day gathered in the courtyard of the Alhambra. Loudly cursing Columbus, they followed after the King,

and, catching hold of his robes, they cried, "Pay us! Pay us!" Is it surprising that Columbus finally lost favor with his sovereigns? He, however, speedily regained their esteem and confidence on his return to Spain.

Columbus soon sailed on a third voyage to the land which he had found. He continued his explorations and discovered several more islands. He also touched for the first time upon the American continent near the mouth of the stream now known as the Orinoco River. But his troubles kept on increasing. Even the King and Queen were beginning to feel disappointed because he did not find the riches of Asia. Besides, a Portuguese named Da Gama had meanwhile sailed around Africa to India and brought back a wealth of treasures from the East.

"Why did not Spain seek this new route to India instead of trying to get there by crossing the Atlantic?" asked the enemies of Columbus.

The charges brought against Columbus became so serious that the Spanish sovereigns sent an officer named Bobadilla to examine matters. This wicked man put Columbus in irons and sent him home in chains. Imagine the great, the noble Columbus in irons—chained like the meanest criminal! The master of the ship was shocked at the sight and wanted to remove the chains. "No, no," said Columbus. "They shall not be taken off unless the King command that it be done. I will keep these iron fetters for the rest of my life as relics of the reward I am receiving for my services."

When the noble prisoner arrived in Spain, the whole nation was indignant at the insult offered him. Ferdinand and Isabella ordered that the chains be removed immediately. When Columbus met the Queen and saw tears in her eyes he threw himself upon his knees before her and wept and sobbed aloud. But he was still the great strong-

hearted Columbus. He still meant to reach India by a westward voyage, even though Da Gama had reached it by sailing around the Cape of Good Hope.

We, therefore, find our hero making a fourth and last voyage across the Atlantic. This time he cruised along the coast of what is now Central America. On the Isthmus of Panama, which he named Darien, he found the Indians wearing whole plates and large pieces of gold hanging by cords from their necks. These Indians told Columbus that the land along which he was coasting was narrow and that another large body of water lay on the other side of it. Columbus understood them to mean a narrow strait instead of a narrow land and became much excited.

"I will find that narrow channel," said he, "and through it sail into the waters beyond, which must be the Indian Ocean. I will yet find a way to the riches of the East."

He did not know as we know now that on the other side of the narrow strip of land lay the mighty Pacific. As it was, he continued his explorations for some time longer, ever hoping but never succeeding, of course, in finding any proofs that he had reached India. Finally, after a year of frightful hardships and dangers, he returned to Spain only to find the noble Queen Isabella on her death-bed. She died a few weeks later. Father Juan Perez had also died; and with the death of these two noble persons, the best friends of Columbus and the only protectors of his rights and good name had passed away.

Our hero was now in very feeble health and after eighteen months more of trials and sufferings, we find him resting upon his death-bed at Valladolid. Imagine him lying in his lonely chamber, the bare walls of which were adorned only with the chains which had once held him as a prisoner. About him were gathered his two sons, a few Franciscan Fathers, and some friends. His great mind

was still clear and strong; his thoughts were on Heaven. Full of faith and hope and love, conscious to the last, the great discoverer died with the words, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

Thus passed from the scenes of this life, Christopher Columbus. He had sought India by a westward route, but found a mighty continent instead. The memory of his marvelous achievement shall live forever, and as there is but one American continent on our globe, so there is but one Christopher Columbus among the heroes of the world's history.

Questions for Thought

1. Who of the European people were the first to land on the North American continent?
2. Find out all you can about the sagas.
3. Of what historical value is the story of St. Brendan?
4. Why did the discovery of North America by the Northmen arouse no corresponding interest in Europe, and why did it not result in further discovery and in permanent settlement?
5. Write an account of the boyhood of Columbus, telling how he came to be a learned man and a daring sailor.
6. What conditions in Europe forced the people to look for a new water-route to the East?
7. Write in your own words an account telling how the American continent was incidentally discovered by Columbus.
8. Describe the landing of Columbus.
9. Tell what you think might have happened if the *Nina*, too, had been wrecked.
10. Was Columbus really an unusually great man? Give reasons for your answer.

Selections for Reading

The Norsemen—John Greenleaf Whittier

The Skeleton in Armor—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Columbus—Joaquin Miller

Christopher Columbus—Eliza Allen Starr

II

BALBOA AND MAGELLAN PROVE THAT COLUMBUS HAD DISCOVERED A NEW CONTINENT

1. THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC

Columbus had really discovered a hitherto unknown grand division of land. But the people of Europe did not know this. Though they called the newly discovered continent "New World," they named it thus merely because it was new and unexplored. For they still believed that Columbus had found India and the long-sought all-water route leading to it. Great numbers of Spaniards soon followed the pathway across the Atlantic and built new homes and towns, a little New Spain, on the islands discovered by Columbus, thinking all the while that these islands were the East Indies.

They were, however, greatly puzzled not to find the spices, the precious stones, and the silks of India. Thus, by and by, people began to think that, after all, Columbus had not reached India but had found a large new country lying between the Atlantic Ocean and some other great sea which they thought washed the shores of Asia. To find a passage through this new land and across this other great sea to the riches of India became the one ambition of every enterprising explorer who crossed the Atlantic.

Before long, some Spanish sailors explored the coast of the Isthmus of Panama which had been previously discovered and named Darien by Columbus. They found considerable quantities of gold and learned from the Indians that the country contained rich deposits of the precious metal. The news caused great excitement in Spain.

Soon everybody began to talk about making voyages to the New World. The ship-builders could not work fast enough to supply the ships that were needed. Many people set out with wild hopes to look for gold, while others went in search of a passage through the new land.

When the news that there was gold in Darien reached Haiti, a party of eager men set out in two ships for the land of promise. This happened about four years after the death of Columbus. When the adventurers were well on their way, the crew in one of the ships was surprised by a great pounding noise in the hold of the vessel.

"It seems as if the barrels are getting alive," said one of the men. And in proof of his statement, one large cask rolled and rocked right up to the commander. The top of the cask flew off and out leaped a handsome young sailor. He shook his velvet cloak and dangling sword into place and looked at the interesting group of sailors who were gazing at him in dumb surprise.

"It is Balboa!" cried the captain indignantly.

"Yes, I am Balboa," was the calm and fearless reply.

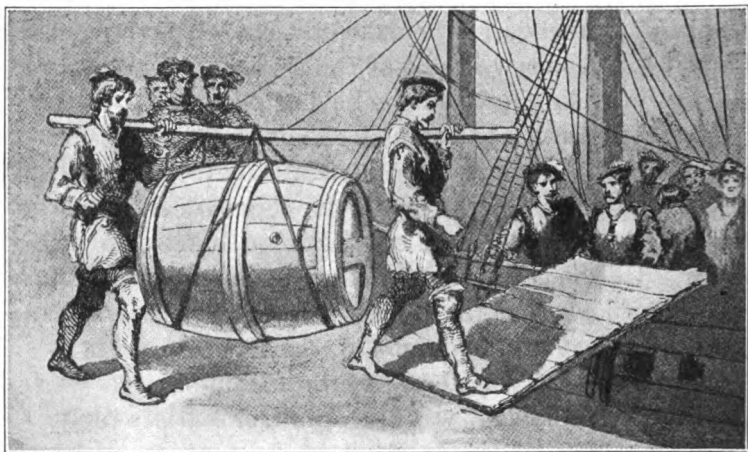
"I'll put you off on the shore of the first desert island we come to," said the angry commander.

"Oh, no, good captain, you won't do that," pleaded Balboa. "I can be of help to you. I've been at Darien before, and know the country."

The captain felt that Balboa was right. He knew the young man to be a good sailor, a trusty soldier, and a clever adventurer, just the man to make the enterprise a success. He therefore decided to take the intruder along.

But who was this Balboa? And why did he choose this strange way of going to Darien? He was a Spanish nobleman who had led a wild, free life, spending and borrowing money until he was heavily in debt. Then he came to the New World. After cruising about and exploring the coast

of Darien until his worm-eaten ship gave out, he went to Haiti. Hoping to save enough money to pay his debts, he tried farming. Instead of paying his debts, however, he added new ones to the old and soon was in debt to nearly everybody on the island. To escape prison, he had himself taken in a barrel to one of the ships bound for Darien, where he was stored among the provisions as salt beef.



BALBOA BEING CARRIED ON BOARD IN A BARREL

The young man was bold, hardy, and reckless, but also intelligent, kind-hearted, and unselfish. He was wont to do everything in a generous, dashing manner. Do you wonder that he soon became a great favorite among the sailors? He skillfully piloted the ships to the shores of Darien and landed them in a favorable place. Some stray explorers from other points on the coast joined the newcomers and a little colony was started. Among those who thus joined the party was Pizarro, who later became famous as the conqueror of Peru.

The commander soon found himself unable to govern his band of restless adventurers and was glad to return to

Haiti. The colony promptly chose Balboa as its leader. Balboa was anxious to surprise his King with the first gold from Darien. So one day he sent his faithful friend Pizarro, with six companions, to explore what was said to be a very rich gold region. The little band were soon fiercely attacked by some Indians. They defended themselves manfully but were finally obliged to flee for their lives, and, worst of all, leave a wounded man behind.

"What an unheard-of shame!" exclaimed Balboa angrily. "Must it be said of a Spaniard that he left a poor wounded comrade in the hands of savages?"

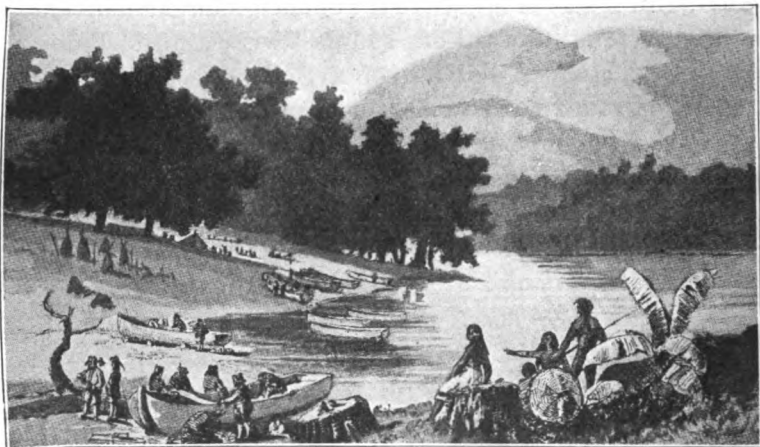
"No! No! It shall not be!" replied Pizarro. Hastening back to the scene of the attack, he soon returned safe with his wounded friend.

On one of his explorations, Balboa visited a certain powerful Indian chief who commanded thousands of warriors. His village lay at the foot of a high mountain in a vast, beautiful plain. When told that the Spaniards were approaching, the chieftain, attended by his five sons and throngs of devoted people, hastened to welcome them.

Balboa and his companions were royally served and made to feel quite at home. What surprised them most of all was the house of the chief. It was very skillfully built of wood and was eighty feet wide and one hundred fifty feet long. In it were a great many large chambers. Some of these served as store rooms and were filled with bread, venison, and various drinks made of maize and roots. In a spacious hall were preserved the bodies of the chief's dead relatives. These had been dried, richly dressed, and adorned with gold and precious stones. They hung all along the walls and the Indians regarded them with religious veneration.

The chief's eldest son, a bright, generous young man, gave Balboa a large quantity of gold. "Here is our first

gold from Darien," said the delighted Balboa. "I shall at once weigh out one-fifth of it to our King, and then divide the remainder among us." The Spaniards immediately fell to quarreling, each one fearing that he might get less than the others. The dusky young brave did not know the value of gold and could not understand why these white people should quarrel about such a trifle. Disgusted, he



INDIAN VILLAGE IN DARIEN

struck the scales a blow with his hand, scattering the glittering treasure all about the place.

"Spaniards, you are foolish," said he. "You have left your peaceful homes to come and disturb ours; you are exposing yourselves to great dangers and sufferings—all for only these yellow kernels and lumps of earth. But if this yellow stuff is really so precious in your eyes, I can tell you where to find an abundance of it."

"Where? Where? Tell us quickly!" cried the eager gold-hunters.

"Do you see those lofty mountains?" asked the young chief, pointing to the south. "From the highest of those

peaks, you can see a mighty water. The streams that flow down into it glitter with gold, and the chieftains who live on its shores eat and drink from golden vessels."

Balboa could scarcely believe his ears. "A mighty water?—It must be the sea that bounds the shores of China, Japan, and the Indies!" He was most impatient to start out at once in search of that mighty water.

But before leaving the prosperous Indian village, he saw the chief, his sons, and many of his people instructed and received into the Church. The ruler was given the name Carlos when baptised in honor of St. Charles and in compliment to the youthful prince of Spain.

Balboa now chose about two hundred hardy men, who were willing to follow him to the ends of the earth. A number of Indians also joined the party. The chief told Balboa that he would need at least one thousand men. "For," said he, "you will meet with powerful Indian tribes, many of whom are fierce and cruel cannibals."

"We have not a sufficient number of men," said Balboa, "so let us take along a number of blood-hounds instead." And patting the head of his own faithful hound, he declared, "This animal is as good as the best bodyguard to me." In truth, the hound never left his master and the Indians so feared the dog that they fled at his very appearance.

The fearless party pushed on toward the lofty mountains pointed out by the young Indian chief. The way sometimes led through dense and tangled forests. Countless monkeys chattered in the branches of the trees. Brightly colored parrots screeched and scolded at them from among the flowers and bushes. Ugly snakes lay hissing across their path.

Sometimes they struggled up a rugged mountain only to slide down an awful precipice on the opposite side. Deep

and rapid rivers had to be crossed in frail boats or on trembling bridges. And many a weary traveler sank dead beneath the scorching rays of the tropical sun. Again, the explorers met bands of yelling and howling Indians armed with slings and war-clubs. But these savages always fled in terror as soon as the Spaniards fired upon them or let loose their blood-hounds. Only men of iron strength and will could have endured and overcome the difficulties which thus met Balboa and his companions at every step.

After traveling for twenty days, the exploring party at length came to the foot of a peak from which, their Indian guides told them, the great ocean might be seen. Balboa could scarcely control his feelings. He climbed alone to the top of the mountain, which he reached September 25, 1513.—And what did he see? Below him were rocky cliffs and dense forests and green plains and rushing streams.—Not the promised water? Ah! Yes! Far in the distance it glittered in the morning sun and stretched south and west as far as the eye could reach. Balboa was speechless with joy. Stretching out both arms toward the mighty expanse of water, he knelt upon the bare peak and with streaming tears thanked Heaven for being the first white man to look upon the new water.

He then beckoned to his companions who hastily ascended the mountain. Balboa pointed to the great water and exclaimed, "Behold, my faithful companions! Behold that mighty sea! Behold the reward for all my toils! You shall all share in the glory of all that is or will be here discovered, conquered, and won over to God. Let us raise our voices to Heaven in praise and thanksgiving."

The sturdy adventurers gave vent to their feelings in a powerful *Te Deum*. Can you imagine a grander scene? How the mountain-tops must have echoed and re-echoed that glorious hymn of thanksgiving! Do you not think

that God and His holy angels looked with pleasure upon that lofty peak in Darien?

Gazing far away over the seemingly endless water, Balboa exclaimed: "How happy King Ferdinand will be when he is told of this wonderful discovery! In his name I take possession of the ocean, islands, and surrounding country." A huge cross was firmly planted and the name of the sovereign of Spain cut into the trunks of great trees.

With shouts of joy and exultation, the explorers then descended the seaward slope of the mountain. After four days they reached the shore of the great water. A wide bay extended to the horizon. Balboa called it the Gulf of St. Michael in honor of the feast of the day. The great new water was some time



BALBOA TAKING POSSESSION OF
THE PACIFIC

later named the South Sea because it lay to the south of Darien. The tide was out, but it soon returned, rolling and surging about the explorers until they stood knee-deep in water. Then, raising a sword in one hand and a banner of the Blessed Virgin in the other, Balboa again took possession of the sea and all that was in it for Spain. Three crosses were cut into the trunks of huge trees growing near by. These three crosses were to tell all who came thither that the great water had been discovered and claimed in honor of the Holy Trinity. Balboa promptly sent the news of his great discovery to Spain. We are told that even at that early time he thought of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

Like Columbus, Balboa too had his enemies, jealous and narrow-minded men. Foremost among these was the new governor sent from Spain to succeed Balboa. This man accused our hero of being an intended rebel. On this false charge he had the young man beheaded.

Balboa died like a true Catholic hero. After having devoutly received the holy sacraments of Penance and Communion, he ascended the scaffold with a manly step, knelt, and calmly laid his head upon the block. One moment only, and the illustrious discoverer of the Pacific had yielded his soul to God.

2. THE FIRST VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD

PART ONE. MAGELLAN IS BOUND FOR THE SPICE ISLANDS BY A WESTWARD ROUTE

Columbus discovered what he thought was India; and Balboa discovered what he believed to be a new sea. In his mind, this new sea was merely a large gulf or bay washing the shores of India; for America seemed to him, as it did to many others of that time, merely a break-water to protect the rich shores of India against the wind and the waves. We know, however, that Balboa had discovered the largest of the five oceans, the mighty Pacific. But how did we come to this knowledge?

Five years after Balboa had raised the cross on Darien to watch, as it were, over the great new water, a famous Portuguese stood at the door of the royal castle of Spain asking to see the King. The eighteen-year-old grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, known as Charles I of Spain, received him.

"What is it that brings you to the court of Spain, Ferdinand Magellan?" asked the young King. "How can Portugal spare so brave a soldier and so great a sailor?"

"I came," said the fiery-eyed Magellan, "to offer you my services for which the King of Portugal no longer cares."

"I understand," said the King, "but how do you mean to serve me?"

"You know, noble King, that since Da Gama has found a water route by way of the Cape of Good Hope to India, Portugal is growing rich from her trade with the East. I have been in the Indies for many years and know what great wealth can be gotten by buying spices from the natives of the Moluccas, or Spice Islands."

"I am well aware of all this, Magellan, but Spain cannot expect to enter upon a trade over a route and in lands that are claimed by Portugal."

"You are mistaken, noble King," said Magellan. "See this globe made by the learned men of my country. Here, west of the Cape Verde Islands, is the Line of Demarcation, fixed by Pope Alexander VI. This line ex-



FERDINAND MAGELLAN.

tends from the north pole to the south pole. As you well know, all the newly-discovered lands in the hemisphere east of this line are Portuguese possessions and all the newly-found lands in the half-world west of this line are Spanish possessions. You will note that the Spice Islands lie within the Spanish half of the world. Now my plan is this: If you will give me ships and men, I will find you a route to the Spice Islands which will not interfere with the route now followed by Portugal."

"My grand-parents, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, thought that the voyage of Columbus had found for Spain this westward route to the Spice Islands."

"Yes, I know, but Columbus did not go far enough west. I shall finish what he began. I believe that the American continent extends south somewhat like Africa. Hence, I will follow its coast southward until I can sail around a cape like that of Good Hope into the South Sea, discovered by Balboa. In that sea must lie the Moluccas, or Spice Islands. And to prove that I have opened the way to the Moluccas, I shall bring back such loads of cloves and ginger and pepper and nutmeg and camphor and opium as never yet entered any Spanish port."

According to Magellan's globe the Moluccas did lie in the Spanish half of the world. We, however, know from the globes of the present day that these islands were at that time on the Portuguese side of the dividing line.

As it was, the King was delighted with Magellan's ideas and plans. "You may have the ships and the men for the asking, my good Magellan," said he. "But I pray you, make haste and lose no time. You may be sure, the King of Portugal will not be willing to have one of the bravest of his mariners show Spain the way to the rich store of spices in the Moluccas, which, since the golden days of Genoa and Venice, only Portugal has enjoyed. He may send out his men to waylay and carry you back home."

Does it not seem strange that Spain and Portugal and other commercial nations of those days were so eager to trade in spices? We, too, enjoy the spices for the flavor they give, but they are not such sources of wealth to us as they were to Europeans at the time. The reason is quite simple. In our day meat and other food-stuffs can be speedily carried from one place to another while still fresh. In those times this could not be done, and the

people either kept their food from spoiling, or made salted meats and partly spoiled foods taste better by the use of spices. They greatly relished savory herbs, fruits, nuts, seeds, rinds, barks, and roots, which they ground into powder and sifted on their choice dishes. A seat at meal-time near the spice-box was the seat of honor. Some of these spices were also thought to possess healing properties and were used as remedies against pains and diseases.



MAGELLAN'S FLEET

To supply this great demand for spices, cloves, ginger, allspice, nutmeg, pepper, cinnamon, opium, camphor, vanilla, and many other aromatic products, some with names too hard to remember, were secured from the Indies and sold in the European markets at high prices. In truth, the spices of India were more eagerly coveted than were its silks and gold and precious stones.

Magellan set about in good earnest getting ready for his voyage to the Spice Islands. Five ships were easily secured. They were named *San Antonio*, *Concepcion*, *Victoria*, *Santiago*, and *Trinidad*. The last mentioned was Magellan's flagship. Though much better than Colum-

bus's ships, these vessels were, nevertheless, small, old, and not at all fit for a long voyage. A goodly supply of provisions was stored away in the holds of the vessels.

"The natives of the Moluccas," said Magellan, "will not give their costly spices for money, but they will load us with them for mere shining trinkets."

Therefore, instead of filling his purse with money, this wise sea captain took with him enormous quantities of bright-colored cloth, small looking-glasses, scissors, knives, fish-hooks, and many kinds of glittering brass trinkets; and no less than five hundred pounds of glass beads and twenty thousand little bells.

Magellan was at last prepared to start out upon his wondrous journey. After having devoutly assisted at High Mass in the church of St. Mary of Victory in Seville, he and his crew of nearly three hundred men boarded their ships, and sailed down the river to the port of San Lucar. From here the brave voyagers put out to sea on September 20, 1519.

For two long months they steered southwest. At one time there would be scarcely any wind to drive the ships along. Then again the wind and waves would become so violent that the frail little vessels were in great danger of being dashed to pieces. At length, however, the mariners reached the most easterly point of South America. From here they followed the coast southward, entering each large bay with the hope that it might be a passage to the great ocean on the west.

But the farther south they went the colder the weather became, and the more violent and constant were the storms. On the last day of March the little fleet finally sought safety in a sheltered bay, now Port St. Julian. Fish and birds, and wood for fire being plentiful here, Magellan decided to stay until spring. Spring in this latitude, how-

ever, could scarcely be expected before August or September.

Imagine what this long, lonely stay of nearly five months in a frigid climate meant for the sailors. As it was, a number of them had been prejudiced against Magellan by some wily Portuguese, even before leaving Spain. The difficulties and long duration of the voyage had sorely tried their patience, and their commander had often suffered much from their insolent behavior. But the idea of spending the winter at Port St. Julian, doing nothing, was more than they could bear. They began to murmur and complain loudly.

"No one has ever gone farther south than this," said they. "To be sure, the land stretches from the north pole to the south pole, and if no one has found a strait it is undoubtedly because there is none to be found. Our lives are worth more to us than all the spices of the Moluccas. Let us return home."

But Magellan, who had so often encouraged his men and calmed their fears, now declared, kindly though firmly, that he would never turn back, but go right on until he should find either a strait or the end of the continent. "Then," said he, "we can push on to the land of spices. Would you have it said in Spain that we were cold and afraid, and so came home without having found that which we went out to seek?"

The leader's words this time fell upon deaf ears. For his worst enemies were the captains of the ships. These had led the sailors to distrust him. "This Magellan," said they, "is a Portuguese. How richly his Portuguese King would reward him if he should lead these five Spanish crews into destruction! We can well take care of this fleet ourselves. It will be an easy task to attack the *Trinidad* and kill Magellan. Then we shall be free

to do as we choose—continue our way or return home.”

Only too well did the treacherous sea captains succeed in winning over the crews to their own vicious views. On the second day after putting into Port St. Julian, a little boat of the *Trinidad* happened to come near the *San Antonio*. It was told curtly to keep away since the *San Antonio* sailors no longer acknowledged Magellan as their commander. Magellan promptly sent the boat to each of the remaining ships as a test and thus learned the sad truth that only the *Santiago* besides his own crew had remained faithful to him.

Little, however, did the rebellious sea captains know the man with whom they were thus dealing. They had learned to know him as a man who despised hardships and laughed at dangers. They had often been appeased by his kind dealings and winning manners; they had also felt the effects of his iron will-power. But they were now to meet with a startling surprise. With the suddenness of a flash of lightning, a band of Magellan's trusty men leaped and rushed on board the *Victoria*, killed the obstinate captain, and so frightened the crew that they surrendered without delay.

The combined crews of the three faithful ships then surprised and subdued the *San Antonio* in a similar manner. The *Concepcion* was now glad to plead for mercy. Thus the mutiny was promptly quelled and the company was satisfied to settle down snugly in their boats for the winter.

PART TWO. THE SPICE ISLANDS ARE REACHED BY A WESTWARD ROUTE

One day Magellan and his companions had an amusing surprise. A great giant clothed in a llama-skin mantle appeared dancing and singing upon the shore. This gigantic

figure with his long flowing hair presented an interesting sight indeed. The sailors at once made friends with the visitor and invited him on board their ships. Soon other natives came to see the newcomers. All of them, even the women, were very tall. They averaged about six feet in height; some were even taller and few shorter. These tall people were good-natured and gentle. Their feet were wrapped in skins which made them look so over-large that the Spaniards called the country Patagonia, or the land of the clumsy-footed. During the course of the winter, the *Santiago*, while out on a cruise, was wrecked, but her crew was saved, though only after frightful sufferings.

At length, toward the end of August, the weather became somewhat warmer. After thoroughly repairing the ships and stocking them with food supplies, Magellan raised a large cross upon the shores of Patagonia and then left Port St. Julian. Sailing southward, he came upon a mountainous archipelago. Smoke and fire rose from the peaks of the largest island, so Magellan called it Tierra del Fuego—the land of fire. The weather continued stormy and the mariners advanced so slowly that they reached the headland still known as Cape Virgin only on St. Ursula's day, two months after leaving Port St. Julian.

The little fleet then entered a channel separating Tierra del Fuego from Patagonia. After sailing for almost a



A PATAGONIAN OF TODAY

month, Magellan one day said to his companions, "This must be the long-sought passage to the great ocean. The Moluccas cannot be far away! Shall we go on?"

"No! No!" replied the captain of the *San Antonio*. "Our provisions are again running short. Since we are now sure that there is a strait, let us go home."

Most of the sailors, however, declared: "Let us keep on until we reach the goal."

Magellan said quietly and firmly, "I shall go on and keep my promise to the King of Spain even if I shall be obliged to eat the leather straps of the ships' rigging." So on they sailed for many, many weeks. The *San Antonio*, however, stole away through some side channel and returned to Spain.

"How long this channel seems," said the sailors one day. "Shall we ever come to the end of it?" They did not know as we do now that the Strait of Magellan, as it has since been named, is more than three hundred miles long. Imagine the joy of this tried little band of explorers, when on the thirty-eighth day they passed out into the great South Sea which Balboa had discovered seven years previous.

When Magellan thus saw his way open to another sea, he was so overcome that he wept for joy. He planted a cross on the cape from which he first saw the sea, saying, "It will direct us if ever we shall come this way again."

The broad expanse of water seemed so calm and quiet to our hero after the many storms through which he had passed, that he called it the Pacific, or peaceful ocean. "Three more weeks," said he, "and we shall feast on the fragrant riches of the Spice Islands." Ah, poor, brave Magellan! Little did these navigators realize that the worst of their hardships were still before them. The waters of the Atlantic were strange to Columbus, it is true,

but the mighty Pacific was utterly unknown to Magellan and his hardy little party who were

“the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.”

With his remaining three ships Magellan pushed northward, away from the Antarctic cold, and then steered westward. An idea of the huge size of our planet gradually dawned upon the weary navigators as they sailed on, on, for days, weeks, and months, ever watching the western horizon as closely and anxiously as Columbus had done. Their sufferings from hunger, thirst, and disease became indescribable. They ate almost anything that could be chewed or swallowed, even gunpowder and sawdust, and the very leather straps of their ships' riggings. Many died, and all were sick and on the very verge of despair.

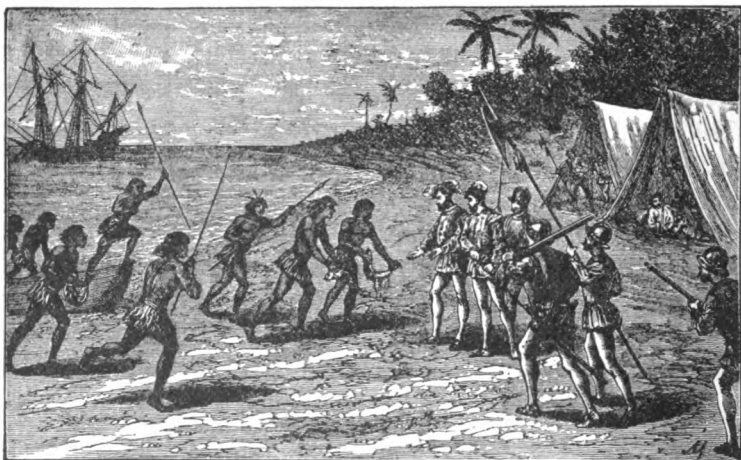
“Was this earth after all, round? Would there be an end to this journey?” they asked each other. “Was not their commander leading them into endless space and miserable death?”

But Magellan, with lion-like courage, pressed forward. At last, after three months, on March 6, 1522, they came upon a group of islands. Here fruit, vegetables, and meat were plentiful. The natives were friendly but proved to be such expert thieves that Magellan called the islands *Ladrones*, or islands of robbers, by which name they are still known.

Another week of sailing westward brought the navigators to a second group of islands. And for the first time in history did the eyes of white men gaze upon what are now our Philippines. These islands were thus named some years later after King Philip II of Spain. Magellan was overjoyed to meet here traders from China and other parts of the mainland of Asia. India had at length

been reached by a westward route. The great sea captain now knew that he had crossed the meridian of the Spice Islands, which must, accordingly, lie to the south.

With intense joy he realized that he could now complete his sail around the world without any further difficulties; for the remainder of his route would be through seas which were familiar to him and which he had often



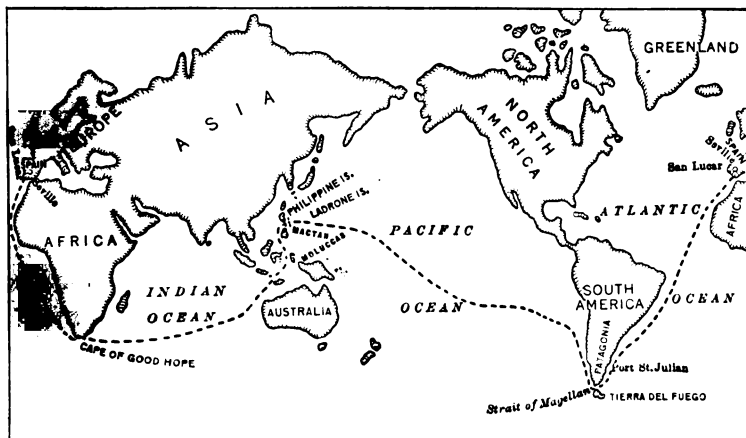
MAGELLAN MEETING WITH THE NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

traversed for Portugal. Already he saw himself back in Spain, the hero of the greatest achievement in the history of the world. Poor Magellan! Instead of pushing on to the Moluccas at once, he first tried to win over the natives of the various islands to promise that they would obey the Spanish King and trade only with the people of Spain.

He found all the chiefs friendly and willing, except on the little island of Mactan. Here the ruler would not yield to his wishes. Magellan tried to conquer the island, but he and a number of his men were most cruelly killed by the natives. Not for an enormous reward and all the

glittering trinkets the Spaniards could offer would the savages give up the body of Magellan. A monument now stands on the spot on which the greatest of sailors, Magellan, is supposed to have been slain.

The Spaniards were now too few in number to take care of three ships. Hence they burned the *Concepcion* and then sadly set out southward toward the long-looked-for Moluccas. They finally found them and landed with



MAP SHOWING MAGELLAN'S VOYAGE AROUND THE GLOBE

great rejoicing. They bartered their remaining store of trinkets and loaded their two little crafts with twenty-six tons of cloves. When they hoisted their sails to steer homeward they found, to their great disappointment, that the *Trinidad* had sprung a leak and had to be left behind. The greater part of her crew died of famine and scurvy. The remainder finally fell into the hands of a band of Portuguese.

The only remaining vessel, the *Victoria*, commanded by Elcano, crossed the Indian Ocean, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and finally reached Seville, in September of

1522, just three years after Magellan had started out on his westward voyage. Of the five ships and nearly three hundred men, only one ship and eighteen sick and famished men came back to tell the sad, though wonderful story of the first voyage around the earth. The tried little band went at once in solemn procession to the church of St. Mary of Victory, here to offer thanksgiving for their safe return.

Thirty years earlier, Columbus, believing the earth to be round, had sailed westward to India, as he thought. The voyage of Magellan around the world was the first positive proof that the earth is round; that Columbus had not reached India, but had discovered a new continent; and that the earth is very much larger in size than any one had ever believed it to be.

Magellan had no near relatives, hence Elcano, who had completed the great voyage, was given among other honors, a coat-of-arms, representing a globe with the motto: "Thou didst first sail around me." But it was Magellan who had planned the great voyage and who had directed it firmly through the whole unknown part of its route. To him alone belongs the glory of the first voyage around the world, the greatest that was ever made.

Questions for Thought

1. What was the meaning of that grand *Te Deum* on Darien?
2. Show on the globe or on the map of the world, by means of the Line of Demarcation, that the Spice Islands were in the Portuguese half of the world and not in the Spanish, as Magellan thought they were.
3. What do you admire most in Magellan as a hero?
4. What important facts did the enterprise of Balboa and Magellan prove to the world?

Selections for Reading

Balboa—Nora Perry

Darien—Edwin Arnold

III

THE STORY OF A GREAT RIVER

1. A VISITOR FROM QUEBEC AT ST. IGNACE

On the map of the United States look for two peninsulas of Upper Michigan which approach each other from the north and south to within a distance of nearly four miles. They project midway between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, whose waters seem to be forever playing catch with each other through the Straits of Mackinac. On the northern peninsula was located many years ago the early Jesuit mission of St. Ignace.



ST. IGNACE

The day on which our story begins was the feast of the Immaculate Conception. The little bell of St. Ignace had ceased ringing. From the open door of the mission church came the sounds of music and prayer. The altar was a blaze of light. Before it knelt, with eyes raised to the Sacred Host, a Jesuit missionary. About him were gathered Indians of the Huron and Ottawa tribes and also a little group of French traders and hunters.

The rudely-built mission churches of those early days were often furnished by the kings and nobles of Europe, who wished to awaken within the natives love and respect for the sacred services. Thus it was with St. Ignace. The cope which the missionary wore on this occasion had been given by the King of France. The finest of linens covered the altar. The monstrance was set with precious

stones and the canopy above it was of purest gold. But the greatest surprise was the large organ which filled the chapel with sweet music. To its notes the Indians, on this particular evening, sang in their own wild way the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

Among the pious gathering at this Benediction service were two of the heroes of this story—the missionary at the altar, Father Marquette, and a famous French fur trader named Joliet. The former was about thirty-six years old. The latter was some years younger and was devotedly attached to the zealous young Jesuit. The missionary seemed very happy about something. His wan face was lit up with more than earthly joy.



INTERIOR OF
ST. IGNACE

“How happy Father Marquette seems this evening,” said a Frenchman named Pierre to Joliet as they sat down to chat after having left the little mission church. “Did you bring him such good news from Quebec? Why, the noble priest seemed more in heaven than on earth when he walked down the beach in the midst of his noisy flock to welcome you! Come, Joliet, tell me what errand brings you here so late in the season. And what has your coming to do with our beloved Father Marquette?”

“First of all, old friend, let me tell you a little about the early life and zealous plans of Father Marquette, so that you may better understand his happiness this evening,” answered Joliet thoughtfully.

“This simple, humble priest,” he continued, “living in the poor, rude surroundings of this American wilderness, was born in a grand castle of noble and wealthy parents. The family of the Marquettes is one of the oldest and most noted in the famous old city of Laon in France.

Father James Marquette was well educated, and, even as a child, he dearly loved the Blessed Virgin Mary. He entered the Society of Jesus when only seventeen. During the next twelve years of study and teaching, the one great wish of his life was to labor and become a martyr among the American Indians.

"His frail body and meek and gentle disposition, however, did not seem to fit him for the hardships of the American missions. Nevertheless, his ardent wish was finally granted. After a stormy and dangerous voyage, he reached Quebec in September, 1666. Twenty days later he went to Three Rivers, located about seventy miles above Quebec on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence. This little French outpost was the center of a large number of Jesuit Indian missions. Father Marquette had at last entered upon his life work."

"His first difficulty," interrupted Pierre, "must have been the Indian languages. I have been told that some of the learned Jesuit Fathers cannot, with the best of study, learn these languages. But Father Marquette, I have heard, has learned not only one, but six of them!"

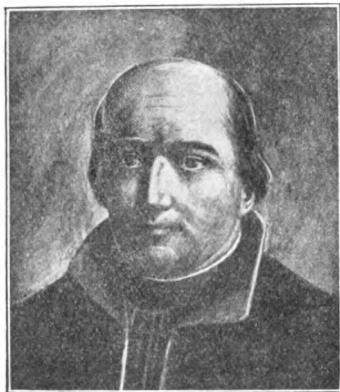
"Yes," said Joliet, "he studied hard under one of the Fathers at Three Rivers. He is especially gifted in this respect; besides, the languages of the tribes bordering on the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes are much alike."

"But how did Father Marquette get to St. Ignace? And what, I ask again, is the cause of his deep, quiet joy this evening?"

"During his two years' stay at Three Rivers, Father Marquette not only studied the new languages, but he also wandered far and wide through the wilderness visiting the shifting Indian camps. The experience he thus gained, together with his fine command of the Indian languages, prepared him well for his chosen work. He

was appointed to the Lake Superior missions, the most distant outposts of New France. Laboring first among the Indians at Sault St. Marie, and then at La Pointe, he finally came here to St. Ignace.

"Of his tireless labors here, you know. He has gone about doing good among these wild children of the forest. He has taught them lessons of virtue, purity, patience, and forgiveness. How hard he has tried to win them from their foolish superstitions! He has baptized hundreds of dying children, and has cheered the sick and suffering. Yonder are the cabins of his converted Hurons and Ottawas. Here to the south are the wigwams of some pagan Indians, who, though they esteem him highly, will not be converted.



FATHER MARQUETTE

"Now and then Illinois Indians have come far from the southwest. They have told of a mighty river which flows through their country and so far away to the south that no one knows into what ocean or gulf it empties. 'Come, great Blackrobe, to our village,' they pleaded. 'Thousands of Illinois are waiting for you. There are also many other tribes living on the banks of the great river. Come and tell all the redmen how to pray and how to please the Great Spirit.'

"Here was the field for the boundless zeal of Father Marquette," Joliet continued, with his face all aglow. "For years the priest has hoped against hope and prayed to the Blessed Virgin to help him discover the great river

and thus meet the numerous Indian tribes dwelling upon its banks. At last, today, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the feast of all the year to him, I bring him the news that he has been chosen by his superior, while I have been appointed by the governor of New France, to discover the Mitchi Sipi, or great river, as the Indians call it."

"Ah," said Pierre, "now I understand why Father Marquette's great loving heart is overflowing with joy. But, Joliet, how do you happen to know all these things about the good priest?"

"I studied a number of years in a Jesuit house at Quebec," said Joliet. "While there I met Father Marquette and learned, partly from him and partly from other Jesuits, what I have told you."

While Father Marquette and Joliet were waiting for spring to come and melt the ice in the Straits, they spent their time making plans and learning all they could from the Indians concerning the great river. Kneeling on the ground with crowds of curious redmen around them, they drew a rude map of the Mississippi and the streams flowing into it, wondering all the while whether it flowed into the Atlantic or into the Pacific. They knew that Columbus had discovered a new continent, but they thought, like all other Europeans at the time, that the new continent was only a narrow body of land. A river passage through this narrow land to a western ocean was still as eagerly sought as in the days of Columbus and Balboa.

"Where do you think the Mitchi Sipi empties?" asked a French hunter of Pierre one day.

"We know," returned Pierre, "that a brave Spaniard named De Soto set out over one hundred years ago in search of a rich empire. He found neither, but did come upon a great river in which he was finally buried."

"It is true," said another Frenchman, "De Soto did discover the mouth of the great river widening into the Gulf of Mexico and named it the River of the Holy Ghost. But is that river the same one that Father Marquette and Joliet are going to look for? And even if it is, no more came from De Soto's discovery than did from that of the Northmen. If Father Marquette and Joliet



THE BURIAL OF DE SOTO IN THE MISSISSIPPI

find the Mitchi Sipi they will be the discoverers of this stream just as truly as Columbus was the discoverer of America."

Thus the winter months passed away at St. Ignace, and the eve of the great day on which Father Marquette and Joliet were to start out in search of the great river finally came.

2. ON THE WAY TO THE MISSISSIPPI

On the morning of his last day at St. Ignace, Father Marquette sent for one of the young Frenchmen who was to accompany him on the morrow and told him to gather

some lilac blossoms and decorate the altar with them for the coming day.

"Lilacs, in this wilderness, Father?" asked the lad surprised.

"Yes, my boy, when I was a student in France, a missionary brought a new plant from the East. After some years a great many of these plants lined the college walks and filled the air with their fragrance. We did so enjoy decorating the altar of the Blessed Virgin with them! At one time, when one of our Fathers left for Canada, I gave him a small root, saying, 'Plant it, Father, in that distant land. When it will be time for the shrub to bloom, I shall join you in your labors.' At Quebec the good priest, true to my wishes, gave the shoot to another Father who was about to start out for the missions on the Lakes. This Father planted it on an island which he passed on his way to this mission. While here on a visit last year, he told me where to find my lilac bush."

The boy hastened to the island where he was attracted by a rich fragrance to a whole patch of lilac shrubs in full bloom. He cut and carried home a large supply of the beautiful blossoms and arranged them on the altar for the next morning's Holy Mass. Father Marquette knelt late into that night before the altar and his fervent prayers rose with the fragrance of the lilacs toward heaven. With one great burst of love and trust he finally exclaimed, "Immaculate Mother, guide, bless, and protect us in the great work which we shall begin tomorrow!"

Morning came. After Mass the whole of St. Ignace thronged to the beach. The Indians had clad themselves in their best skins and were gay with feathers and beads and dyed porcupine quills. But they seemed unhappy. "These Frenchmen," said they, "are going foolishly into

danger. Monsters and evil spirits live in that river. Savage beasts and cruel Indian tribes dwell on its banks."

The dusky children of St. Ignace were more sorry than they could tell to see their beloved blackrobe leave them.



STATUE OF JOLIET

"Why does he leave us? He must not go!" they said sadly. "What would the gulls do if the lakes were without water? What will the redmen do without their blackrobe?"

Pierre and the four other Frenchmen who were to accompany Father Marquette and Joliet had finished the final preparations and sat on the edge of their canoes waiting for the two leaders.

"There comes Father Marquette!" called out Pierre. "Look at him! Do you see that look of love and peace and kindness on his face?

Is it any wonder that he wins the hearts of all that come near him, even of the wildest of savages? But there comes Joliet! looking as lordly as if he were Governor Frontenac himself. No doubt he wishes to impress everybody that this is not merely a voyage of adventure, but a government enterprise."

Father Marquette spoke a few words of loving farewell, blessed his faithful Hurons and Ottawas, and, raising the cross, he began singing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. At once the whole crowd on the shore joined in and continued singing while the two canoes pushed out from

the shore and sped noiselessly out of sight, stopping only to wave a last farewell to the throng of Indians and Frenchmen upon the white beach of St. Ignace. Poor Hurons! Poor Ottawas! You shall never see your gentle blackrobe again.

Let us follow the little party on the map. With hearts as light as if upon a holiday excursion, they bravely paddled their way through Mackinac Straits into Lake Michigan. They soon entered the waters of Green Bay. At the mouth of the Menominee River, Father Marquette pointed out to his companions an Indian village. The wigwams were made of birch bark and looked like banks of snow among the green trees. "Do you see that large cross on yonder hill?" asked he. "It was raised by Father Allouez, and there are among these Menominees a large number of good Catholic Indians."

"But see, Father!" exclaimed Pierre, "They are coming! They seem to know you."

"Yes, I visited them last year," returned the missionary. "They may think that I am now coming to stay."

The Indians welcomed Father Marquette with great joy. "Now you will remain with us," they pleaded.

"I cannot," said the priest. "We are going far to the south to find the Mitchi Sipi and to visit the strange tribes of Indians living on its banks."

The Menominees were greatly disappointed on hearing this news. "Do stay with us, Blackrobe," they pleaded. "Your leaving us is like the setting of the sun when all is left in darkness."

The chief shook his head, saying, "Paleface, go not to find this river. Great monsters will swallow up you and your canoes. The tribes on its banks are cruel; they will take your scalps; and the great heat in parts of that far-away country will bring you certain death."

"I do not fear these distant savages, nor the river monsters, nor the scorching heat," said Father Marquette. "I have been sent by the Great Spirit to teach His Indian children to love Him, and I will gladly risk my life for a chance to save their souls for heaven."

The good priest, however, promised them that he would visit them on his way back if possible. Then the explorers continued down Green Bay and soon entered a small stream now known as Fox River. On the banks of this river, some distance up-stream, was then located a large Indian village. A mission cross stood in the middle of it; for Father Allouez had visited these tribes and found them to be a gentle, docile race. Their cabins were made of rushes. They raised large crops of Indian corn and gathered the abundant wild plums and grapes.

Three days were spent with these good Indians. "I have been sent," said Joliet to them, "by our governor to discover new countries. Father Marquette is sent by God to teach the Indians to know the great God of whom they have never yet heard."

On departing, the Frenchmen took with them two of the redmen to act as guides; for, beyond this village no white man had as yet pushed his canoe. Directed by the two savages, they slowly paddled their way up the Fox River across the large Lake of St. Francis, now called Winnebago, and then back again upon the Fox River. The little band greatly enjoyed the ever-changing scenes along this portion of their voyage. Every now and then a turtle dived before their splashing paddles. Numberless ducks and blackbirds rose in sudden noisy flight from the wild rice swamps. The dainty snipe and the graceful deer fled in silent fear, though they had never before heard the white man's voice nor the hunter's gun. Groves of birch, pine, oak, and walnut lined the banks of the streams.

At length the river became narrow and almost choked with grass and Indian rice. The two guides now helped carry the canoes from the narrow sluggish Fox, for about



MAP OF FATHER MARQUETTE'S EXPLORATIONS

a mile and a half, across the portage of prairies and marshes to the broad, swift-flowing Wisconsin River. Then Father Marquette had a supply of food given to the two Indians. He also presented each with a necklace of beads. They felt richly rewarded for their

services and hastened back to their village as happy as children.

Our voyagers stood and gazed in silent happiness upon the pure swift stream before them. "We have left the tributaries of our Great Lakes which connected us with Quebec and our countrymen," said Father Marquette, "and we are now about to set out on this strange river whose waters have never been disturbed by the paddles of a white man. Will it swallow us up in some cataract? or carry us to the Pacific Ocean? or to the Gulf of Mexico? or to the great river which we are seeking? Let us thank God for having led us safely thus far, and let us ask Him to guide and protect us still." All sank upon their knees in silent, earnest prayer.

The party spent the rest of the day in hunting and fishing. The fishing was not good, but a number of ducks were caught. "Some plump, wild ducks, but no fish, Father," said one of the Frenchmen to the missionary on returning to camp.

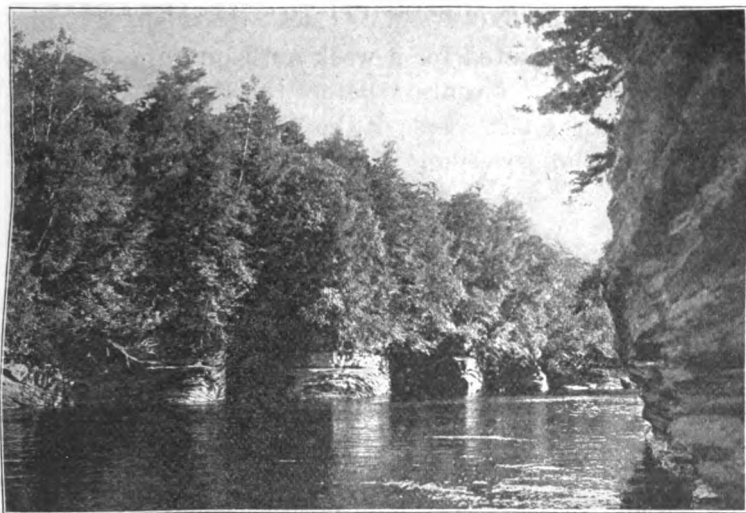
"You are not as good at it as are the Indians on the banks of the Fox," said Father Marquette, smiling. "They capture fish and ducks, all in one catch."

"Tell me how they do it," returned the man, doubting the truth of the good Father's words.

"Come, sit down with me and I shall tell you," said Father Marquette. "You must have noted the many bays and sluggish waters with their abundance of Indian rice on our way up the Fox River. In the fall of the year such places become the favorite haunts of wild ducks. The Indians, having often seen these birds dive into the water in search of kernels of wild rice, stretch nets so skillfully that they catch hundreds of fish and nearly as many ducks in one night."

On the following morning our explorers were up and

astir with the rising sun. "Thus far," said Father Marquette before embarking, "we have been guided by what we heard from others concerning the country through which we have passed; but now that we must be our own guides, we need help from heaven. I placed this exploring voyage under the protection of the Immaculate Mother of God before starting. And now that our way



ALONG THE WISCONSIN RIVER

is becoming dangerous and uncertain, we need her protection more than ever; therefore, let us join in reciting each morning the Memorare three times in honor of the Immaculate Mother." All knelt upon the sand and prayed aloud to Mary Immaculate. And this was done every day during the whole voyage.

The party now entered their canoes, pushed away from the land, and drifted rapidly down the beautiful Wisconsin River. "One does not tire at the paddles going down this stream," said one of the men. "How swift the

current! The skies are so blue, the air is so clear! How beautiful the scenery! See how peacefully the deer and buffalo are grazing on these broad prairies and among the clumps of trees! How green and rich are the grass and shrubs! The air is filled with the music of singing birds and humming insects. Behold those showers of flowers of every kind and color!"

3. DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI TO THE ARKANSAS

On, on they floated for a week until on June 17, 1673, a little more than a century before the Declaration of Independence, the last waves of the Wisconsin carried them into the broad, sweeping current of the great river of the New World, near the present site of Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. "We gazed with rapture," writes the gentle Father Marquette, "with a joy that I cannot express, upon one of the noblest scenes in America." They had found the great Mississippi. And, extending his hands over the water, the priest said in slow and solemn words, "This river I call the River of the Immaculate Conception in honor of the Immaculate Mother of God."

Down the great river they glided between smooth shores and rocky bluffs. The moose, elk, and deer were feeding on the shores and farther down vast herds of buffalo grazed on the plains. Swans splashed in the water and large flocks of turkeys were seen among the trees.

"You have been so quiet of late!" said Joliet to Pierre one day.

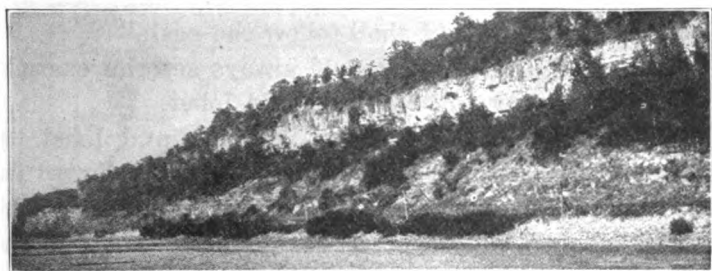
"Oh! there is so much to see and I am so glad Father Marquette let us come along," returned the old hunter.

"I, too, am happy, Pierre. We are floating upon what is, perhaps, the largest river in the world. I do think that

this stream drains a continent larger than Europe. Can you imagine, Pierre, the grand cities that will grow up along this stream some future day? And we shall be forever remembered in history as the finders of the great waterway of the Western Continent."

"But now, Joliet," said Pierre playfully, "let Father Marquette tell us what he sees in the times to come."

"I," answered the humble priest, gazing thoughtfully into the distance, "see throngs of Christians—Indians



ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI

and whites—I see churches and schools. And, if you, Joliet, could then pass down this river as you do now, you would find crosses high up on the church towers taking the places of the rude mission crosses which now mark the Christian Indian villages."

While the three were thus talking, the canoe was suddenly struck by something and almost overturned. "It could not have been a tree nor a sand bank," said Father Marquette, "for the water is very deep here."

"I see it!" exclaimed Pierre, "it is a fish as large as a man!"

"There, there!" cried all in a chorus. The little band could not help but think of the horrible monsters against which the Indians had repeatedly warned them. The creature was a huge catfish.

'Mid scenes and with chats like these, the little party drifted down the Mississippi for fifteen days. During all this time they had seen no trace of human beings.

"Footprints! A trail!" cried one of the explorers one day while the canoes were moving along close to the west bank of the river.

"Not so loud," whispered Father Marquette, "there may be danger."

The party landed and silently examined the footprints and the trail. "There must be an Indian village near by," declared the priest. "I shall follow the path."

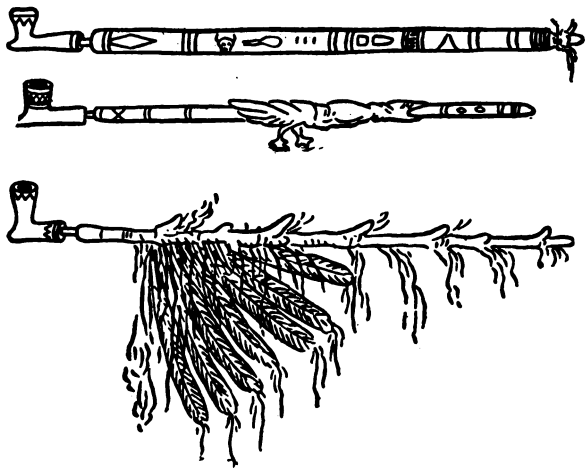
"And since the leader should always set the example, let me accompany you, Father," said Joliet.

Hoping and fearing, Father Marquette and Joliet, the first white men to tread the soil of Iowa, followed the path for six miles, when they saw from a distance three Indian villages located on a stream now known as the Des Moines River. Drawing near, they made known their presence by shouting loudly. The Indians at once swarmed out of their huts. Four old men came to meet the strangers. Two of them had peace pipes, trimmed with colored feathers. These they held aloft toward the sun as if asking it to smoke. "These are worshippers of the sun," said Father Marquette to Joliet. Then turning to the Indians he said, "Who are you?"

"We are Illinois," they answered.

The good priest's heart beat fast with joy on seeing before him the gentle Illinois. It was they who had told him of the great river. It was they who had begged him to come to their country and had thus awakened in him the wish to find the river and win over the savages on its banks. The Illinois, too, were happy when they saw the blackrobe for whose coming they had hoped and waited so long. They led the two Frenchmen to their aged chief,

who, to tell them that their coming made the sun shine brighter, shielded his eyes with both hands and said, "How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchmen, when you come to visit us! Our village awaits you; enter in peace into our wigwams. Thou knowest the Great Spirit, Blackrobe. I pray thee come and dwell with us that we may know Him, too."



INDIAN CALUMETS

The day was spent by the savages in speeches, feasts, songs, and dances. The next morning the chief with six hundred of his Indians accompanied the Frenchmen to their canoes, assuring them again and again that their visit had made the Illinois very happy.

Slowly down the river the party glided once more. One day, when passing beneath a line of rocks near the present city of Alton, Illinois, Pierre suddenly cried out, "The river monsters! The river monsters!" and pointed to a high, smooth cliff on which were painted in red, green, and black, the frightful pictures of some Indian

gods. Father Marquette, describing these pictures, writes: "They have horns on their heads like those of a deer, a horrible look, red eyes, a beard like a tiger's, a face somewhat like a man's, a body covered with scales, and so long a tail that it winds all around the body, passing above the head and going back between the legs, ending in a fish's tail."

The little party were still talking earnestly about the painted monsters when they suddenly heard a roaring, rushing noise. "What can it be? Are we coming to some great falls?" they cried much frightened.

"Ah! a greater danger than the painted monsters!" exclaimed Father Marquette. "See that broad torrent of mud rushing madly into the calm, blue waters of our river! How it tumbles and foams and carries along with it logs and branches and uprooted trees! Never have I seen anything more terrific!"

They had reached the mouth of the Missouri. Its wild current tossed and whirled about the little canoes and almost upset them. "Perhaps that mighty river comes from the Pacific Ocean," said Father Marquette thoughtfully. "We shall most likely find that our River of the Immaculate Conception flows into the Gulf of Mexico, and not into the Pacific, as we thought it might. Some day I shall come back and follow this new muddy river to its source. I shall yet preach to all the Indian tribes of this great New World who have so long been without a teacher."

Little did the good priest think that his life was nearly spent. Nor did he dream that more than a century would pass before another Jesuit missionary, the great Father De Smet, would ascend the Missouri to the far West, and teach the Gospel to nearly every Indian tribe west of the Mississippi.

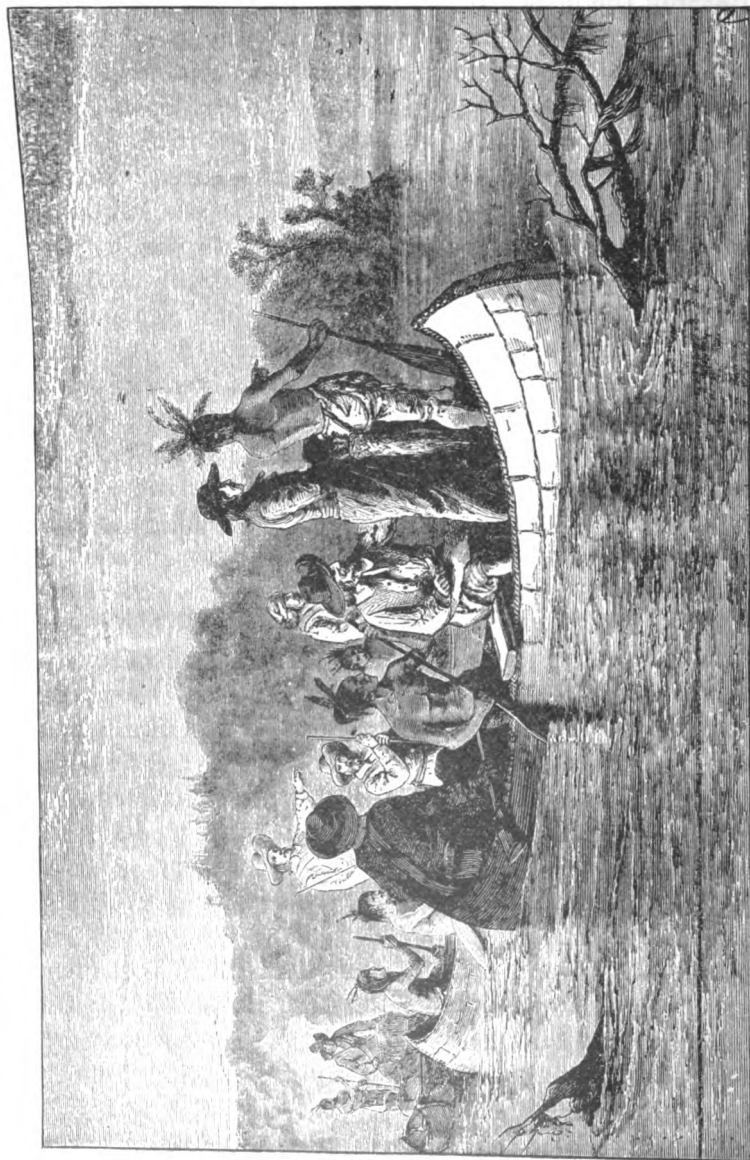
Passing the lonely forests which have since given room to our present city of St. Louis, the party soon came upon the mouth of a river which pours its clear waters into the Mississippi and which the Indians called the Ohio, or beautiful river. Gliding steadily on down-stream, they beheld one morning a band of Indians who carried guns—a sign that they had met with Europeans. Father Marquette raised aloft the peace pipe given to him by the Illinois. The savages at once became friendly and invited the Frenchmen ashore. They accepted the invitation but continued their journey the next day.

Soon our heroes were obliged to hang up their sails as a protection against the scorching heat of the sun. Great swarms of mosquitoes tormented them by day and by night. Crouched in their boats behind the sails, they were one day suddenly surprised by frightful yells and war whoops from the west bank of the river. Savages in wooden boats shot out on the river above and below our little exploring fleet so that they could neither go on nor turn back. Stones and clubs were hurled at them. Arrows whizzed through the air. Father Marquette waved his peace pipe, but they yelled louder than ever. Again the priest waved the calumet. Just then the chiefs of the village arrived. Seeing the pipe, they quieted the noisy crowd and then waded into the water and forced the canoes of our friends to the shore.

“What has brought you to our village, Paleface?” inquired one of the chiefs.

“We ask only for a guide to show us down to the mouth of the river,” answered Father Marquette kindly.

“You are not far from the end of the river. Some of our men will bring you to an Indian tribe farther south, who can tell you more about it.”



A FLEET OF INDIAN CANOES ACCOMPANYING FATHER MARQUETTE AND JOLIET TO THE ARKANSAS TRIBE

A fleet of canoes in which were ten Indians now led the way to the village of the Arkansas tribe, who lived opposite the mouth of the Arkansas River. It was at this point, we are told, that the Spaniard De Soto was buried more than a hundred years earlier.

When our party neared the Arkansas village, a number of Indians came in their boats to welcome them and bring them to their great war chief. Father Marquette spoke to the chief and his Indians through a young Indian among them who knew a little Illinois. He told them of God who created them and of God's great love for all His children. The Indians were pleased with what he said and begged the missionary not to leave them. "I have come," said the priest, "to visit all the tribes along the great river. I cannot stay here now. But I shall return and bring other blackrobes who will remain with you and teach you to know and serve God."

The Indians, however, warned him not to go farther down the river. "For," said the chief, "you will meet warlike tribes who have guns given them by the Spaniards. We are so much afraid of them that we dare not hunt the buffalo and have to live on Indian corn." They also assured the Frenchmen that the Mississippi did not flow into the Atlantic nor into the Pacific Ocean, but that it was the same stream the Spaniard De Soto had discovered, and that it poured its waters into the Gulf of Mexico.

"Father," said Joliet, when they came together late that evening, "the Indians may be right when they warn us not to go farther down the river. What do you think is best for us to do—to continue our voyage downstream or to turn back?"

"It seems too bad to turn back when we are so near the mouth of the river," said Father Marquette. "It is,

however, better to turn back and not to have seen with our own eyes that the river flows into the Gulf of Mexico, than to be captured by the Spaniards or killed by the Indians; for who would then tell the story of our wonderful discovery?"

Joliet left the cabin, and, walking to where the men were taking care of the canoes, he said, "We shall turn up-stream tomorrow. Father Marquette and I both think it would not be wise to go farther down the river."

4. HOMEWARD BOUND. THE DEATH OF FATHER MARQUETTE

Early the next morning our voyagers turned their canoes northward. It was just two months since they had left St. Ignace and one month after the discovery of the Mississippi. Paddling up-stream under the heat of the summer sun and sleeping at night amid swarms of mosquitoes on the moist, chilly banks of the river were trying indeed. Father Marquette soon became ill and lay for weeks in the bottom of his canoe.

Instead of returning to Lake Michigan by way of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, the explorers now took the shorter route up the Illinois. This beautiful stream led past villages of Illinois Indians. The good Father remained for some days with these gentle tribes, who were his favorite children even before he left St. Ignace. He was too ill to tarry long, but upon their earnest entreaties, he promised to return to them soon.

At length our heroes reached the mission of St. Francis Xavier at the head of Green Bay. It was from here they had started out four months previous, full of life and health and brightest hopes. Now they returned, sick and travel-worn. But they were happy, nevertheless,

for they had found the great river and had made friends with the Indian tribes upon its banks. They had prepared the way for the trader and the missionary.

Father Marquette had in the meantime been given charge of the mission of St. Xavier and was therefore at home. Even had he not been, he was too ill to go farther. Joliet, too, needed rest. He feared, besides, that the winter might entrap him in the ice, should he venture to set out for Quebec, so he decided to remain with his priestly friend at the mission till spring.

During the long winter months each of our two heroes wrote an account of his voyage and made a map of the country which had been visited. Father Marquette, some time later, sent his report with a party of Indian traders to the Jesuit superior at Quebec. And Joliet?—

When the ice broke upon the waterways to the little capital of New France, he bade farewell to Father Marquette and set out in high spirits to report to the governor of New France at Quebec. In Lachine Rapids, near Montreal, his boat was upset. Four hours he fought with the angry waves and barely escaped with his life. His first concern was his papers. They were gone—a sad loss! Because of this, poor Joliet never received the honor and reward which he had expected from the government.

Thus Father Marquette, without any thought of honors or riches, became the only reporter of the great voyage of discovery. For his papers, safely delivered to his superior at Quebec, were published to the world as Father Marquette's "Journal." Only in our own times has Joliet come to be looked upon as a full partner of Father Marquette in their great discovery.

Though Joliet was disappointed, his story of the great discovery was received with much rejoicing in Quebec.

Bells were rung and cannon fired. In the cathedral a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving.

Meanwhile, Father Marquette had lain sick for a whole year in his cabin at the mission of St. Xavier. Early in the fall, however, he thought himself cured and set out to return, as he had promised, to his beloved redmen on the Illinois River. The little party filling ten canoes



DEATH OF FATHER MARQUETTE

consisted of two Frenchmen and a band of Indians. Down Green Bay and along the western shores of Lake Michigan they paddled bravely on through storm and cold. On entering the Chicago River, Father Marquette was taken with bleeding of the lungs and was forced to spend the winter upon the site of the present city of Chicago. Becoming somewhat stronger in spring, he continued his voyage and was received as an angel from heaven by his beloved Illinois. They gathered about him in great crowds and heard with joy his instructions.

The good priest, however, felt that his end was near. So he set out for his beloved St. Ignace, there, if God so willed, to die among his own. The Indians were much grieved to see their beloved blackrobe depart. A band of them accompanied him all the way to Lake Michigan. Most tenderly did these children of the forest take care of their sick blackrobe. After they had turned back, the two Frenchmen, Pierre and James, continued slowly up the eastern side of the lake with the dying missionary. When they came upon the mouth of the stream now called Marquette River, the priest asked his companions to land. "Yonder high bank of the river," said he, "is a fitting place for my grave." And here on the Blessed Virgin's day of the week, and in her month of the year 1675, Father Marquette, only thirty-eight years of age, passed away.

His last prayer was a thanksgiving to God for the favor of dying a lonely missionary of Jesus Christ in the wilderness. His two faithful companions buried his body and raised a large cross over the grave. They then carried the sad news to St. Ignace and later also to Quebec.

Before long a band of Indian hunters found the grave of their gentle blackrobe whom they tenderly loved. They opened it, and reverently laying his remains into a box of birch bark, they carried them three hundred miles back to St. Ignace. What a wonderful sight was that funeral procession! Thirty canoes paddled silently along the shores of Lake Michigan. After all the funeral rites had been performed, the precious remains were laid at rest in a small vault below the chapel. The little church of St. Ignace was later destroyed by fire, but a rude marble monument still marks the grave of Father Marquette, the Angel of old St. Ignace.

5. THE MISSISSIPPI EXPLORED FROM SOURCE TO MOUTH

The last words of the gentle Father Marquette had scarcely died away on the breezes of Lake Michigan when a great Catholic nobleman at Montreal was making plans to complete the explorations of the Mississippi. This nobleman was Robert de La Salle, a man with a strong mind and an iron will. He was the greatest of the great explorers of New France.

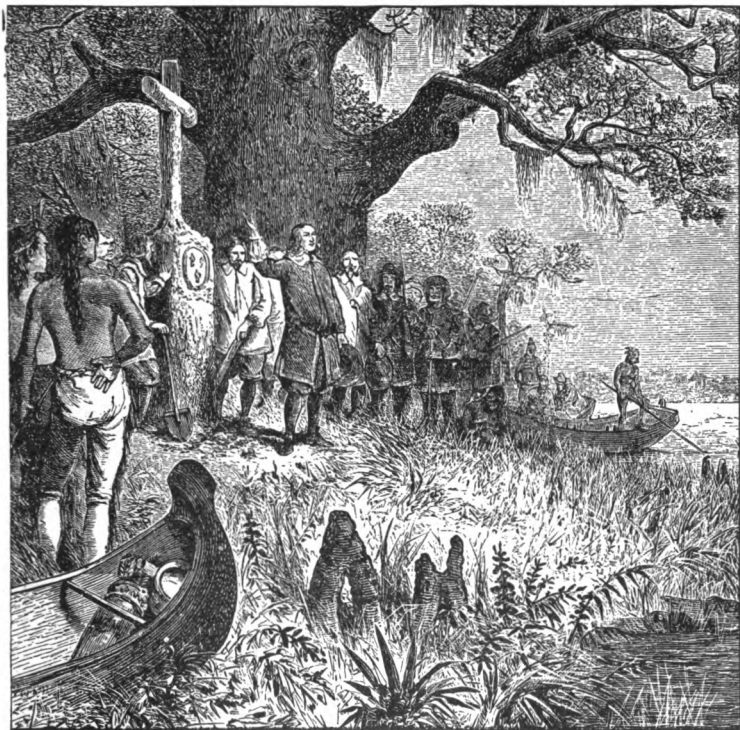
No one was more rejoiced over the discoveries and explorations of Father Marquette and Joliet than was La Salle. "We must now," said he, "build a line of forts and fur-trading stations and missions all along the banks of the Mississippi and plant a strong colony at the mouth of the river. Then no other nation can buy the furs from the Indians nor take away from us this vast lake and river country. I, myself, shall build these forts with the money I can gain by trading with the redmen."

La Salle went to France and laid his bold plans before Louis XIV. The French King was more than delighted at the idea of adding such undreamed-of possessions to his kingdom.

On returning to Canada, La Salle at once began to prepare for the exploration of the Mississippi from its source to its mouth. He had already discovered the Illinois and Ohio Rivers, even before Father Marquette and Joliet discovered the Mississippi. With a number of companions he now came to the Illinois and built a fort at the present site of Peoria. One of La Salle's party was a Franciscan, Father Louis Hennepin. This Father had discovered the Great Niagara Falls, and La Salle now asked him to explore the still unknown northern part of the Mississippi.

Father Hennepin, therefore, with two companions

floated down the Illinois and paddled up the Mississippi River. In the summer of 1680, he discovered the rapids now encircled by Minneapolis. He named them St. Anthony's Falls in honor of St. Anthony of Padua. The



LA SALLE TAKING POSSESSION OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

good Father and his two companions were captured by the Indians, but were finally set free through the efforts of an old fur trader named Du Lhut. Father Hennepin then turned down stream as far as the Wisconsin River and thence back by way of the Fox River and Green Bay to St. Ignace.

Some time later, La Salle also started down the Illinois

River. And after many trials and disappointments he succeeded in exploring the entire Mississippi, reaching its mouth in April, 1682. "The river is now ours," he said proudly. "We have given to the King of France the vast Mississippi valley from the frozen northern lakes to the warm shores of the Gulf of Mexico, from the eastern Alleghanies to the western horizon—a great country drained by a thousand rivers and peopled by hundreds of native tribes." Planting a cross, and displaying the banner of France, he named this new country Louisiana. Why? To dedicate it to St. Louis and to honor his sovereign, Louis XIV of France.

The rest of our story is a sad one. La Salle failed completely in planting a settlement on the Gulf of Mexico and was treacherously murdered by his own men before he had scarcely begun the great work he had planned. But he who was a hero in life was a hero also in death, dying with a prayer for his murderers upon his lips.

This then, is the wonderful story of the discovery and exploration of our great Mississippi River.



1. De So - to rov - ing in the south Dis-cov-ered
2. They traced the no - ble stream far south, From fair Wis-
3. La Salle next came and promptly sent The Fri - ar
4. Then turning round, he south-ward faced And grate-ful-



first the Riv - er's mouth. The daring Frenchman Jo - li-
con - sin Riv - er's mouth To where the Ar - kan - sas doth
Hen - ne - pin, who went, Pro - ceed - ing by a North - ward
ly His route re - traced. La Salle him - self then float - ed



et Then sought the saintly James Marquette. From distant
show Just where they laid De So - to low Up-on the
course, To seek the Riv-er's unknown source; He came up-
south, Down to the Riv-er's ver - y mouth And planted



St. Ig-nace the two, Set forth with paddle and ca - noe.
Mis-sis - sip-pi's bed When he was numbered with the dead.
on St. An-th'ny Fall Right near our present great St. Paul.
on its sea-bound strand The lil-ies of his na-tive land.

Questions for Thought

1. Write an account in your own words telling how much was known of the Mississippi River previous to the voyage of Father Marquette and Joliet.
2. Trace the route of Father Marquette and Joliet's voyage from St. Ignace to the mouth of the Arkansas and back to St. Xavier and Quebec.
3. Write a brief sketch of Father Marquette.
4. Why was the discovery of Father Marquette and Joliet a most important achievement?
5. Trace on the map the route of La Salle's voyage, including that of Father Hennepin.
6. How did the enterprise of La Salle affect the history of the American continent?

Selections for Reading

Hiawatha's Departure—Longfellow

IV

THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

1. THE FRANCISCAN PADRES IN THE SOUTH

In one of the coaches of a train bound south from Los Angeles were two traveling companions from the Atlantic Coast. James, a boy of about fifteen years of age, was reading what he seemed to find a very interesting book. His tutor, Brother Jerome, a kindly, scholarly-looking man, sat gazing out of the window. He was lost in thought; his mind was drifting many years back in history to the time when this land, now covered with beautiful gardens, spreading orchards, and handsome buildings, was one unbroken wilderness. He saw the good Padres swing their bells from the boughs of the trees and ring them with might and main until the mountains sent the echo back and the surprised natives came to see what the strange sounds meant.

The good Brother's thoughts of the past were interrupted by James exclaiming, "O, Brother Jerome, I am so glad that you advised me to read this book before we arrived at the old missions! I know I shall enjoy my visit to them far more for having read it. Listen to what Helen Hunt Jackson said when she saw Padre Junipero Serra's picture: 'Ah! faithful, noble, dear old face! What an unselfish, devoted life you led! All that I ask is to be permitted to meet you in the other world!'"

"Yes," said Brother Jerome, "the accounts of the work of Padre Junipero Serra and his companions in this region are interesting indeed."

"And I never had any idea," said James, "until I read this book that the Spaniards had done so much for the Indians."

"But all that you have read is very true indeed," responded Brother Jerome. "The Spaniards were not only the first to discover, conquer, and colonize America, but they were also the first to civilize its natives. They were the first missionaries to the New World, and built the first cities, churches, and schools. They set up the first printing press and wrote and printed the first dictionaries, histories, and geographies."

"Then it isn't true that the Spaniards were very cruel to the natives?"

"On the contrary, Spain ruled her Indians very kindly and wisely. She never drove them from their lands, but rather defended their rights. Naturally, the savages sometimes had to be compelled to obey the laws of the Spaniards. Of course, they could not learn obedience in all things at once, but they had, at least, to refrain from killing their new, white neighbors if they did not want to receive a like treatment in return. As soon as they had learned this lesson, the Spaniards were sure to befriend and protect them."

"Did the Spanish missionaries have much trouble in trying to convert the Indians to the true Faith?"

"Yes, it was a most difficult task, and especially so in Mexico and the southern regions of what is now the United States. The natives here were not only of a very low order, but they had very strange religious beliefs and practices. We are told that our northern natives believed in the 'Great Spirit'. However, before the coming of the missionaries, none of the American Indians believed in one all-good, Supreme Being. Their belief was in many cruel, revengeful spirits. Nearly every one of their actions

was performed with the intention of bribing these angry gods not to harm them. The religious practices of our Northern Indians, though horrible, were in reality mild and civilized compared with those of the natives of the South."

"Can you tell me something about them?" asked James.

"The Indians of Mexico, for instance, carved huge, ugly stone gods or idols. To these they offered anything

that seemed valuable just to keep them in good humor. Since human life seemed the most precious thing, every Indian pueblo, or town, had its idol before which human lives were offered frequently.



THE AZTEC CALENDAR STONE

And sometimes as many as five hundred human beings were sacrificed in one day. The ground before the idol was always wet with human blood; human hearts lay smoldering upon an altar of stone which was often most beautifully carved. The dead bodies of the cruelly butchered victims were devoured by the savages as a part of the religious service."

"Was the Aztec Calendar Stone one of these altars?" asked James. "I remember reading about it in one of my histories."

"Yes, the Aztec Calendar Stone is a part of one of the most famous of the Indian altars. It was in use before the coming of Columbus, and is now preserved in the National Museum in Mexico."

"What a terrible religion these Indians did have!" exclaimed James.

"Yes," said Brother Jerome, "but it did not seem so to them. The Mexican tribes knew no better way of welcoming Cortez than by offering human sacrifice to him. It is needless to say that the great conqueror of Mexico did not accept this bloody token of esteem."

"I can't see how the missionaries ever succeeded in getting the Indians to understand that their idols did not represent gods, and that the offering of human life was wrong."

"The missionaries worked tactfully. When the Indians saw that the good Padre was not struck down when he dared speak against their idol, they were puzzled and surprised. They were still more surprised when he even touched the idol without being harmed. But imagine, if you can, their breathless terror when he finally threw down and broke the huge stone idol. They then began slowly to distrust and despise their cowardly god who could be thus insulted without punishing the offender.

"In this way the good missionaries gradually induced the Indians of Mexico to forsake their idols and to abolish human sacrifice. But knowing how extremely fond the savages were of the tragic scenes of their bloody worship, they taught them to perform and enjoy religious dramas instead. The natives delighted in these plays, which they performed with remarkable skill."

"How interesting!" exclaimed James. "But now that we are getting near the old missions, won't you tell me more about them? I shall not have time to read very much more."

"Well, then," said Brother Jerome, smiling, "let us go back to the time when the Franciscans first came to America. Father Juan Perez accompanied Columbus on

his second voyage and said the first Holy Mass in the New World. He became the first superior of the first Franciscan convent in America, which was built by Columbus on the site of the present Santo Domingo on the island of Haiti. Other Franciscans soon came to the New World in large numbers and labored among the natives of the islands and the mainland. They accompanied every expedition of Spanish exploration and conquest for the purpose of instructing and protecting the Indians. Before long they had established missions among nearly all the tribes of South America and southern North America."

"Did the Franciscans ever labor among the Indians in Canada and about the Great Lakes in those early days?" interrupted James.

"Yes, they did labor in the northern part of North America, and for a long time were the only missionaries among the Indians in New France. Being too few in number, however, they invited the Fathers of the Society of Jesus to join them. Finally, the Indians of the Northwest were left almost entirely in the charge of the Jesuits."

2. THE JESUIT PADRES IN LOWER CALIFORNIA

"But," said James, "I am impatient to learn how the old Californian missions were founded."

"Originally, this country, now known as the 'State of the Golden Gate,' was called Upper California, whereas the peninsula extending southward was named Lower California. The Jesuits were the first to establish missions in Lower California. They crossed the Gulf and made their beginning at Loreto in 1697. But the Indians did not come near them for several days, and when they did finally appear, they gathered on a distant hill and

made known by signs and shouts that they wanted the Spaniards to leave."

"Why did they act thus?" asked James.

"The Gulf of Lower California contained rich pearl beds, which had attracted many adventurers and freebooters, who had ill-treated the natives, forcing them to dive into the gulf for pearls. Hence, it was but natural that the Indians were suspicious of all white men."

"And did the Jesuits ever win over the savages?"

"They did. When the natives learned that the Jesuits had come solely to help them and not for the sake of the pearls, they finally lost all fear and came with pleasure to receive gifts from the Padres and to listen to their teachings. It is interesting to know how the Padres tried to make things clear to the unlettered natives by the use of pictures and objects. For instance, on one occasion they placed before the assembled savages a life-sized image of Jesus crucified."

"And what did the Indians do?" inquired the much interested James.

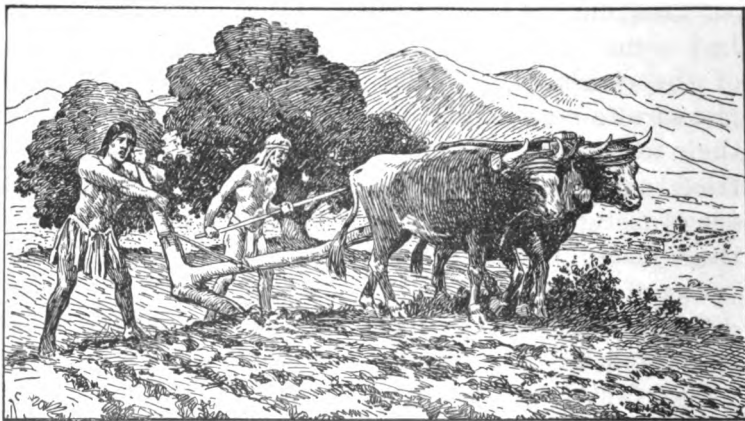
"At first they showed great fear and scarcely dared look at the image. Finally, they whispered to each other, 'Who can this be?' After the curiosity of the natives had been awakened in this way, they listened most eagerly to the instruction that followed.

"The task of the Padres, nevertheless, often seemed a hopeless one. The Indians of Lower California were stupid, fickle, untruthful, uncleanly, thievish, and lazy. They had no idea of a god, no idols, and no religious worship. They had no names for anything that can not be perceived by the senses. Therefore, their language contained no such words as truth, honor, shame, peace, faith, hope, love, beauty, and modesty. They understood numbers only as far as six at the best. They

wore little or no clothing and never washed themselves. Nor did they even dress their game but devoured it just as it was killed."

"And were the missionaries really able to do something with these savages?"

"They were, indeed, impossible as it might seem. They first set about learning the language of the natives. Noticing that the grown people laughed at their mis-



INDIANS AT WORK IN THE FIELD.

takes and often deceived them, they took the children for teachers.

In the morning each Padre gathered his flock in the mission church. Here he said Holy Mass for them, prayed and sang with them, and gave them religious instructions. Each church had a band of musicians and the boys were taught by the Padres to play the harp, violin, and other stringed instruments.

"After the morning exercises each Indian was assigned his task in the field or workshop. Here, as everywhere, the Padre always had to take the lead, for the Indians

were lazy and would not even think of stirring unless they saw the Padre work hardest of all. At length, however, the tireless, patient missionaries, toiling only for the glory of God, met with some success. Their wild charges gradually became able to form some idea of the meaning of their prayers and instructions. They also became more willing to work, seeing that their labor in the fields was rewarded with rich crops of wheat and corn. They even made the wine needed for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. They raised horses, cattle, and sheep. The women learned to spin and weave the wool of the sheep into a sort of rude cloth.

"But there came a sad day for the devoted Jesuit Padres and their beloved children. The King of Spain very unjustly banished the Society of Jesus from all the Spanish domains. With streaming eyes the natives of Lower California parted with the good priests who had done so much for them. In some instances they accompanied them for great distances toward Loreto. One of the Padres, disabled by a broken leg, was carried all the way to the landing place by his Indians. The sixteen Jesuit exiles sailed from Loreto southward to a point on the Mexican coast whence they proceeded overland to Vera Cruz. Standing together on the ship, and chanting aloud the Litany of our Lady of Loreto, they bade a sorrowful farewell to the land which had been the scene of the untiring labors of the Fathers of their Society for more than seventy years.

"Lower California then numbered about fifty thousand Indians. Among these the Jesuits had established fourteen missions, which extended from Cape San Lucas on the south to Santa Maria, near the mouth of the Colorado River on the north."

"About how many Jesuits in all were banished from the Spanish domains, and what became of them?"

"Over six thousand. Those who were arrested in Spain were transported to Italy, while the Mexican Padres were transported to the far-away island of Corsica."

3. THE FRANCISCAN PADRES IN UPPER CALIFORNIA

PART ONE. PADRE SERRA PLANS TO ESTABLISH MISSIONS IN UPPER CALIFORNIA

"Here we are at last at San Diego!" exclaimed James.

"Yes," returned Brother Jerome. "Here we are at the first of the missions of Upper California. With the founding of this place began the work of the Franciscan Padres in our present state of California. Let us climb that hill over yonder and sit for a while on that famous spot and continue our talk."

When they reached the top of the hill they gazed with admiration at a huge cross which was made of steel and concrete and was studded with fragments of tiles dug up from the ruins of the old San Diego mission. Its base, in which is a bronze memorial tablet, is made of stones collected from the ruins of the various California missions.

"Now we are actually standing on the site of the ancient mission!" exclaimed James, reverently.

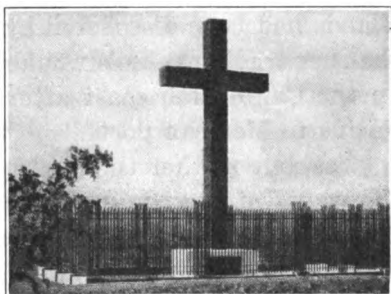
"And this cross," added Brother Jerome, "erected in 1913 as a monument to Padre Serra, marks the very spot on which the great Franciscan raised his first rude cross and solemnly founded the San Diego mission. The event is annually celebrated on Easter Sunday by a High Mass at the foot of this cross. Pilgrimages are made to this cross on the last Sunday of November, the anniversary of Padre Serra's death being on November 22. The mission was begun at the foot of this hill, but Padre Serra, some time later, moved it six miles up the valley to separate the neophytes, or converts, from the evil influence of

the soldiers, whose presidio, or military post, remained here on the original site, now known as Old Town."

"What a difference between the California of that long ago time and our California of today," said James, as the two seated themselves beneath the cross.

"Suppose we compare the two briefly," suggested Brother Jerome.

"California, as we know it today, with its long coast line, towering mountains, trackless deserts, deep canyons, dense forests, fruitful valleys,



MONUMENT TO PADRE SERRA AT
SAN DIEGO

and many thousands of happy, prosperous people, is, undoubtedly, the most interesting of all the forty-eight states in our Union. It has a greater variety of climate and of plant life than any other of our states. One might, for instance, spend Christmas forenoon beneath the clearest of skies, amidst blooming orange groves, fragrant flower beds, murmuring waterfalls, and singing birds, and, after a few hours, be up among the snow-capped mountains striking the snow from some stately pine.

"And only about one hundred and fifty years ago this fairyland of California, of which we are now so proud, still lay in wild solitude with only the lowest type of the human race to roam about its unexplored mountains, plains, and forests, and dwell in its caves and canyons. The Spanish navigators, Cabrillo and Vizcaino, had explored the Californian coast more than two hundred years previous to Padre Serra's founding of San Diego. But Spain was too busy at home to begin settling the land thus added to her domains. Nor would she listen

to the missionaries, who pleaded for more than a hundred years to be permitted to establish missions among the poor, long-neglected natives of Upper California."

"I remember reading," broke in James, "that Spain opened a fine trade with the Philippines after these islands had been discovered by Magellan. I should think that her trading vessels would have badly needed harbors on the Californian coast after their long sail across the Pacific to Mexican ports."

"Yes, but neither the petitions of the missionaries nor the wants of the navigators would have stirred Spain to action had she not finally found herself in danger of losing Upper California. Russia had taken possession of Alaska and was steadily pushing southward. To prevent this nation from laying claim to California, Charles III of Spain now promptly ordered that missions and military posts be quickly established."

"Do you think the United States would ever have secured California if Russia had succeeded in taking possession of it?" asked James.

"No," said Brother Jerome. "The Stars and Stripes would scarcely float over California today, had not King Charles sent out his missionaries just at the time he did. For had Russia taken this region she would probably never have disposed of it to the United States, especially after learning that it contained rich deposits of gold. As it was, Mexico later became independent of Spain, and eventually, our country and Mexico went to war, after which California became a part of the United States."

"I am becoming more and more interested," said James. "But now I am anxious to hear how the Franciscans happened to replace the banished Jesuits, and how they got to Upper California."

"The same royal command that exiled the Jesuits from

Lower California, also made over their missions to the Mexican Franciscans, who were furthermore ordered to establish missions in Upper California. In this work they were to be assisted by a government agent, or Inspector General, who was told to 'occupy and fortify San Diego and Monterey for God and the King of Spain!'

"And were the Franciscans prepared for this great work on such short notice?" asked James.

"They had no choice," responded the Brother. "Padre Junipero Serra, with a little band of fifteen priests, at once hastened to Loreto in Lower California. This Padre was a native of the island of Majorca. He had entered a Franciscan convent when seventeen years of age and taken the name of Junipero in honor of that jovial, simple-hearted Franciscan of whom St. Francis once said, 'Oh, that I had a whole forest of such junipers.' The sincere and intelligent youth finished his studies most brilliantly. Positions of worldly honor and trust were open for him. But Padre Junipero turned away from these fair promises and begged earnestly to be sent as a missionary to the American Indians. His petition was granted, and at length, after a fearful voyage of three months, he landed at Vera Cruz. To test his strength for the hardships before him, he and a companion walked all the way from there to the city of Mexico, but he thereby so seriously injured his leg that he suffered from the effects throughout the remainder of his life.

Padre Serra labored for nine years among the Indians of Mexico. After this he preached missions in the capital and elsewhere. His appointment as superior of the Californian missions gave him great joy, for he saw in it the fulfillment of his fondest hopes. It would now be his happy lot, not only to teach the poor savages himself, but also to call upon others to labor where he could not go—

in other words, he could now multiply himself, as it were, many times."



From an original painting in Mexico

PADRE JUNIPERO SERRA

"And what sort of man was the Inspector General?" inquired James.

"A great favorite of Charles III, who had granted him

almost absolute power. Being a most sincere and sensible man, however, his great powers served him well in the support of the Padres and their missionary enterprises."

"How fortunate," exclaimed James, "to have the interests of God and the King placed in such good hands!"

"Truly," continued Brother Jerome. "The two worthy men set about their task most zealously. Sitting together in their adobe rooms at Loreto, they made plans for the great work before them."

"And what plans did they make? Do you know some of them?"

"Yes, they decided that the missions of Lower California should be continued in the same manner as under the Jesuit rule, and also that these missions should help to found new missions in Upper California. This they were to do by furnishing the necessaries for the churches, as well as such cattle, grain, and other provisions as could be spared. Arrangements were also made for the establishment of missions and presidios at San Diego and Monterey."

PART TWO. THE FRANCISCANS FOUND MISSIONS IN UPPER CALIFORNIA

"Were Padre Serra and the Inspector General successful in carrying out their plans?" asked James.

"They were. Two ships laden with supplies for the new missions sailed from Loreto for San Diego, while two land forces marched toward the same point gathering live stock and other supplies on the way. The four expeditions finally arrived at San Diego. Here bells were fastened to the trees and rung by eager hands. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered and the Veni Creator sung. A cross was raised and the banner of Spain unfurled to the breeze. Thus Padre Serra founded on

this hill the first of the twenty-one famous Franciscan missions and solemnly claimed California for 'God and the King of Spain' in July, 1769—seven years before that famous July on the Atlantic coast."

"Glorious," cried James. "But where were the natives for whose sake the Padres had come?"

"They kept shyly aloof, looking on in dumb surprise from a distance. The ships in the harbors reminded them



FOUNDING THE SAN DIEGO MISSION

of an old story of just such white-winged creatures which had come hither in the long ago, but had gone away and never again returned. 'Would it be likewise this time?' they wondered."

"Were these natives like those in Lower California?" inquired James.

"They were just as wild and dull and lazy. The Padres found them unusually distrustful, also treacherous—more so, perhaps, than most of the Indians whom they met while establishing the remaining California missions."

"Did they finally come near Padre Serra and his companions?" asked James again.

"Yes, but in a rather uncivil manner. They stole whatever they could lay hands upon and one day made a wild raid for plunder. The Spaniards tried to prevent this without shedding blood, but, upon being treated with a flight of arrows, they were obliged to make use of their firearms. Three Indians were killed and several wounded; the rest fled in terror."

"It must have been hard work to gain the confidence of these natives after such an unfriendly beginning," said James.

"It was, indeed! More than a year passed before the Padres had any neophytes, though the country about San Diego was well peopled, and numbered no less than eleven rancherias, or settlements. Meanwhile the soldiers were busy erecting their presidio, together with a church, dwellings, storehouses, and corrals, or yards, for the horses and cattle. These latter buildings, all adobes, were added to the soldiers' quarters when Padre Serra moved the mission away from the presidio."

"But the natives finally became friendly, did they not?" interrupted James.

"Yes; within the next few years the Padres baptized many hundreds of savages. The progress of the mission greatly gladdened the hearts of the devoted priests. But their gladness was soon changed into sorrow by a dreadful event. A band of Indians back in the mountains, incited by their medicine men, planned a fierce midnight attack upon the San Diego mission which would rid them forever of the hated monks. In the fall of the same year in which the thirteen colonies on the Atlantic coast began their struggle for Independence, a band of howling savages came suddenly down like a pack of hungry wolves

upon the unguarded mission which was then in charge of Padres Jayme and Fuster. Roused from his slumber, the heroic Padre Jayme hastened to calm the wild hordes with his usual greeting, 'Love God, my children!' What a picture the fearless monk made with his crucifix raised as if in blessing and with the bright light of martyrdom shining forth from his eyes!"

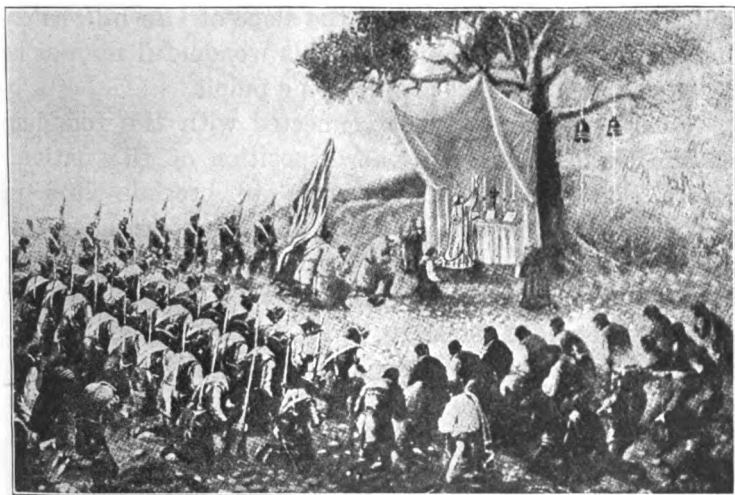
"Were the savages moved by it?" asked James, deeply interested.

"No. They fell upon the noble priest with clubs and stones and spears. They bruised and hacked and pierced him until he gasped forth his soul with a loving prayer. Thus died the martyr in whose blood California was baptized. Meanwhile Padre Fuster, who had hastened from his room, calling loudly for his companion, was also attacked, but was rescued by the soldiers of the guard. One of the soldiers and a blacksmith were also slain.

"The church was robbed and the buildings of the mission set on fire. The yelping savages, dancing and darting about in the red glare of the flames, brandishing their clubs and axes, and shooting their arrows in every direction, presented a frightful scene, indeed. Toward morning they gathered their dead and wounded and returned to their mountain haunts. Then appeared the neophytes who had been surrounded by their savage brethren and had thus been kept from defending the place. Their joy on beholding Padre Fuster still living was soon changed to great grief on finding the mangled body of Padre Jayme. Padre Fuster deeply mourned the loss of his beloved companion, whom he laid tenderly at rest near the presidio. Padre Serra, on hearing the sad news, exclaimed joyfully, 'God be thanked! Now the soil is watered! Now will the conquest of the natives of San Diego be effected!'"

"But," asked James, suddenly, "where was Padre Serra at this time? What was he doing?"

"Padre Serra had gone north to Monterey. Here he founded the mission of San Carlos in June, 1770. Holy Mass was offered under a shelter made of branches. The Veni Creator was sung and the cross planted with the sprinkling of holy water and the swinging of incense.



THE FOUNDING OF SAN CARLOS MISSION AT MONTEREY

Then the military commander took formal possession of the port of Monterey 'for God and the King' midst the booming of cannon and the firing of guns. A year later the mission was moved five miles away from the presidio as had been done at San Diego. When the two missions at San Diego and Monterey were established the fond hopes which Spain had entertained for nearly two hundred years were at last realized. The news of the great event was celebrated with solemn thanksgiving and much rejoicing, both in Mexico and the mother country."

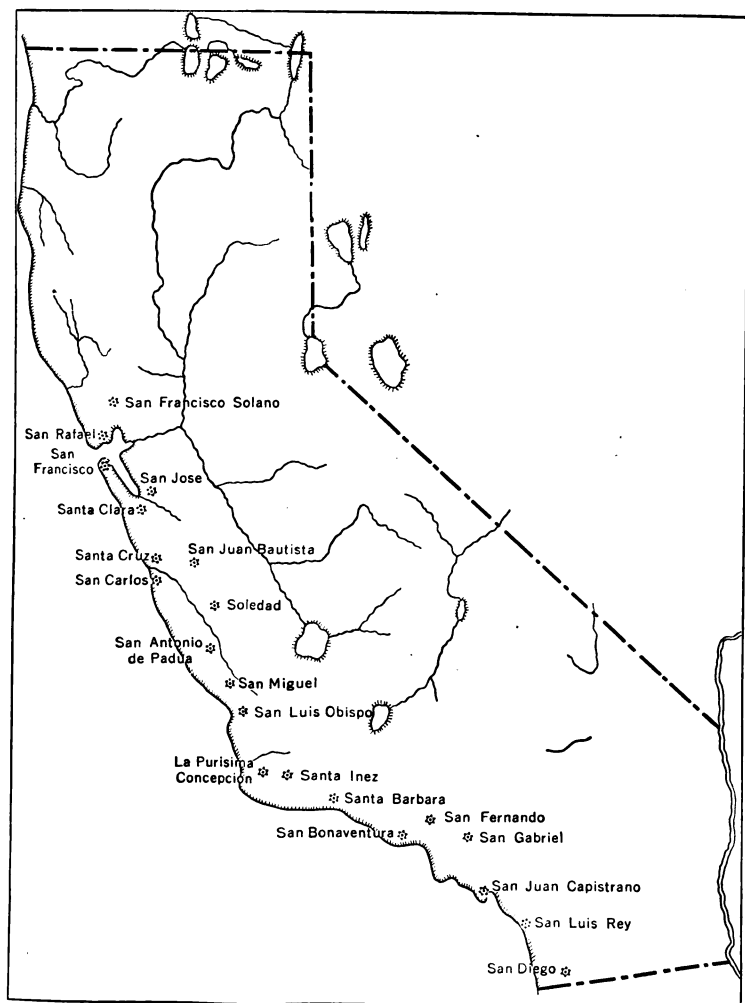
"Were the Indians about San Carlos different from those of San Diego?" asked James.

"They were friendly from the beginning, and the Padres soon succeeded in drawing them to the mission by distributing among them all kinds of shiny trinkets, so dear to every savage heart. Once there, these wild children were held bound by the love and zeal of Padre Serra. It was nothing unusual to see as many as a hundred savages gathered on the slope of the hill, listening eagerly to the teachings of this wonderful man as he stood upon the highest point as on a pulpit.

"An interesting incident connected with the founding of San Carlos illustrates the disposition of the natives. Padre Serra had sent explorers to precede him to Monterey. On returning, they planted a cross on the sandy beach of Monterey harbor. When the party returned later to the spot, this time with Padre Serra, the cross presented a strange sight, indeed. Clam shells, fish, and meat were strung and wound about it; it was crowned with feathers, while bundles of arrows and sticks lay before it on the ground. After the natives became able to make themselves understood they explained that when they first saw the Spaniards they noted a beautiful shining cross on the breast of each, and that at night the cross, which was left on the strand, grew wider and as high as the sky, lighting up the whole country around. They had placed their offerings about the cross to show that they wished to be friends of the cross and the white men who had placed it there."

"Then," interrupted James, "these Indians, unlike those of Lower California and San Diego, had some idea of a god."

"Only a very vague idea of something supernatural," explained Brother Jerome. "Nowhere in California did



THE OLD FRANCISCAN MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA

the Padres find the Indians believing in a divinity or having idols."

"This friendliness of the natives about San Carlos must have made the Padres very happy after their troubles with the Indians at San Diego," said James.

"Yes," assented Brother Jerome. "Padre Serra was happy among the San Carlos Indians. This mission was in his own charge. Here he labored and from here he set forth either to found new missions or to visit those already established. What a sight it was to see this aged priest in his coarse habit and sandaled feet, journeying, in spite of his lameness, from mission to mission, turning aside into all the Indian rancherias on the way! His zeal knew no bounds. Pain made no impression on him, never kept him from his work.

"How we should have enjoyed seeing him in the oak-studded glen on which he was about to establish the mission of San Antonio! After the bells were hung from the trees as had become customary, the ardent Padre rang them loudly, crying, 'Come, ye Gentiles! Come to the Holy Church! Come, come to receive the faith of Jesus Christ!' His Padre companion could not help telling him that there was not a Gentile in sight and that he was tiring himself uselessly. But Padre Serra pleaded, 'Let me give vent to the fire within me. Oh, that these little bells could be heard all over the world, or at least by all the wild children in these mountains!' He kept on ringing mightily, and actually attracted a stray savage to the spot. Looking on with intense curiosity for some time, the Indian finally hurried away, but only to return shortly with a large number of companions—Padre Serra's Gentiles had come."

4. THE CALIFORNIA MISSION SYSTEM

PART ONE. THE WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT OF THE PADRES

Brother Jerome and his pupil sat silent for a few moments, each occupied with his own thoughts. James at length broke the silence. "What wonderful men those Padres were, Brother Jerome! I could listen forever to your accounts of them."

"Yes, but we must hasten on with our story. I have now told you of the establishment of three missions, San Diego, San Carlos, and San Antonio. The remaining eighteen of the twenty-one illustrious Franciscan missions in California, as you see them named in order upon the map, were founded one by one in the same enthusiastic and interesting manner as were these three. Each of the missions had a church. About it clustered the dwellings of the neophytes and other necessary buildings. The Padres' apartments were poor and cheerless, usually furnished with only a rawhide couch. All of the buildings were, as a rule, constructed of adobe bricks and stone, though in some of the missions they were also built of wood, especially in the beginning. The adobe bricks were made of mud mixed with chopped straw and were baked in the sun. They were about twelve to eighteen inches long, ten to twelve inches wide, and four inches thick.

"Only at San Diego, San Carlos, San Francisco de Assisi, and Santa Barbara were presidios connected with the missions. At each of the other missions, a guard of three or five soldiers served as a sort of police force. Thus each mission formed a settlement of neophytes under the guidance of the Padres. After some years, thirty thousand Indians were lodged at one time in the California missions."

"Were the neophytes ever allowed to return to their

pagan friends in the wilderness or to live anywhere else than at the mission?" asked James.

"They were frequently given a vacation of two weeks during which time they might go anywhere they chose.



A PADRE MAKING HIS WAY THROUGH THE WILDERNESS

But outside of this vacation, they were obliged to remain at the mission. Runaways were followed and brought back by the soldiers. If the neophytes had been permitted to live among their pagan tribesmen, they would undoubtedly have returned to their wild life and might even have become dangerous to the missions."

"But how did the Padres manage to keep under such splendid control these throngs of untamed savages?"

"They always first won the confidence of these naturally distrustful children of the wilderness. Only gradually did they train them to habits of cleanliness and diligence. They taught them to make clothing and to wear it, to build homes and to live in them. Along with this, and most important of all, they taught them that there existed a great, loving God; that their souls were immortal; that they would be punished for their bad deeds and rewarded for the good they did."

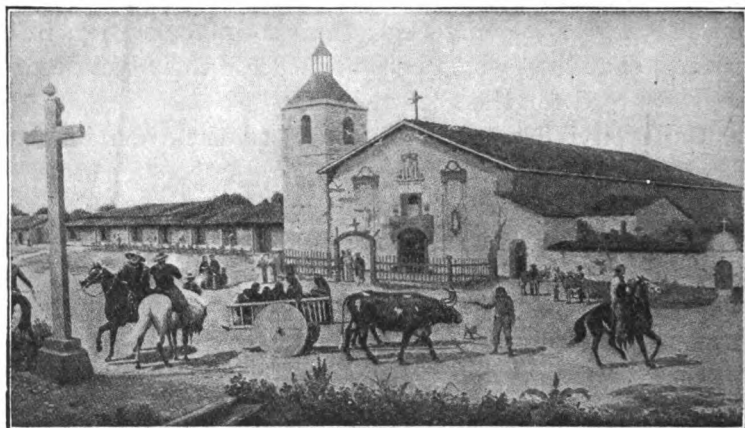
"Can you tell me how they passed the time in the missions?"

"At daybreak everybody was up and astir. All were present at Holy Mass. During or immediately after the Holy Sacrifice, the *Doctrina* was recited in concert. The *Doctrina* consisted of the Sign of the Cross, the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, the Apostle's Creed, and the Confiteor; the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition; the Ten Commandments of God and the Precepts of the Church; the Seven Sacraments, the Six Necessary Points of Faith, and the Four Last Things of Man. After these religious exercises, followed breakfast.

"At about eight o'clock, all went to work—the men at their trades or in the fields; the married women about their household duties; and the maidens in separate houses and courts, where they wove and spun and sewed and laughed and chatted under the watchful eye of an elderly Indian woman. The midday meal was served between eleven and twelve. All the provisions were dealt out from a common storehouse, each family preparing and eating its meal in its own dwelling. Others were served at a common table. At two o'clock work was resumed. All labor ceased at five when the call of the

Angelus gathered all in the chapel where the Litany was sung and the blessing imparted. The evening meal was eaten at six, and the remainder of the day was passed in various games and amusements.

"The children received special attention. In the morning as soon as the grown people had gone to work, and in the afternoon before sunset, the Padres gathered the



LIFE AT A MISSION (SANTA CLARA)

boys and girls who were five years old and over and gave them religious instruction.

"The Christmas season was the one great time of the year for the child-like neophytes. Then they could play the coming of the Savior. It was surprising how really lifelike they acted the parts of Mary, Joseph, the Shepherds, and the Magi.

"Skilled teachers from Spain and Mexico instructed the neophytes in all kinds of crafts. In many of the missions the busy hum of the spindle and loom could be heard from morning till night. In this handicraft the laughing, dark-eyed Indian girls of the missions were

equal to our deft-fingered maidens of early New England. They even made beautiful lace, drawn-work, and embroidery, specimens of which are still preserved. Many women also became dressmakers and tailors. Nor were the mission girls and women less skillful in the preparation of foods. They were experts even at candy-making.

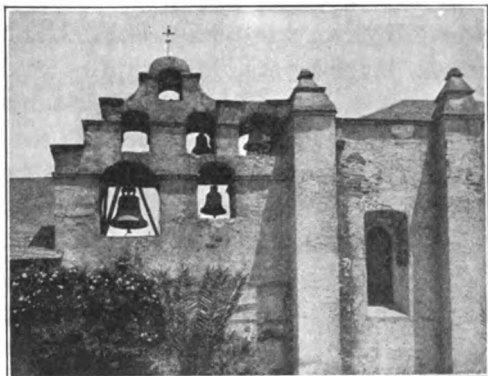
"As to the men, some of them were trained as skilled carpenters, stone-cutters, brick-layers, blacksmiths, and shoemakers. The greater number, however, became farmers. And the mission gardens and orchards, surrounded by swaying fields of yellow corn and grain, were beautiful to behold. With open-mouthed wonder, the little Indian children plucked the first golden oranges and red-cheeked apples and peaches from the trees. How sweet they found the bunches of juicy grapes, too large for their little hands to hold! What wonderful sights the heavily-laden fruit trees, planted and reared by the Padres, must have been to these happy little ones!

"The Indians were natural herdsmen. Vast herds of horses, cattle, and sheep soon grazed upon the rich pasture lands surrounding the missions. Some of the missions were especially famous for their superb horses. Indeed, the Arabs could not have been prouder of their high-stepping steeds than the Padres and the natives were of these fine horses. Now and then one of the beautiful creatures was stolen. Sometimes a thief, who found himself in danger of being detected, turned the animal loose. And so wild horses soon became very numerous."

"What a wonderful story!" exclaimed James. "I never had any idea that the missions were so interesting!"

"There is so much more that might be told. I shall mention, however, only two or three more facts of interest connected with one or the other of the most noted of the missions. When the Padres came to found San Gabriel

mission on a beautiful spot covered with showers of goldenrod, they were met by a savage band of Indians headed by two fierce-looking chieftains. One of the Padres quickly drew a painting of the Blessed Virgin from his breast and raised it aloft. The natives instantly threw



BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL MISSION

down their bows and arrows. The two chiefs took the strings of beads which they wore about their necks and laid them on the ground before the picture to show that they wished to be friends. In a

similar manner, the picture or statue of the Madonna was frequently used by the Padres with the same effect as the peace pipe was used by the missionaries among our Indians of the Northeast.

“San Francisco de Assisi was founded a few weeks before the feast of St. Francis in the same year in which the Declaration of Independence was adopted. Padre Serra visited the mission a year later. Standing on the southern bank of our present Golden Gate, and gazing away over the waters of the channel, he exclaimed fervently, ‘Thanks be to God that now our Father St. Francis has reached the last limit of the California continent. To go farther, he must have boats.’ The most lively imagination of the good Padre, however, could not have pictured that silent bay as it is today—the busy meeting-place of ships coming from all nations on the globe.

"In the history of the mission of San Juan Capistrano, Padre Jose stands out an interesting figure. Having labored long and hard among his beloved Indians, this devoted Padre at length became feeble in body and mind. He spent much of his time wandering about the fields praying or explaining aloud some part of the Doctrina. One day, while thus occupied, an angry steer



DISCOVERY OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY

from a herd of cattle grazing at some distance, made straight for the Padre, bellowing and pawing the ground as he came. Attracted by the call of the neophytes at work near by, the Padre turned about and, seeing the fierce creature, cried out, 'Begone, thou spirit of evil.' The animal raised his head, looked wonderingly at the fearless Padre for a moment, and then trotted away. The Indians, ascribing this victory of the simple Padre to his great holiness, henceforth looked upon him as a saint.

"Santa Barbara, cradled as it is between the ocean and the hills, has perhaps the most interesting history of all

the missions. In its gardens the hooded and sandal-footed sons of St. Francis still move about under the trees in prayer and study as they did over a hundred years ago. Now as then, they courteously show the visitor to the ancient chapel, the most substantial of all the mission churches. This famous house of prayer is one hundred sixty-five feet long and forty feet wide. Its walls of sandstone are six feet thick. Its towers rest on thirty feet of solid masonry, twenty feet square. A narrow stairway leads to the top of one of these towers in which hang six old bells which still call the faithful to prayer even as they did in the long ago."

"How we shall enjoy our visit with the good Padres at Santa Barbara!" said James eagerly. "But I can hardly wait to hear the rest of the story of the great mission work. Did Padre Serra live to see many more missions?"

"As the years rolled on the missions flourished more and more. Religion and civilization thrived gloriously among the once so hopeless natives whom the Padres had gathered in that grand chain of twenty-one missions on the California coast. While Padre Serra and his companions were thus civilizing and holding the Pacific coast for the United States, Washington and his patriots were fighting for American independence on the Atlantic coast."

PART TWO. THE BREAKING UP OF THE MISSIONS

"Padre Serra," continued Brother Jerome, "lived to see nine of the twenty-one missions successfully established and the presidio at Santa Barbara erected. In the early spring of 1784, he set forth to administer the sacrament of confirmation to the neophytes gathered in the lower missions. In all, Padre Serra confirmed some six thousand Indians during his missionary career in California. But this was his last visit to his beloved missions. He re-

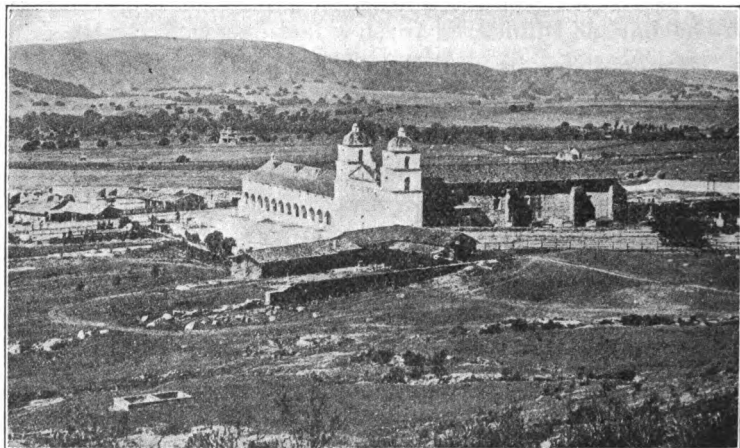
turned to San Carlos in August and died shortly after. When the bells of the mission tolled forth the sad news, ~~the~~ Indians thronged the chapel in great numbers. Touching indeed was their sorrow. Even the chieftains mingled their tears with those of their tribesmen as they gazed for the last time upon their beloved Padre and reverently kissed the hem of his garment. While the body was being lowered into the grave in the presence of the soldiers and the neophytes, the guns and cannon of the fort and in the harbor thundered forth a last farewell salute.

"The companions of Padre Serra, too, had passed away one by one, when there came the cruel blow which brought destruction to the missions and the neophytes gathered in them. For about sixty years, beginning with the founding of San Diego, the Padres had governed all the mission affairs directly according to instructions received from the Spanish government and the mother-house in Mexico. They had absolute possession of the mission fields, pastures, flocks, herds, crops and output of the workshops. They held charge of all this mission property for the sole purpose of guarding and using it for the benefit of the Indians. By a treacherous decree of the officials of the Mexican colonial government, the neophytes were now set free to go where they chose, and the missions were transferred just as they stood to the government. The Padres might remain as parish priests, if they liked, or they might build up new missions elsewhere."

"What did the Padres do?" asked James.

"Sorely grieved, they tried their best to keep up the mission system and made every effort to convince the government that the new plan would bring about the destruction of the missions and the ruin of the neophytes, but all in vain. Thus it finally came to pass that only Santa Barbara remained in charge of the Padres, who

attended from here, as a center, to the spiritual needs of the surrounding rancherias. But it is not difficult at all to foresee the effect the breaking up of the mission system would have upon the neophytes, for they had not lived their life of restraint and culture long enough. The influence of the Padres once removed, the lands were left untilled, the stock uncared for, and the tools unused. The Indians, feeling somewhat as the slaves of the South



SANTA BARBARA MISSION

did after our Civil War, became ungovernable under the new conditions. So, back to the wild freedom of their forefathers they went. Only a comparatively small number of them settled in villages and showed in their manner of living that they knew how to make use of at least some of the lessons taught them while under the rule of the Padres. Lands, churches, and other mission property were wastefully sold, given away, or destroyed by the officials of the government."

"What a pity!" said James. "But what did the United States do when she took possession of California?"

"As to the mission buildings," replied Brother Jerome, "the United States returned all these to the care of the Church. But, alas, it was too late, and, excepting in the case of Santa Barbara, nothing but ruins now remains to remind us of the glorious achievements of the Padres.

"And, as to the Indians, they fared no better under United States rule than did our northeastern redmen. The land occupied by them in the California rancherias was frequently dealt out by our government to its settlers, regardless of the rights of the owners."

"How sad," returned James, "for the poor Indians who were accustomed to be treated with such disinterested kindness by the Padres."

"Truly," continued Brother Jerome, "it was nothing uncommon to see a whole rancheria of Indians driven from their homes within twenty-four hours; and scarcely had perhaps these same Indians built their adobes and planted their fields and started their flocks elsewhere, when this same treatment was repeated by other white settlers who showed papers from the American government giving them a legal claim to the land."

"Is it surprising that the poor hunted redmen finally became a menace to the white settlements? Or need we wonder at the fact that the once numerous California Indians have largely disappeared, while those who are left are but a wretched remnant of the once industrious, well-clothed, and well-fed race in charge of the Padres?"

"But what did finally become of them?"

"The United States eventually gathered those wretched remnants upon reservations established much after the manner of the old missions. This effort of our government has met with success and seems so far to be the only manner of doing any good among the Indians. In the missions, however, the Indians were like children in

their parents' home, while on the reservation they may be compared with orphans in the care of strangers."

"It almost seems as if the work of the Franciscan Padres in California had been for nothing," said James.

"Oh, no," declared Brother Jerome earnestly. "The good Padres save countless souls for heaven; they were the founders of our State of the Golden Gate; they were the layers of the cornerstone of Western civilization. They were priests, patriots, pioneers, founders of missions, and captains of industry."

"Thank you, Brother Jeromé," said James, as the two rose from their seats under the cross. "It all seems so real that I almost forgot that we are only at San Diego and are in fact only about to set out on our actual visit to the old historical places."

"Did you know that we are going to travel by way of the El Camino Real, or King's Highway?"

"No, I didn't," answered James. "And what is this El Camino Real, or King's Highway?"

"Originally it was only a footpath of the Padres connecting the missions one with another. It has since become a main highway of travel. Along the early Franciscan trail, a traveler could go all the way from San Diego to San Francisco, a distance of six hundred miles, free of expense. On the evening of each day he could enter a mission rancheria where he was sure to be warmly welcomed and graciously served with a generous hospitality. After a refreshing night's rest and a good breakfast, he would be given a fresh horse on which to make his way to the next mission; and thus he could continue day after day until he clasped hands in heartfelt greeting with some genial Padre at San Francisco.

"A truly royal road is this El Camino Real. As we follow it from mission to mission we shall once more hear,

though only in spirit, the chiming bells of the missions, and the prayers and songs of the hooded Padres and their neophytes. We shall behold their beautiful gardens, their sweeping orchards, and their splashing fountains; and we shall stop for a rest in the refreshing shade of fair Santa Barbara, and for a prayer at the grave of the saintly Padre Serra at San Carlos."

Questions for Thought

1. What would most probably have been the fate of the California natives if the Padres had not been the first on the scene?
2. If the Russians had pushed south from Alaska before Spain established her missions in California, what change would the event have made in our history and on the map of our country?
3. What would you say of the noble work of the Padres?
4. If the Indians of the old missions had remained longer—a century or two—under the influence of the Padres, do you think that they would finally have become self-reliant—capable of living up to the standards of civilized people?
5. Compare the system of our government Indian reservations with that employed in the old California missions.
6. Learn all you can about the ruins of the old mission buildings.
7. Write in your own words a description of Santa Barbara.
8. Compare the El Camino Real of the days of the Padres with the El Camino Real of today.



AT THE FOUNTAIN OF SANTA BARBARA
MISSION

V

ON THE BANKS OF THE POTOMAC

1. THE OLD DOMINION

On our map of the Atlantic seaboard states we find Virginia and Maryland forming the fertile banks of the beautiful Potomac. In and out between the two states winds the noble stream, now wildly, now playfully, until it pours peacefully into the broad waters of Chesapeake Bay. How neighborly the two states lie side by side, yet, how unneighborly too, for, note, they nowhere touch each other, except for a short stretch across the bay. This close and still distant natural relationship of the two Potomac banks illustrates strikingly the close kinship and yet also the decidedly contrary views of the people who founded the two historic states of Virginia and Maryland. It will be interesting for us to live for a while in story with these people.

Let us enter Chesapeake Bay between Cape Charles and Cape Henry and make our way through Hampton Roads into the James River. If we sail up-stream for about twenty miles we will come to a small island which at one time was a low, narrow peninsula projecting from the right bank of the river. Upon this little island, now known as Jamestown Island, we are not long in discovering the tower of an old brick church built over three hundred years ago. We see also a few broken tombstones and here and there signs of buried ruins.

The sight of these ancient relics carries us back in history to a beautiful May morning of the year 1607. A vast, unbroken wilderness surrounds us. Herds of deer

feed peacefully in the open places. Bands of roving savages frighten the beautiful creatures and they bound away to seek shelter in the nearest thicket. There is, however, not as much as a trace of a white man's presence. But the wild beauty of nature, softly lit up by the rising May sun, gladdens our hearts, and we sit down beneath a shady cypress tree growing close to the water's edge. Gazing wonderingly down-stream we sight a fleet of three small ships slowly moving up the river. The Cross of



A PART OF THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD

St. George, floating from the flagship, tells us that these ships have come from England.

The three boats are presently moored near a clump of trees close to where we are seated, and a band of some hundred men, commanded by one whom they call Captain Newport, step on land. They promptly begin to fortify the place against the natives by running a blockade about the peninsula and across its narrow neck. They name the river James and the fort Jamestown in honor of the reigning English king.

Thus it came about that a part of the territory of North America, which at sunrise of that May day still belonged to Spain, was made an English possession by

sunset of the same day, for Jamestown in Virginia was the first permanent English settlement in America, and with the founding of this colony began England's permanent power in America.

The Jamestown colony prospered but slowly for many years. Its first band of settlers were not the right sort of men to make it a success. They had come to America with the hope of becoming rich by luck rather than by earnest labor. Having landed in May, they had a long time before them in which to get settled before the cold weather would set in. But, instead of building houses for themselves, and raising grain and vegetables and storing them away for the winter, they wasted their time exploring the country in search of gold and adventure. As a result when winter came many of the colonists died from sickness, cold, and starvation. Several other bands of settlers came to Jamestown but they proved to be no better than the first.

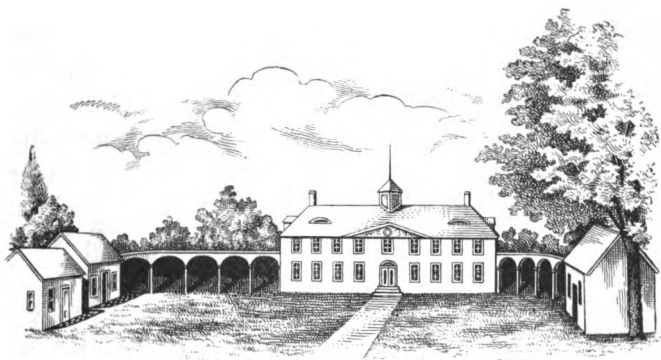
At length, however, a thrifty and cultured class of English people came to Virginia. Before long, vast plantations flourished on the banks of the bays and streams. On these the planters lived in roomy, comfortable houses. These manor houses, as they were called, were surrounded by groups of cabins for the servants, and stables for the horses. The tables of the Virginians were easily supplied with vegetables from the gardens, game from the forests, and fish from the bays and rivers. Corn-cake and hominy took the place of our wheat bread and oat-meal. The climate was agreeable and few who had once lived in Virginia desired to live elsewhere.

This better class of settlers who thus eventually secured the success of the Virginia colony were the parents and grandparents of many of the wise and noble men who have helped to make our country happy and prosperous

by establishing a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

Jamestown became no more than a petty village. It was finally burned in an uprising and never rebuilt. Only the few crumbling ruins on the quiet little island in the James River remain to mark the birthplace of our nation.

Virginia, being the first permanent English settlement in America, is the oldest of the thirteen original colonies. It is therefore often called the Old Dominion. Though



VIRGINIA MANOR HOUSE—BACK VIEW, SHOWING SLAVE QUARTERS

this ancient bank of the Potomac sheltered the cradle of our nation, it was not the birthplace nor the home of religious freedom, without which the people of the United States would never have prospered nor have been happy.

But was England, whence came the Virginia settlers, a godless nation? No, but after having been a Catholic country for nearly a thousand years, it fell away from the ancient faith through Henry VIII. This king had at one time defended the Church so well that the Holy Father honored him with the title of "Defender of the Faith." This title the rulers of England still hold, though wrongly. Henry VIII did not remain a loyal son and defender of the

Catholic Church. Being refused a divorce from his queen Catherine by the Holy Father, he made himself the head of the English Church and punished without mercy all who refused to acknowledge him as such.

The settlers of Virginia brought with them their English religion and their English hatred of everything that was Catholic. No Catholic could practice his religion or hold office in Virginia. Every Catholic priest was banished from the colony. Nevertheless, as the years rolled on and on, some of the broader-minded Virginians inserted a phrase in our Constitution which secures for the people of the United States the great blessing of Religious Liberty. This phrase forbids our government to demand that we practice any particular religion or any religion whatsoever; nor may our government deny us the free exercise of any religion.

2. THE LAND OF THE SANCTUARY

About twenty-five years before that eventful May day on which Jamestown was founded, a small Spanish craft, carrying nine Jesuit Fathers and two youthful Indians, steered for the eastern bank of the Potomac. One of the Indians, the son of a chieftain, was a handsome, intelligent-looking youth. He had been educated in Spain and had received the name Luis in baptism. He was now returning home accompanied by these Jesuit Fathers whom, it was hoped, he would help to convert his tribesmen. The little company landed on what is now Maryland soil. Don Luis led the priests and his Indian companion some distance inland and then bade them wait while he went to prepare his kinsmen for their coming.

While waiting for the return of Don Luis, the good Fathers offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time in this wild region. Many were the fervent prayers

they sent to Heaven for the welfare of the natives of the American wilds whom they longed to meet and teach the Word of God. But Don Luis remained away for many, many days. And when he did come at last, it was—as a murderer. Raising a savage war-cry, his warriors answered him and swarmed to the spot. They fell upon the missionaries and cruelly killed them, only the Indian boy escaping to tell the sad story.

But the blood of martyrs is never shed in vain. Though England hated the Catholics and declared that these should not settle in its American colonies, the Protestant King of this very Protestant nation, nevertheless, permitted some of his Catholic subjects to found a Catholic colony on the eastern bank of the Potomac—on the very soil consecrated by the blood of the Jesuit martyrs.

How came this to pass? This is the story in brief: The English Secretary of State, George Calvert, became an ardent Catholic, though he knew that by so doing he would have to give up his high position.

“Your Majesty,” he said one day to James I, “I must resign my post of honor and trust, for I am now a Catholic.”

King James respected the noble Calvert for his courage and was very sorry to see him withdraw from office. Wishing earnestly to assure Calvert of his royal favor, the King made him an Irish peer with the title of Lord Baltimore. In other words, George Calvert was made lord of a manor, or estate, in Ireland by the name of Baltimore.

On the death of James I, Lord Baltimore asked the new king, Charles I, for permission to found a Catholic colony in America. The new king, too, was desirous of keeping Lord Baltimore in England, and even offered to excuse him from taking the Oath of Supremacy which acknowledged the ruler of England as the supreme head

of the Church. But Lord Baltimore could not be influenced by the King's fair promises. Then the King, wishing to give his noble friend a proof of his high esteem, granted him a large tract of land in the New World. "Go now," said Charles I to Lord Baltimore, "and plant on this goodly land your Catholic colony, which I pray you to call Maryland in honor of my queen, Henrietta Marie."

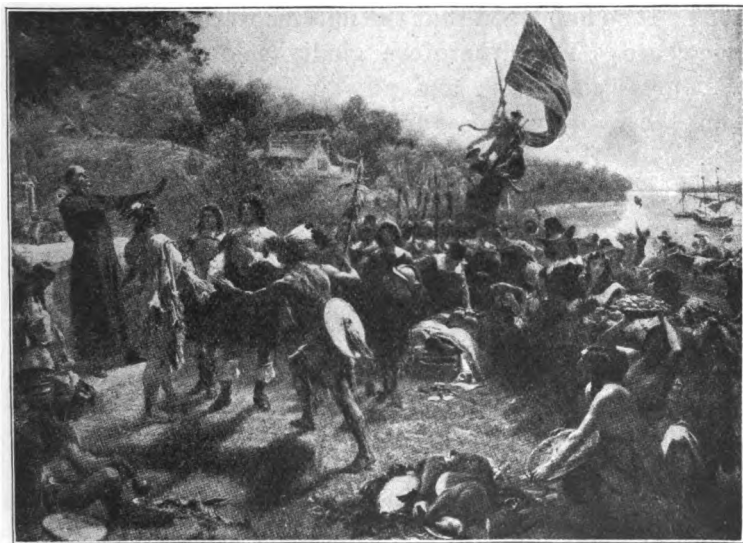
Lord Baltimore at once set about preparing a charter, or writing, which set forth the rights of the new colony and provided for its government. King Charles promptly approved of this charter when completed, though it was more liberal than any that had ever been granted by an English ruler. It provided, among other things, for religious freedom and secured to the colony the right to govern itself quite independently of the sovereign of England. In fact, it gave to the proprietor of Maryland almost as much power in his colony as the King of England had in his kingdom.

But before the charter passed the Great Seal, Lord Baltimore died, and the grant of Maryland was made over to his eldest son, Cecil Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore. This lord, thinking that he could best secure the success of his colony by remaining at home and there defending and supporting its cause, appointed his younger brother, Leonard, to govern Maryland in his stead.

Two ships, the *Ark* and the *Dove*, soon set out for the New World. They carried twenty men of rank and learning with their families, and also some two hundred laborers and tradesmen. This company was composed of both Catholics and Protestants. There were as yet no missionaries among them. England, having banished every Catholic priest from her domains, had none to give. But by an arrangement of Lord Baltimore, four Jesuits—Fathers Andrew White and John Altham, and two

Brothers—had come from France to the Isle of Wight and there were taken on board the vessels bound for Maryland.

The emigrants left from Cowes on the Isle of Wight on St. Cecilia's day, 1633. After a four months' stormy voyage by way of the West Indies, they finally sailed into the peaceful waters of Chesapeake Bay. It was a sunny



LANDING OF THE MARYLAND COLONISTS

day of March, twenty-seven years after the Jamestown settlers had entered the same water. Following the route taken by the little Spanish craft which fifty years earlier had brought hither the Jesuit missionaries and the treacherous Don Luis, they steered directly for the eastern bank of the Potomac and cast anchor near an island not far from the shore. Landing on this island, which is now a mere sandbank, they called it St. Clement's in honor of the day. Holy Mass was celebrated. Then a large cross was

erected, and the Litany sung on bended knee and with bowed head.

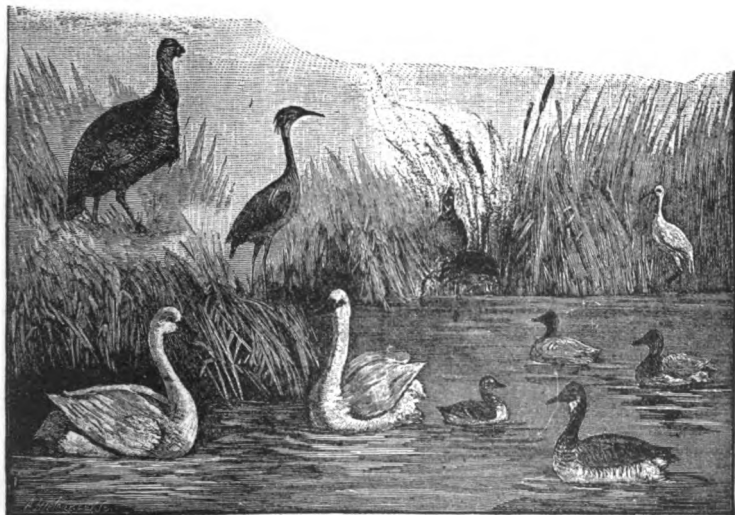
The island being too small for a settlement, the party proceeded upon along the eastern bank of the Potomac in search of a better site. They soon came upon an Indian village near the mouth of a small stream. Here they landed on the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin in 1634. It so happened that the natives were about to move elsewhere. They therefore gladly sold their village—wigwams, cornfields, and all—to Governor Calvert for some cloth and various farm and garden tools.

The chief's wigwam, blessed by Father White, was made to serve as the first church of the colony. It being a feast of our Blessed Lady, Holy Mass was at once celebrated in her honor. Thus this Holy Sacrifice came to be offered again on the very soil on which a half century previous the Jesuit martyrs had offered it for the first time while waiting for their unfaithful Indian companion to return.

Thus was Maryland piously and peacefully founded in a beautiful land of broad streams, fertile plains, gentle hills, and green woodlands. Birds of many kinds and colors abounded, but of all these none pleased the colonists so much as did the oriole in its dress of gold and black, the colors of the Baltimore servants' uniform.

Coming as they did in the springtime of the year, the settlers of St. Mary's had ample time to build their homes and plant and gather their crops of corn and vegetables. They labored with willing hands and happy hearts from morning till night, and when winter came, they were snugly housed, with plenty of crisp cornbread and savory wild meat to eat. We are told that the Maryland colony advanced more in its first six months of existence than did Virginia in as many years.

Religious freedom was something unheard of in those times. But the Catholic colony of Maryland taught the governments of the whole world a beautiful lesson by its glorious example. Under its liberal charter, Catholics and Protestants lived peacefully side by side. Hither came the unhappy and the persecuted of every land and



A SCENE ON THE POTOMAC

clime. Well did the colony merit the title of the Land of the Sanctuary.

The word sanctuary as here used means a consecrated place which gives protection and shelter to anyone fleeing from injustice or persecution. For instance, if in Europe, many years ago, a person accused of crime took refuge in a church, he was safe. No officer of the law could injure him or take him away. Thus the church building, owing to its sacred character, offered to this person protection and shelter; in other words, it became a

sanctuary. In a similar manner Maryland harbored and protected Religious Liberty and thus became a Land of the Sanctuary.

In their habits of living, the Maryland colonists differed little from their neighbors on the Virginia bank of the Potomac. They lived in rich abundance on their flourishing plantations and farms. Deer, turkeys, and pigeons roamed and swarmed in their woodlands; swans, geese, and ducks splashed in their creeks; and fish, oysters, and crabs abounded in the waters that flowed close to their doors.

The family circle was the center of interest and happiness. The planter's whole heart was with his children; they were his greatest pride. Their innocent laughter and play were his sweetest music. Nowhere were family ties held more sacred than in Maryland. In these loving, cheery homes grew up some of the noblest characters in the history of our country.

This, then, is in short the early history of the Land of the Sanctuary. From it we learn that the cradle of the Catholic Church in the United States stood on the Maryland bank of the Potomac. This bank of the noble river is the birthplace and home of that glorious religious freedom which has made our country the happiest and freest among the nations.

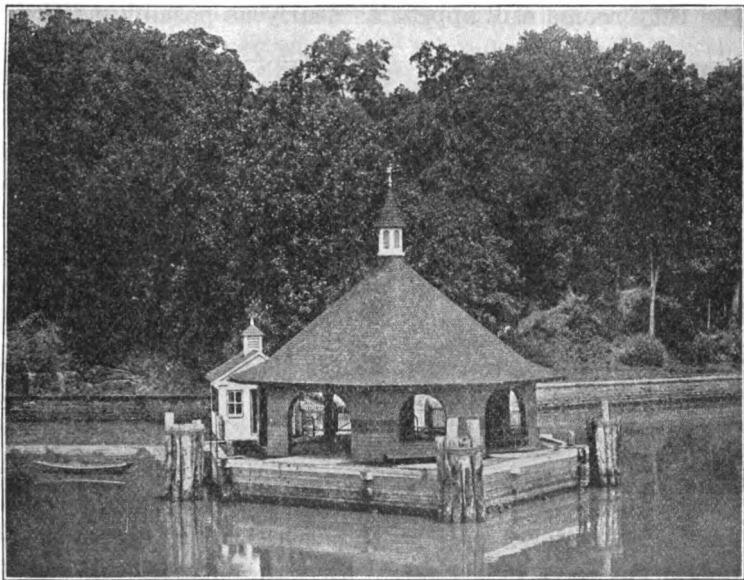
3. MOUNT VERNON

PART ONE. WITH WASHINGTON ON THE CHRISTMAS EVE OF 1783

A small boat is steaming peacefully down the Potomac River. Its passengers are out for a vacation. Presently a little wharf comes in sight some distance down the stream. At sight of it, the bell of the steamer is heard to toll reverently.

"Why does the bell ring in that way, mother?" asks a bright-eyed little boy of the lady at his side.

"We are nearing the home and tomb of the Father of our Country," replies the mother, "and boats passing this way always toll their bells as a mark of respect to the great man."

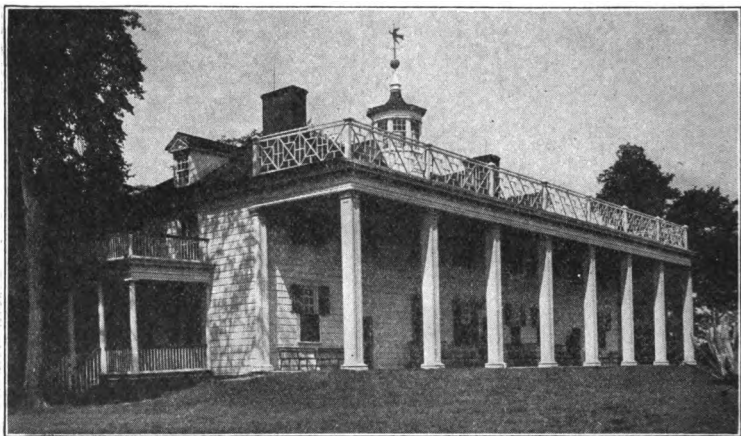


THE WHARF AT MOUNT VERNON

The steamer lands its party at the wharf which is none other than that from which the great Virginian, George Washington, more than a century ago, shipped his farm products and at which were unloaded the supplies which came to him by water. Let us join the party of tourists as they walk up the steep bank of the river and the gently sloping lawn to the great portico, or porch, of the Mount Vernon mansion.

"But," you will say, "Washington has been dead for more than a hundred years. After all, this grand old place can scarcely be the same Mount Vernon that it was in the lifetime of its famous master."

"Very true, but this is, nevertheless, still the Mount Vernon of old, without, of course, its worthy tenants of old. The gardens, the house, the cabins of the servants, the very rooms still appear as nearly as possible as they



MOUNT VERNON

did in the days of the great George Washington. And this splendid preservation of the old historic place we owe to a society of noble women. When neither the National nor the Virginia State government would purchase Mount Vernon from the last descendant of Washington who owned it, these good ladies banded together and started a Mount Vernon fund. With liberal contributions from the various states, amounting to two hundred thousand dollars, they bought about two hundred thirty acres of the old estate. The purchase included the tomb, the mansion, attendant buildings, and the wharf. Gradually the scat-

tered original articles of furniture and the personal belongings of Washington were recovered and the old historic place made to look quite as it did in the long ago—so much so that its very nooks and corners seem fairly alive with memories of past events.

Here is Washington's bedroom, preserved as when the great, good man breathed his last. His curtained bedstead, military trunk, arm chair, and other articles are all here just as they were over a hundred years ago. On the floor above is the sleeping room used by Martha Washington after her husband's death. According to a custom of that time, the General's room was closed after his death; and Mrs. Washington chose this attic chamber for herself because from its only window she could see the tomb of her husband.

Here, too, is the gentle lady's living-room. Let us sit down in it for a rest. How quiet, how peaceful this ancient apartment! We forget the present—we forget ourselves, and, slipping off into the broad land of memory, we imagine that we are seated here a few days before Christmas in 1783. Martha Washington, the mistress of Mount Vernon, has just returned from her seven o'clock breakfast. She is a woman of fifty-five years, rather below the middle size. How pleasing is that fair, calm face with its regular features and hazel eyes! Her white-powdered hair is neatly gathered up in a dainty frill cap. The two front corners of the large white handkerchief about her neck are fastened beneath the belt of her pure-white apron. A goodly bunch of keys is hanging from her girdle. What a charming and motherly little woman she is! How winning her frank, pleasing manners and quiet dignity!

Before Martha became mistress of Mount Vernon, she had been married to Colonel Custis. She had seen much

sorrow during this time, having buried one after another, her husband and three children. Only one child, a son, was left to her. Long after she had gone to live at Mount Vernon this son died, leaving four children. The two youngest of these, Nellie and George Custis, came to live with their grandmother. The bright-eyed boy and the lively little girl helped to make the Mount Vernon home more cheery, and both General Washington and Mrs. Washington were very fond of the two children.

Let us make a morning call on Mrs. Washington in the great working room. What an interesting sight we behold! Mrs. Washington and a seamstress are busily engaged cutting out winter clothing for the negroes of the plantation. Some young negro girls are taking lessons in making the garments. Others, under the supervision of Mrs. Washington, are busy knitting warm stockings and mittens. What an example of industry is this wife of General Washington! We are told that there were times when lessons in reading, churning of butter, and spinning of wool, all went on at the same time in this large cheerful room, so nicely arranged for all sorts of work.



From the painting by Stuart

MARTHA WASHINGTON

There comes a day when there will be no lessons. It is two days before Christmas. The whole house is alive with busy servants making preparations for Christmas Day. "The General is coming home! Coming home to

stay! Mistress Washington is going to drive over to Annapolis to meet him," is the happy news which passes from lip to lip.

It is still early morning. Mrs. Washington, all dressed for a journey, climbs into her big coach. Four fine bay horses carry her speedily over the road leading to Annapolis where she will meet the General who is meanwhile coming down from New York.

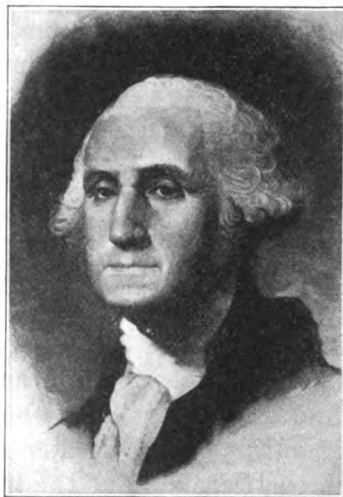
Christmas eve has come. The air is as mild and balmy as if it were Indian summer. Night is beginning to fall when there is a stir and a bustle and a hustle, first in the house, and then on the grounds. Let us slip out on the portico. Coming up the road can be seen the big coach with its four fine bay horses. At the gate are gathered about one hundred and fifty negroes. They are loyally devoted to their master, and shout for very joy when they see him alight from his coach. Some of the more privileged ones press forward to shake hands with him. All are laughing and talking and making merry. And now begins such thundering of cannon and firing of guns that the master almost thinks himself back on the battlefield. But the happy negroes have chosen this manner of showing their joy at the master's return.

Now the master and mistress are coming toward the portico. Let's hurry back to our quiet nook in the cheerful sitting-room. We sit quietly and wait patiently. Now they are coming. The door opens—what a picture! In the streaming light of the candles stand General Washington and Mrs. Washington, the master and mistress of fair Mount Vernon.

The General is a strong, handsome man, over six feet high. His manner and his walk are dignified. Behold his great, kindly face! Those large, blue-gray eyes set far apart in deep sockets and shadowed by heavy brows

tell of a slow but sure mind. His firmly closed mouth and square chin show great moral and physical courage. His pale, serene features express a world of feeling, balanced by a masterful self-control. He is still clad in his soldier's uniform of buff and blue, and his cloak of scarlet and white. He has been gone nine years and during all this time has made only two hurried visits to Mount Vernon.

The thirteen colonies had long complained against England, their mother country. They had claimed that the king was trying to rule them contrary to their rights as English people. So they had finally united and taken up arms against England. It was Washington who had led the colonial armies victoriously through the great war of the Revolution. The thirteen colonies were no longer subject to England. They had become a nation. And now their hero has at



From the painting by Stuart

GEORGE WASHINGTON

length returned to his peaceful home, here to live once more the quiet, happy life of a Virginia planter.

Washington does not hear the cannonading and the shouting which the servants are keeping up in his honor. He has lived through much during his long absence from home. He has much to think of. It seems but yesterday that he took command of the American army under the elm tree at Cambridge. On that memorable July day, 1775, as the troops passed before him, Daniel Morgan, too, came with his Virginia riflemen. Saluting Wash-

ington, he said gallantly, "From the right bank of the Potomac, General!" Deeply touched, Washington quickly dismounted and with tear-dimmed eyes shook hands with each man in turn—these were his own neighbors.

Scenes like these must be passing before the great man's mind as he sits before the cheerful fireplace and recalls, one by one, the events of that long and trying war. He thinks of the lives that were lost, of the sufferings endured, of the sore defeats, and of the victories won. How well he must remember that New Year's day of 1776 when the Union Flag containing thirteen stars and thirteen stripes was hoisted for the first time. Nor could he have forgotten the Fourth of July of 1776 when the thirteen colonies declared themselves independent of England. All morning the question was discussed and during all this time, we are told, the bell-man sat in the belfry waiting for a signal from below. "Ah!" he groaned, "they will never do it. They dare not do it." Just then he heard the eager clapping of childish hands and the sound of a boyish voice shouting, "Ring, Grandpa, ring! Ring for Liberty!" For two hours the bell rang forth the joyful peal that proclaimed liberty to all the land.

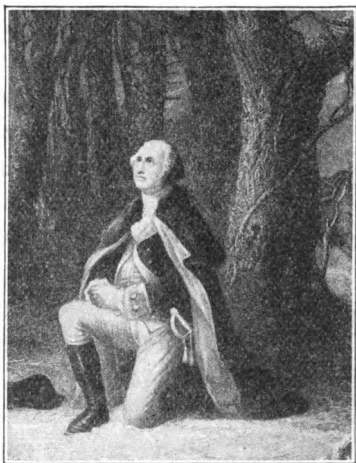
How fresh in Washington's mind must have been the memory of the sad winter at Valley Forge in Pennsylvania. Most of his soldiers were in rags, with no shoes to wear, and worse than this, with no bread to eat. Heart-sick at the sight of the sufferings of his men, he one day sank upon his knees under the frosty trees of the woods and, with streaming tears, prayed to God for help and guidance.

At length the long and awful struggle came to an end when, on October 19, 1781, the English commander, Corn-

wallis, surrendered his entire army of eight thousand men to Washington at Yorktown. The thirteen original colonies were now English colonies no longer, but free and independent states. And the final battle for this Independence was won on the Virginia bank of the Potomac not far from the site of Jamestown.

Then a swift horseman was sent from camp to Philadelphia, the capital of our country during the war. Soon the watchmen went shouting through the streets, "Past two o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!" Lights flashed from the windows. Crowds of people, wild with joy, thronged the streets. They fell into each others' arms and shook each other by the hand. The old door-keeper of Congress died of joy. The liberty bell rang long and loud. Cannon were fired and bonfires lighted. Messengers sped like the wind to every town and village of the land.

After the victory at Yorktown, Washington went to see his mother in the old home at Fredericksburg. He found her alone. She was, as usual, busy with her household duties. The meeting between the mother and her great son was one of affectionate simplicity. They talked of George's boyhood home, of things that had happened so many years before, of old times and old friends. But never did the mother mention a word of her son's honor and fame, perhaps because she knew how much he dis-



WASHINGTON PRAYING IN THE FOREST

liked spoken praise. She herself held flattery so cheap that no one dared offer it to her.

But Washington's work as commander-in-chief of the army was not yet finished. He was obliged to return to his army stationed on the Hudson. Peace was signed with England at Paris only in September, 1783. The last British troop sailed for home two months later. Then Washington gathered his officers about him at New York for a last farewell. With a warm grasp of the hand and a last look of tender and grateful affection, he turned from them and passed from the room to journey homeward.

And now he is here once more in his own Mount Vernon home on the bank of the noble Potomac. It is nine o'clock. The noise of the firearms has ceased, for the negroes know that their master and mistress nearly always go to bed at this hour. Martha, entering the room, gently bids Washington retire for the night. On going to bed, he takes off his uniform for the last time and lays it carefully away, together with his sword. How comfortable he must find his soft, downy bed after the soldier's bed he has known for so many years! As he breathes the fresh air of his own beloved home, can there be a happier man than he on this Christmas eve of 1783? Tomorrow morning he will come to his Christmas breakfast as a plain Virginia planter, free from the worry and bustle of the camp and the busy scenes of public life, so he thinks. He does not see in this happy hour that his past services to his country have but prepared him for still greater ones.

The tolling of the bell on the Potomac below awakens us out of our day-dreams and brings us back to the present. We remember that we are living now and not then, and that we have but reviewed in fancy and memory a beautiful story of the long ago. But Mount Vernon, the

scene of this true picture of fancy, is as real today as it was then.

**PART TWO. WASHINGTON AS MASTER OF MOUNT VERNON
AND FIRST HEAD OF OUR NATION**

Let us tarry a while longer at Mount Vernon. The summer house yonder overlooking the river must have been a



Nurse George Lafayette Washington Mrs. Custis Nellie Martha
Custis Custis Washington

favorite resort of the Washingtons. It is a fine place for us to sit and recall some of the interesting events connected with the past history of Mount Vernon. Do look at those ancient trees Washington loved so well. Yonder two trees were planted, one by the French nobleman, Lafayette, the other by Jefferson. What fine leafy monuments they are!

How Washington must have enjoyed the quiet of this

beautiful place after returning from the bloody scenes of war and strife! Many were the gifts of esteem and affection that came to him here from his countrymen, from private Englishmen, and from kings of Europe. Frederick the Great of Prussia inscribed upon his gift, a handsome sword, "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest."

Washington once more became entirely absorbed in the management of his plantation. The estate had grown to cover an immense area of about eight thousand acres. It had naturally been greatly neglected during its master's long absence, but he quickly went to work at building it up again. Most dear to him was the ideal country life which he now led. His flower garden was the pride of his heart. How he did delight in his flourishing wheat and sheep farms! In truth, Mount Vernon with its overseers and many negro slaves, was not unlike a little kingdom, with the exception, however, that its head was not a king, but rather a father. The great man had learned to govern others by first governing himself. He had a very high temper which could break forth in frightful wrath; but he had acquired a wonderful mastery over it. Our Washington was truly noble in everything. Not even to the humblest did he fail in due respect. No negro ever failed to receive an acknowledgment of his bow.

Washington was exceedingly fond of fishing and of the chase. The Potomac was fairly stocked with fish; and the borders of the estate, washed by more than ten miles of tide water, formed one great fishery. As a fisherman, our hero was most successful and it was often playfully said that all the fish came to his hook. Dense woods and wild dells still covered much of the estate and formed a vast hunting-ground, abounding with deer and lurking foxes. The Mount Vernon fox hunts were great events in Fair-

fax County, and Washington's fine horses and packs of splendid hounds were famous throughout the country.

As for Martha Washington, she was a typical Virginian housewife. She prudently directed her numerous servants and was a charming and gracious hostess to the many visitors who came and went at Mount Vernon. "There is always a bit of mutton and a glass of wine for a friend," Washington would say. And the warm welcome of the mistress made both most palatable.

Meanwhile the thirteen independent states had learned that they must have some strong central power to hold them together if they wished to become a united nation. Whom could they best entrust with this power? They knew no one worthier of the high office of chief of the nation than George Washington.

And thus the master of Mount Vernon had scarcely spent five years in happy retirement when he was again called into public life. He would much rather not have accepted this high office; but duty called him and he went.

Before leaving for New York, he galloped up to Fredericksburg to see his aged mother. He found her ailing and feeble. "This will be our last meeting on earth," she said. And laying her wasted hand upon the noble head bowed to her shoulder, she told him that Heaven's and his mother's blessing would always be with him. He parted tenderly with her at the door and then hastened away with a sad misgiving in his strong, loving heart. He never saw her again. She was tenderly laid at rest a few months later when he was far away in New York with no electric wires nor railroad trains to call and bring him back in due time to receive his mother's dying blessing.

After leaving his mother, Washington hastened to New York to assume the duties of his new charge. All along his journey he was shown the greatest honors. There

were joyous music and ringing of bells. Great crowds of people met him everywhere, singing and cheering and bearing flowers to strew before him. These loud rejoicings, however, were painful to him. Not that he did not value the love and confidence of his people, but he shrank from the important and difficult duties imposed upon him.



WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW YORK

For, as the first President of the young nation, Washington was expected not only to govern that still unsettled nation wisely, but also to shape it into a successful republic, such as had never been heard of before. Notwithstanding, the great man entered resolutely upon his duties as first President of the United States on April 30, 1789. His faith in God, in himself, and in his people made him equal to the task.

Thus the Virginia bank of the Potomac gave our nation its first political head. Sincere good wishes and assur-

ances of good will soon came to this illustrious chief from the Maryland bank of the river in the form of a letter written in behalf of the Catholics of the United States. Washington was greatly pleased with this letter and wrote a worthy answer in return. It closed with these words: "I thank you, gentlemen, for your kind concern for me. And may the members of your society in America, animated alone by the pure spirit of Christianity and still conducting themselves as the faithful subjects of our free government enjoy every temporal and spiritual felicity." How the public views as to religious freedom must have changed when a Virginian at the head of a largely Protestant population could thus openly express his esteem for his Catholic countrymen!

When thinking of Washington in his public office as chief of the nation, we naturally wonder whether Mrs. Washington accompanied him on his journey to the capital city. Mrs. Washington disliked leaving her quiet, pleasant life at Mount Vernon as much as did her husband, but she followed within a month after his departure. Accompanied by Miss Nellie and Master George, she set out for New York in her own carriage with an escort of horsemen. Amid loud cheers and the booming of cannon, she entered the presidential mansion. This new manner of life was not to her taste, but she was a true woman and knew how to fit herself to her new position. She performed her duties of "first lady" of the land as faithfully and as charmingly as she had discharged her humbler employments as thrifty mistress of the Mount Vernon plantation. No one was happier, however, than she and her husband when, on March 9, 1797, a coach drawn by six bay horses flanked by outriders stopped before the door of the president's mansion to bring General and Mrs. Washington and their grandchildren back to

Virginia. Both had acted their parts well. They had trained themselves always to think first of duty and last of themselves. And herein lay their greatness.

Washington had served eight years and refused a third term. He had given the best of his life to his country, and now retired to his Virginia home to spend his remaining years among the scenes he loved so well. But the angel of death hovered near to bear away the beloved master of fair Mount Vernon. The great man lived only two years after retiring from the presidency. He died, loved and honored by all as the Father of his Country who had been "first in war, first in peace," and who is "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The lonely mistress of Mount Vernon lingered only a few years longer. And in the bright springtime of the year she was borne from her attic room and laid by the side of our Washington in the family vault. Let us walk over to visit the famous tomb. Its site was selected and the vault planned by Washington himself shortly before his death. Do you see within the double iron portals those two coffin-like tombs? The one on the right contains the body of General Washington and the one on the left that of his wife.

We have now enjoyed a long and interesting visit here at Mount Vernon. As we turn away from this fair relic of the past and from the memories that make it sacred, our gaze wanders across the broad waters of the Potomac to the Maryland hills beyond, and we ask: "Has the Land of the Sanctuary kept pace with the Old Dominion in providing noble men who did much to make our country great and its people happy?"

4. TWO GREAT SONS OF MARYLAND

PART ONE. OUR FIRST AMERICAN BISHOP

Once again a feast of our Blessed Lady marked an important event in our country's history. This time it was the festival of her assumption into heaven. On this day in 1790 the college chapel of a lordly castle in southern England had been beautifully adorned and prepared for a most solemn celebration. Let us place ourselves among the attentive worshippers. All is hushed in silent expectation. Now a procession of venerable men, clad in sacred vestments, files into the sanctuary. The ceremonies begin. A new bishop is consecrated. And this new bishop, rather low in stature, but most venerable and dignified—who can he be? He is none other than the Right Reverend John Carroll, a native of the Maryland bank of the Potomac, whom the Holy Father had appointed first bishop of the United States the previous year.

Thus the Land of the Sanctuary gave to the Catholics of our country their first spiritual head in the same year that the Old Dominion gave to this nation its first political head. What a privilege to have been one of the honored company on the ship that carried the venerable prelate back to the banks of the Potomac! Safely it bore him across the deep blue waters of the mighty Atlantic and up Chesapeake Bay to Baltimore, our first bishop's city, or episcopal see. Who can describe the joy of the Catholic people upon his arrival? How warmly they welcomed their first bishop! With what reverence and gratitude they knelt for his blessing.

It is an interesting fact that Bishop Carroll was, both going and coming, a fellow-voyager of Mr. Madison, who had also been in England to be created the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Virginia. This Protestant dignitary

formed an acquaintance with the Catholic prelate and ever after remained sincerely devoted to him.

"But," you may say, "when the colonizers of Maryland set out for their new home in 1633, England had no priests to give them. How then did this nation now have a Catholic prelate to consecrate our first bishop?"

England had meanwhile learned from events in other countries and from her own experiences with her American colonies, that unjust laws can bring only misfortune and ruin upon a nation. Furthermore, thousands of priests fleeing from persecution in France, found refuge in England. The presence and example of these venerable exiles greatly influenced many of the English people; and they gradually began to realize that their narrow ideas and fiendish hatred of everything that was Catholic was most unreasonable and was frequently based on mere ignorance.

Accordingly, the laws against Catholics became a little less severe in England, though justice was still dealt out to them very grudgingly. Catholic bishops and priests were consequently once more tolerated in England. Before the Revolution, the Bishop of London, or Vicar Apostolic, had charge of the affairs of the Catholic Church in the English colonies. Therefore, Father Carroll, upon receiving the news of his appointment from the Holy Father, Pius VI, proceeded to England for consecration.



BISHOP CARROLL

But this was not the first time that Bishop Carroll went and came across the broad Atlantic. Our priestly hero was born in Maryland in 1735. His pious parents were anxious to give him a good Catholic schooling. But alas, a sad change had come over Maryland. It no longer harbored and sheltered religious liberty. What had happened? Had the Maryland Catholics become untrue to themselves? Oh, no! But in the course of time the Protestant settlers had increased so as to greatly outnumber the Catholics. They gained control of the government and made laws that forbade Catholics to hold office, vote, or attend Catholic worship. Catholics were even fined for not assisting at Protestant church service and were forbidden to open Catholic schools for their children.

Nevertheless, some Jesuit Fathers quietly opened a boarding school in a secluded spot upon their own estate without attracting the attention of the law. The future first Bishop of the United States attended this school for one year and then crossed the Atlantic to enter a Jesuit college in France. Here he was much admired for his remarkable intelligence and piety. His gentle, winning manners made him a general favorite among his companions. He entered the Society of Jesus at the age of eighteen and was ordained priest in 1769.

He had always desired to go to Maryland as a Jesuit missionary. But before his wishes could be granted, the Society was suppressed throughout the whole Christian world. Pope Clement XIV, painfully pressed from all sides, was forced to choose between two great evils: He must either displease some of the sovereigns of Europe and see a number of the Catholic countries separate from the Church or he must suppress the Society of Jesus. He most unwillingly chose the latter, this seeming to him the lesser evil. The governments of Europe now

everywhere deprived the Jesuits of their property and turned them out of their homes which had so long been the seats of learning and religion.

Father Carroll, sorely grieved, withdrew to England where he became chaplain in the castle of Lord Arundel. Upon hearing that the American colonies were about to take up arms against England, the patriotic priest left the comforts and luxuries of his new home and hastened back to his native land. What a joy to meet again his beloved mother, his sisters, and many of the friends of his youthful days! He had left home a bright boy of fourteen and returned a venerable priest of forty years.

There was then not one Catholic Church open in Maryland. Only under the family roof could divine services be held. In what was once the Land of the Sanctuary, there were then only nineteen Catholic priests. All of these, like Father Carroll, had been Jesuits. They lived chiefly on their own lands and attended, so far as the law permitted, to the wants of the Catholics who dwelt in the surrounding country.

Father Carroll took up his abode with his aged mother. At first he held divine services in a room of her dwelling, and later in a wooden chapel near by. A neat brick church, known as Carroll's chapel, now marks the spot of the ancient little house of worship. The good priest labored zealously among the Catholics in the neighboring country. Traveling on horseback, he made long journeys visiting the scattered Catholic families and settlements of Maryland.

It may be interesting to know that in spite of the religious bigotry in Virginia, this state, nevertheless, contained a spot, at Woodstock, Stafford County, in which a band of some two hundred Catholics, by a special privilege of James II of England, practiced their religion

freely. Two of Father Carroll's married sisters lived there. Once a month their Reverend brother crossed the Potomac in disguise to attend to the spiritual affairs of this little body of Catholics. He thereby exposed himself to great dangers and generally slept in the stable beside his horse that he might be prepared for sudden flight.

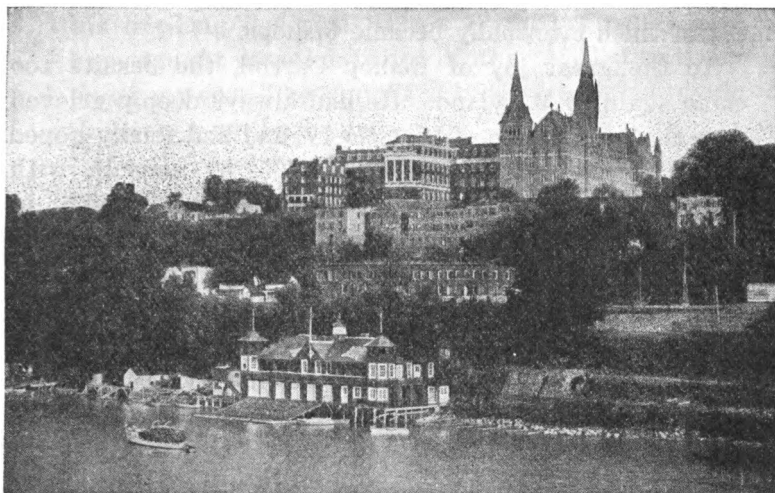
Throughout the dark hours of the War for Independence, Father Carroll attended faithfully to his scattered flock. After the Revolution he was appointed by the Holy Father to be the Prefect Apostolic, or superior, of the American Church. This office invested him with powers to bless the holy oils and to confer the sacrament of confirmation which had never before been administered in what was then the United States. Five years later he entered upon his duties as our first Bishop.

The new Bishop's task was a trying one. The dark times of persecution had passed, it is true, but they had left ignorance and loss of faith behind. Many of his Catholic people had not even seen a priest for years. In some instances, only the day of First Holy Communion and the religious practices of childhood lingered like a happy dream in the memory. But the zealous Bishop, like another St. Paul, "became all to all." Everyone, the great and the lowly, the good and the bad, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, felt at ease in his presence. His virtues, his dignity, and his mildness won all hearts.

The zealous Bishop entrusted the education of young girls and the care of the sick and the orphans to religious women of the various pioneer Sisterhoods—the Carmelites, the Visitation Nuns, and the Sisters of Charity. To give his Catholic boys and young men an opportunity of receiving an education right at home without endangering their faith, he opened a college at Georgetown in

1791. St. Mary's Seminary at Baltimore, an institution for the training of young men for the priesthood, was opened in the same year.

When the little college of Georgetown, now a University and the oldest Catholic seat of learning in the United States, was yet surrounded by a white-washed picket fence, it was one day honored by a visit from President



GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

Washington. On dismounting from his horse, the great man was warmly welcomed by the professors and shown through the building. He admired the grand view which the college enjoys from its beautiful heights. Just then an icy winter breeze sweeping by made the party shiver and Washington remarked: "I see you have to purchase the beauties of nature in summer by the winter's storm."

Bishop Carroll's flock, consisting of all the Catholics of the entire United States, numbered about fifty thousand and was scattered over an immense territory ex-

tending from Maine to Florida and westward to Michigan. Means of travel being so few and slow, it was well-nigh impossible for the good Bishop to locate his people and minister to their wants with the few priests he had. Meanwhile the French Revolution, known as the "reign of terror," caused a great number of French priests to seek refuge from persecution in America. These zealous exiles were men of great refinement, virtue, and learning. Six of them eventually became bishops.

To the great joy of Bishop Carroll, the Jesuits too came again to Maryland. He had always deeply grieved over the suppression of his Society, and had fondly hoped to see it restored. At last, in 1805, he himself, with the permission of the Holy Father, re-established it in the United States. It had been restored in Russia five years previous and was nine years later revived in the whole Christian world.

The number of his priests having been thus increased, Bishop Carroll was enabled to supply his widely scattered flock with faithful shepherds. Though his cares and labors were many and great, his faith and zeal were greater still. The progress of the Catholic Church in America under his wise direction was wonderful. In 1808, only eighteen years after his consecration, the good prelate was created Archbishop. Four new dioceses were formed with a bishop's seat at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Bardstown.

The noble prelate sincerely loved his country; and no one valued more than he the religious freedom for which the Constitution provided. In fact, we are much indebted to Bishop Carroll's influence for that portion of our national laws which forbids the government to meddle with the liberty of conscience of its people.

Beautiful above all was the great Bishop's private life.

His simple faith and piety were remarkable. No matter how pressing his duties might be, he kept up to the end of his days the good old custom of gathering at appointed hours all the members of his household, black and white, for morning and evening prayers.

Archbishop Carroll lived to the good old age of eighty. Shortly before his death he declared that one of the things that consoled him most in his last moments was his life-long devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. "I have taught devotion to the Mother of God to the people under my care," he said, "and have also placed my diocese under her motherly protection."

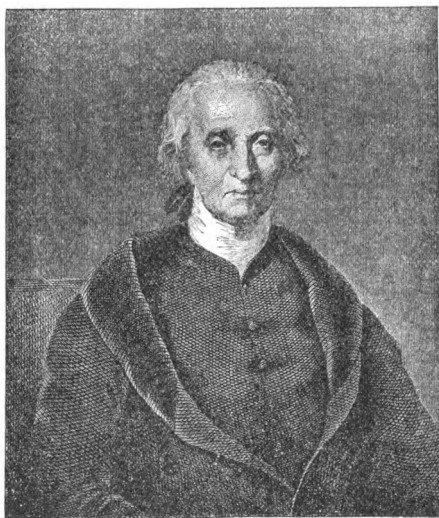
Death came to him gently, as if it feared to lay its hand upon one whose life had been so fair, so true, so beautiful. The Catholic Church in the United States has grown and prospered gloriously since those early times, but the people of this grand republic will ever think with pride and veneration of their first Bishop and Archbishop, the most Reverend John Carroll, who was also a sincere friend and revered adviser of their first president, the great George Washington.

PART TWO. THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS

The American people will never forget the illustrious cousin of their first Archbishop, the noble Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Shall we visit for a few moments with this great man? Yes, for better company we could scarcely choose. So let us fancy ourselves living about one hundred years ago. From a landing on the western shore of Chesapeake Bay, we direct our steps toward a splendid manor house in Anne Arundel County of Maryland.

Near the house has been erected an elegant chapel. We enter this abode of prayer. It is the morning hour of the day and we find the whole numerous household

assembled to assist at Holy Mass. A priest proceeds to the altar. He is accompanied by an acolyte. But behold this acolyte!—Who is he?—A fair, young child in cassock and surplice? No; he is an aged man of more than eighty years. See how reverently he moves about! Could there be a more charming picture of simple, child-like faith?



CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON

Now the sacred services are ended. The priest has left the altar. The pious worshippers, too, have gone. Only the aged acolyte remains. He is kneeling, deeply bowed, before the altar, breathing forth a parting prayer to his hidden God.

Now he rises to leave the chapel. How tall and erect he is! How dignified his walk! We hasten

to meet him at the door. He extends both hands in warmest welcome, and as we lay ours in his and raise our eyes to meet his gaze, we unconsciously ask ourselves, "Did you ever see a more interesting, winning face than that of this aged man?" It combines all the sweetness of innocent childhood with the strength of intelligent old age. The high and open forehead is wreathed about by waving flakes of snow-white hair. A clear, mild light gleams from his aged eyes, and an expression of goodness surrounds his lips.

This grand old man is Charles Carroll of Carrollton,

one of the noblest of our country's heroes. He was born in Annapolis, Maryland, and was a companion of his cousin John Carroll while the latter attended the Jesuit school in Maryland. After spending one year in this school, he crossed the ocean to continue his education in France and England. After an absence of seventeen years, he returned to his native bank of the Potomac, an accomplished Catholic gentleman.

Many were the services to his state and country as a friend and protector of freedom and religion. He was one of the fifty-six brave men who signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776. Each of the noble band of signers knew that in case the colonies did not win in the struggle for Independence, he would have to pay for his signature with his life. And when Charles Carroll, who was then the richest man in America, wrote his name in a clear, bold hand on the precious document, someone remarked, "There go millions."

"No," replied another. "There are several Charles Carrolls; no one will know which of them wrote this name."

On hearing the remark, the fearless Charles Carroll promptly added to his name the phrase, "of Carrollton," saying, "They cannot mistake me now!" Carrollton was the name of one of his estates.

Forty-nine years had elapsed since that Fourth of July on which the Thirteen Colonies had declared themselves independent of England. On the morning of the fiftieth anniversary, on the Golden Jubilee of American Independence, there were still living three of the famous fifty-six patriots of 1776—Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

How the people loved and esteemed these aged heroes! Their names were mingled with the national songs and

rejoicings of the day. But Jefferson and Adams both passed away on that same day. These two great men stood side by side during the dark days of the Revolution. Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, and Adams did more than anyone else to persuade his countrymen to adopt it. Adams was ninety-one when he died.



SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Even while death was coming upon him he remembered his old friend and said, "Jefferson still lives."

But Jefferson had died two hours before. He was eighty-three years of age and had anxiously wished that he might live to see this Fourth of July. On the day previous he asked again and again upon rousing from his naps,

"Is this the Fourth?" "No, not yet," they answered, "but 'twill soon be early morn;

We will wake you, if you slumber, when the day begins to dawn."

Now that Jefferson and Adams had both passed away, the venerable Charles Carroll alone remained. "All have

gone," he whispered, as he recalled the scenes of the Declaration and the names of his companions in the good work. "They are no more," he said. "But Heaven was pleased with that perilous Fourth of July of 1776, and the land of my birth has become a mighty nation. God be thanked for letting me live to see it."

Two years later we behold the aged patriot of ninety-one years performing his last act of public service to his country. Can you picture his erect, aged form standing upon a free space of ground under the open heavens at Baltimore? Throngs of eager people crowd about him. A band of workmen are waiting for a signal to begin work on our first railroad. Who is to give the signal for starting? The great Charles Carroll. All eyes are turned toward him. With a hand as firm as when it signed the Declaration, he turns the first spadeful of earth and drives the first spike. Instantly the laborers fall to work. The noble patriot declared this act one of the most important of his life, second only to the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Our aged hero now withdrew from public life. He lived henceforth in peaceful retirement on one of his estates near Baltimore. As he advanced in years he became an object of universal veneration. The good and the great from at home and abroad made pilgrimages to his dwelling that they might see with their own eyes the great political patriarch of America. At one time when all the Bishops of the United States had assembled for the First Council of Baltimore, this venerable body of American prelates went to see the grand old man. He received them with his usual graceful dignity and child-like reverence.

Four years passed in this happy manner, and we find the illustrious Charles Carroll on the verge of death. It

is a November day of the year 1832. The last rays of the setting sun shed their light into a large room of a house in Baltimore where our aged hero is dying. The inmates of the household have gathered about him. Near him kneel his children and grandchildren and some friends. Farther back in the room may be seen a number of old negro servants. All are engaged in fervent prayer. The last glow of the closing day lights up the face of the dying man and spreads a rich halo around his noble brow as he passes peacefully away. The great Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the "Last of the Signers" and one of the noblest among our nation's heroes, is dead. But not so the fair memory of his long and useful life of nearly a hundred years.

And what, we may ask, was it that made this man so truly great? We may read the answer in the following remarkable words uttered by him shortly before his death: "I have lived," said our hero, "to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things which the world can bestow; but what I now look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself, is that I have practiced the duties of my religion."

5. OUR CAPITAL CITY

When we read about Washington leaving Mount Vernon and going to New York to live there during the time of his presidency, we feel inclined to regret that he could not have governed our country from the banks of the Potomac. Since there stood the cradle of our nation, would it not seem just that there also should be placed the nation's seat of government? Yes; and we are happy to know that there the American people did finally locate their capital.

The law-making body of the colonies, known as the Continental Congress, had no fixed place of meeting. It held its sessions at different places, principally at Philadelphia. But the Constitution, drawn up after the Revolution, required that a permanent seat of government be chosen by the states and accepted by Congress. Now the question arose, Where shall this seat of government be placed? Naturally, the Southern people wanted to have it on the banks of the Potomac, while the Northern people insisted that it be placed on the Delaware.

It happened that Congress was just then occupied with another exciting question: The separate states were trying to devise some plan of paying their war debts. Alexander Hamilton, the learned Secretary of the Treasury at the time, proposed that the general government pay these debts for the states. A party in Congress, led by Thomas Jefferson, strongly opposed Hamilton's idea. Now, Hamilton not only wished the United States to pay the state debts, but he also wanted the capital in the north. Jefferson, on the contrary, wanted the states to pay their own debts, but he wanted the capital in the south.

Each of these famous leaders had enough friends in Congress to prevent the other from putting through his measures, but neither had enough supporters of his own cause to gain the necessary majority, or more than half of the votes. The two men therefore made an agreement by which Jefferson promised to help Hamilton make a law which would require the general government to pay the debts of the states. Hamilton, in turn, agreed that he would help Jefferson pass a measure which would place the capital on the Potomac. The outcome, of course, was that each of these men won his side of the question. This meant, among other things, that the capital of the United States was to be located on the Potomac.

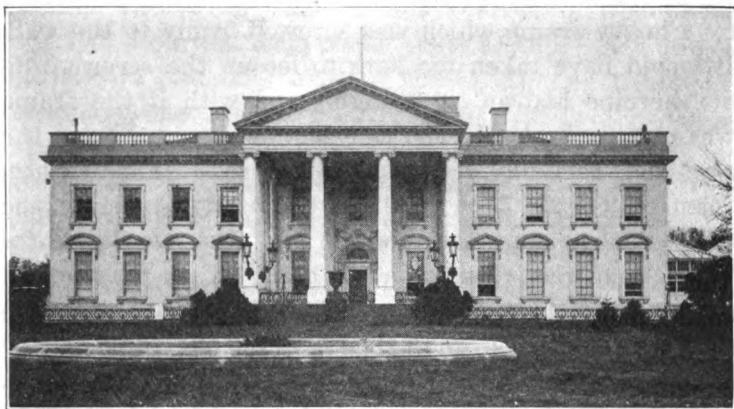
How Washington must have rejoiced over this decision of Congress! Within three days, in the summer of 1790, he had selected a tract of land ten miles square, located on both the Virginia and Maryland banks of the Potomac. The portion extending into Virginia, however, was later returned to the state. This reduced the territory to an area of nearly seventy square miles and placed it entirely on the Maryland bank of the Potomac. During the earliest days of Lord Baltimore's colony, this section of land was called Rome and belonged to a man whose name was Pope. The southern limit was marked by a small stream called Tiber. Therefore the original owner of the territory was known as "Pope of Rome on the Tiber." The tract of land thus selected for the seat of our general government was eventually called the District of Columbia in honor of the discoverer of America, while the capital city was named Washington as a mark of respect to the Father of our Country.

It took several years to lay out our capital city according to a splendid plan outlined by Washington himself. The corner-stone of the White House, or President's residence, was laid by Washington in 1792 and that of the north wing of the Capitol, or government building, in the following year. Work on these structures progressed but slowly. In 1800, John Adams, our second President, came to live in Washington and the seat of government was moved from Philadelphia to its new permanent home on the Maryland bank of the Potomac.

Mrs. Adams, describing her journey from Philadelphia, the old capital, to Washington, tells us that she and her companions, traveling by way of Baltimore, lost their way in the woods and wandered about for hours until they met a straggling negro who showed them the right track. The unfinished Capitol Mrs. Adams called a palace. If a

palace it could be called, it was certainly one in the wilderness. The streets were but rough roads cut through the woods. Only a few public buildings had been erected and there was scarcely a dwelling in sight.

Poor Mrs. Adams found it a very difficult task to begin housekeeping in these rude surroundings. There was not a bell in the house to help her direct her numerous servants, nor were there any means of lighting and heat-



THE WHITE HOUSE TODAY

ing the spacious dwelling. "I fear," the troubled lady wrote to a friend, "that we shall suffer much from the cold in this place. There is plenty of wood, it is true, but there are no workmen to cut it."

Notwithstanding, the people of the United States meant to make this capital city the permanent home of their presidents and government. And they were determined to carry out the plan Washington had made for them. But work on the city proceeded very slowly and scarcely had it fairly begun, when, during the war with England, a British fleet sailed up the Potomac and attacked the undefended capital. President Madison had been called

away the day before. His brave wife, Queen Dolly, as she was affectionately called, lingered with a few faithful servants until the firing of the cannon told her that the enemy were upon the city.

She then hurriedly brought the Declaration of Independence and other important documents in safety and was about to hasten away in her carriage when she suddenly exclaimed, "Not yet; I cannot leave Stuart's painting of Washington behind." This picture was surrounded by a heavy frame which was screwed firmly to the wall. It would have taken too long to loosen the screws. So our heroine had an ax brought, and with it the frame was quickly broken. The canvas was removed from the stretcher, carefully rolled up, and stored in a safe place. Then only could Mrs. Madison be induced to leave the city. And not any too soon did she take her flight, for the British were close upon her heels. They feasted and made merry in the White House; and ruthlessly destroyed by fire the unfinished Capitol and other public buildings, with all the precious treasures they contained.

The destruction of their capital was indeed a sore loss to the American people. But they again went to work with strong hearts and willing hands, and from the ashes of the unfinished capital rose a new Washington which has grown and prospered with the years until today it is one of the fairest capital cities on the globe.

Suppose we take a bird's-eye view of our noble capital. Yonder near the river is an aeroplane ready for a flight. We seat ourselves in it and up we mount. All about us seems so delightfully pleasant and secure that we forget to feel afraid and become intensely interested in the scene below which we bring close to our eyes by means of spy-glasses. There is the beautiful Potomac! Do you see that large steamer plowing up-stream? It has made a

hundred miles since it entered the mouth of the river, and a hundred and eighty-five since it left the ocean. How swiftly that passenger train is speeding toward the Union Depot! It comes from New York and has made two hundred and thirty miles since it left that city.

But now for a view of the entire District of Columbia. It rises from the lowlands at the river's bank by a series of hills which in some places reach the height of four hundred feet. But what is this District of Columbia? Is it still a part of Maryland? Is it a state? Or is it a territory? No; it is none of these. It may rather be considered one large city governed by the President and Congress, as our other cities are governed by their respective states. But its inhabitants do not vote for the president nor do they have representatives in Congress.

We must not, however, miss any of the sights below. Here we are, right above the Capitol, the finest structure in our country. It rests on a hill overlooking the Potomac and is surrounded by a splendid park of fifty acres. The edifice consists of a central building of white stone and of two wings of white marble. The central structure is surmounted by a lofty dome of iron on which stands a bronze statue of Liberty. We hover close up to it. What a huge statue it is!—over nineteen feet high. If it could speak, what wonderful stories it could tell us!

The other public buildings are also fine structures. And in the midst of these palace-like offices of our government stands the more modest, yet elegant White House, the home of our presidents. It is built of Virginia free stone. After the burning of our capital by the British troops in 1814, only the walls of this building remained standing. These were afterwards restored and painted white to cover the marks of the fire. Accordingly, the home of our presidents has come to be called the White House.

Rising a little higher, we place ourselves in a position to take in a full view of the capital. We soon note clearly the one feature which distinguishes Washington from all other cities; namely, its wide streets which cross each other at right angles and are recrossed diagonally by still wider avenues bearing the names of various states



OUR CAPITOL

of the Union. Many of the streets are beautifully planted with trees and are broken by numerous parks and parking spaces. One of these, The Mall, extends for a mile and a half from the Capitol building to the Potomac.

There is so much more that we should like to see and describe, but it must not be today. So we mount high up above the dome of the Capitol and after a few minutes' flight descend abruptly in front of a large college erected on a height close to the waters of the Potomac. We look about for someone to tell us where we are. Ah! behold that statue! How lifelike and familiar it seems? Can it be one of the heroes of our story? Yes; it represents

Father John Carroll in his Jesuit habit. He sits lost in deep thought as if marveling at the wonderful growth of the little college which he founded over a century ago. How interesting is the fact that our nation's seat of government was erected right next door to Georgetown College, the nation's first Catholic seat of learning.

We have now dwelt for a long time in memory and story upon the banks of the famous Potomac. We have seen that, on the Virginia bank of the Potomac, stood the cradle of our country; and that on the Maryland bank is the birthplace of the Catholic Church in this country. The Virginia bank gave the nation its first political head and the Maryland bank, its first spiritual head. Finally, the nation located its seat of government in the Land of the Sanctuary.

How interesting it all is! Was it all chance or was it Providence that thus made the events on the opposite banks of the Potomac correspond in such a striking manner with the geography of these two states as to illustrate a most valuable lesson? Suppose we let Virginia represent our government and Maryland the Catholic Church; the river severing one state from the other tells us that the government must not meddle with religion. The final location of the seat of government on the Maryland bank, however, may teach us that a nation cannot be happy and enduring without religion.

Questions for Thought

1. Compare the founding of Virginia with that of Maryland.
2. Write in your own words the meaning of the title "Land of the Sanctuary."
3. Compare the Virginia and Maryland colonies in their manner of living.
4. Do you think that plantation life was favorable to the growth of towns and schools? Give reasons for your answer.

5. Find out all you can about Mount Vernon as it is today.
6. What qualities do you admire most in Martha Washington? In Washington's mother?
7. Write in your own words an account of the services rendered by Washington to his country.
8. What qualities made Washington so serviceable to his country in his time? Do you think that these qualities would make him equally popular in our time?
9. Why did the Reverend John Carroll hasten back to his native land upon hearing that the colonies were about to take up arms against England?
10. Enumerate some of the services rendered the Church and our country by our first Archbishop.
11. What must one admire in Archbishop Carroll's private life?
12. What do you think caused Charles Carroll to be so much loved and revered?
13. Write from an imaginary visit with Charles Carroll all he might have told you about the Declaration of Independence.
14. Find out all you can about each of the three last surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence.
15. Describe the last public service of Charles Carroll to his country. Why did the great patriot think this act second in importance only to the signing of the Declaration of Independence?
16. What worthy statement did Charles Carroll make shortly before his death?
17. Tell how our national capital came to be located in the southern section of our country on the Potomac River.
18. Find out all you can about the artist Stuart and how he came to paint the Washington portrait which Mrs. Madison saved.
19. Describe an imaginary visit to our capitol at Washington.
20. Find out all you can about the White House.
21. Compare the opposite banks of the Potomac—Virginia and Maryland—in interestingly related events of historical importance.

Selections for Reading

Paul Revere's Ride—Longfellow
Independence Bell—W. R. Wallace
The Death of Jefferson—Hezekiah Butterworth
The Building of the Ship—Longfellow
Hail Columbia—Joseph Hopkinson
Maryland, My Maryland—James Ryder Randall
The Red, White, and Blue—David T. Shaw

VI

OUR NATIONAL BANNER

1. THE ORIGIN OF OUR FLAG

When the Norsemen first came to our continent about a thousand years ago, they brought with them their flag. This was a square yellow banner on which was pictured a raven with open beak and wide-spread wings. The flag next displayed on American soil was the one planted by Columbus on the island of San Salvador in 1492, and again in 1498 at the mouth of the Orinoco River in South America.

Two flags floated from the masts of Columbus's ships. One of these was the royal banner of Spain (1),* which country then comprised the two kingdoms of Castile and Leon. Its standard, therefore, showed four alternate red and white fields. Two golden castles on the red fields stood for Castile, and two red lions on the white fields for Leon. The other banner displayed by Columbus was called the "Flag of the Expedition" (2). It was pure white and swallow-tailed in form, with a green cross in its center, green being the emblem of hope, and the cross that of Christianity. On either side of the cross were golden crowns and below these the letters F and Y, the initials of the names of Ferdinand and Isabella, the King and Queen of Spain.

Spain had floated her royal banner over her American possessions for more than a hundred years when the English flag was for the first time permanently planted at Jamestown. But, during the seventeenth century, England took possession of the Atlantic seaboard in real earnest and established colonies all along the coast from

* Figures refer to frontispiece.

Canada to Florida. These settlements, including those originally started by the Dutch and Swedes, were thirteen in number. They formed the beginning of our present United States and are therefore known as the thirteen original colonies, or the "Old Thirteen." Though these thirteen colonies were founded under different flags—English, Dutch, and Swedish—the Dutch and Swedish colonies eventually came under English rule and therefore the flag of England, or King's Colors (3), as it was called, was really the flag of the thirteen colonies.

In truth, however, the colonies were quite independent of each other, and used almost any flag they wished. The pine-tree flag (4, 5) was the popular banner of New England. There were two forms of this flag. One had a red ground, the other a blue. The canton in each was white, and was quartered with a red cross, a pine tree being displayed in the first quarter. The flag (6) used by the Massachusetts troops was white with a green pine tree in the center and the words, "An Appeal to Heaven," across the top. A standard with thirteen alternate red and white stripes was in use throughout the colonies. It was known as the continental flag.

The rattlesnake flag (7), in various forms, was also popular, especially in South Carolina. It was adopted in a defiant spirit and expressed forcibly the feelings of the colonies. At first, the snake was represented as cut into parts. The words, "Join or Die," were inscribed beneath it. Another flag of this type (8), used by the commander-in-chief of the American navy, was a yellow ensign upon which was represented a rattlesnake with the warning beneath, "Don't Tread on Me." The same motto was used on still a third rattlesnake flag (9) which consisted either of thirteen alternate red and white, or red and blue stripes. On this ensign the snake was stretched obliquely

across the stripes. The snake represented on all these flags generally had thirteen rattles.

Another famous (10) flag used in the South was a blue banner devised by Colonel Moultrie. It had a white crescent in the inner upper corner and on it was inscribed the word "Liberty" in large white letters. At one time the forces under Washington carried a white flag (11) on which was a crossed sword and staff, the latter being surmounted by a liberty cap. Above the design was the motto, "Liberty or Death." Another popular white flag (12) had blue bands across the top and bottom and a pine tree in the center. Above it were inscribed the words, "Liberty Tree," and below, "An Appeal to God."

These are some of the many different flags used by the various colonies. They tell us in clear and forcible language just how the colonists felt toward the mother country. England became more and more oppressive and her colonies finally united and entered upon a war for the purpose of forcing her to treat them fairly. They had, however, no intention as yet of separating from her; but, since they had united, they now needed a common standard.

Their rightful flag, the King's Colors, should have served as such. But, of course, it was quite improper to carry the King's Colors in battle against the King's Colors, though it actually did happen that colonial ships bearing the King's Colors were sent out to fight against the King's own ships. Nor could they have done otherwise; for, had these armed vessels gone to sea without a flag, they would have been considered and treated as pirates. It was, therefore, clearly necessary that the colonies adopt a flag of their own for use in the army and navy. So a committee, with Benjamin Franklin at the head, was appointed to consult General George Washington, then at Cambridge, about the matter. The result

was a new flag, which expressed most fittingly the general feeling of the American colonies.

Before describing this new flag, it will be well to acquaint ourselves with its origin. For this purpose, we must go nearly seven centuries back in history. Then a flag, known as the Cross of St. George (13), became the national standard of England. This standard was a white banner with a red vertical cross. St. George was the patron of England, and hence the use of St. George's cross in the flag. St. Andrew was the patron of Scotland; therefore the Cross of St. Andrew (14), a blue banner with a white oblique cross, was the national flag of Scotland. Just four years before the settlement of Jamestown, King James VI of Scotland became also James I of England and the two crowns were united. Accordingly, the red vertical cross of St. George was placed (3) upon the white oblique cross in the blue banner of Scotland.

For a hundred years, this banner was known as the King's Colors. It was, however, not the flag of either country as yet, but only the personal banner of the king. England still had its own flag, St. George's Cross, and Scotland its own banner, St. Andrew's Cross. Only in 1707, when both kingdoms came to have but one parliament, did the King's Colors, also known as Union Jack, become the flag of Great Britain and all her colonies.

We may wonder why the English flag is called Union Jack. It probably derived this name from the name James, which in French is Jacques. It may also have been named thus from the surcoat called jacket, or jack for short, on which either cross was originally worn as a badge. Thus the cross itself may have come to be called a jack, and, when the two crosses were united, a union jack (3).

You may ask, "What has all this to do with the flag

devised by the rebellious original colonies?" Very much indeed. For the King's Colors was their flag as English colonies. Nor did they wish to discard it altogether, since they still loved their mother country, though they were even then engaged in war against her. They very appropriately, however, fashioned a flag (15) of thirteen alternate red and white stripes, using the King's Colors as a canton in its upper and inner quarter.

The "thirteen rebellious stripes," as they were called, stood for the union of the colonies in defense of their rights, while the King's Colors in the upper and inner corner represented the loyalty of the colonies to the mother country despite her oppressive treatment. This new banner, or Union Flag, as it was called, was hoisted for the first time over Washington's army at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on January 1, 1776. As it gracefully unfurled its American stripes and British crosses to the winds, it was joyously hailed by the soldiers with thirteen lusty cheers and a salute of thirteen guns.

2. THE MEANING OF OUR FLAG

PART ONE. A VISIT TO ITS BIRTHPLACE

About ninety-five miles up the Delaware is located Philadelphia. It is noted for some of the most important events in our country's history. Here the Continental Congress met for the first time, here Independence was declared, here the Constitution was framed, and here was located at different times and for many years, the nation's seat of government. But this beautiful city is famous for still another great historical event.

A walk of a few blocks from the Delaware River bank along Arch Street will bring us to a small house with a store front. It is two stories high and has an attic with a dormer window. The house number, seen to the left, is

239, though it was once 89. This house is the last of a whole row of ancient buildings which originally lined this



THE BIRTHPLACE OF OUR FLAG

end of Arch Street. The brick of which it is built, we are told, served as ballast, or weights, in the ship *Welcome*,

which, in 1682, brought William Penn, the founder of Philadelphia, to America. The good Quaker, it is said, personally supervised the building of this house.

The heavy shutters of the two second story windows are thrown open and we note that they are joined with hand-made nails and hinged with hand-made screws. In the show-window are displayed portraits, pictures, and flags. On a sign running way across the front of the building we read, printed in large letters, the words: "BIRTHPLACE OF OLD GLORY" and "OPEN TO THE PUBLIC."

Shall we enter through the rather low door which stands ajar as if to welcome us? Yes, for we are curious to know what is inside this quaint little structure. We cross the threshold. The furnishings of the room and the articles exhibited in it assure us that we are in some historical museum.

Here is a little back parlor. Its floor of wide oaken boards is quite as strong now as when it was first laid. How cozy that ancient fireplace! It reminds us of the long ago when the ruddy flames within it lit up the grave faces of Quaker councillors and Indian chiefs as they sat here smoking the pipe of peace together.

But of greater interest to us than the serious-faced circle of Quakers and redmen, is another noble group who met on business in this same little back room nearly one and one-half centuries ago. At the time Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, a widowed niece by marriage of Colonel George Ross, conducted an upholstery shop here. She was much famed for her skill with the needle.

On this particular day of our story, in June, 1777, the mistress and her maids were diligently at work with scissors and needle in the front part of the house. There was a quick, firm rap at the door. It immediately opened

and the surprised little circle arose to greet—whom do you think? None other than General George Washington. How tall and stately he must have appeared in the humble little room which he entered, stooping somewhat not to strike against the frame of the door! Washington was followed by Colonel Ross and Robert Morris. The Colonel gracefully introduced his niece, Betsy Ross, as she was known, to his two friends. She showed her noble company into the little back room where they were soon comfortably seated.

Betsy Ross was clad in a plain working dress. A white kerchief was neatly arranged about her neck and shoulders, and her hair was caught up in a dainty cap. She thus presented an interesting figure indeed as she sat in her high-backed chair, wondering what errand had brought these distinguished men to her humble home.

Washington was the first to speak. He explained to her in his clear, quiet manner that, since the colonies had united and declared themselves a new and independent nation, they could now no longer use the Union Flag, but needed a standard all their own. Therefore the Continental Congress had appointed his two companions and himself to design and have made a flag that would fittingly represent the new nation. He then asked her if she could make such a flag. She replied, "I shall try." Hereupon Washington drew his chair to the table and laid before her his pencil sketch of a square flag. It had thirteen horizontal stripes and a field in the inner upper corner on which were shown thirteen six-pointed stars.

"The stripes," he said, "represent the thirteen states and are to be alternate red and white. The field is to be blue and the stars, which stand for the union of the colonies, are to be white." "We take," he continued, "the stars from heaven; the red from the cross of our mother

country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her; and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing liberty."

Good Betsy Ross listened eagerly to every word. "Could anyone else," thought she to herself, "have devised a more fitting or a more beautiful national banner?" And when Washington asked her how she liked his plan for the flag, she answered with enthusiasm: "Your idea is truly splendid!" She begged, however, to offer a few suggestions. "Sir," she said, "a star, to be correct, must have five points."

"Truly," said Washington, "five-pointed stars will look better, too; but won't they be more easily made with six points?"

"Not necessarily so," declared Betsy. And folding a piece of cloth, she produced a five-pointed star with one quick cut of her scissors.

Washington and his companions were pleased with her skill. "Furthermore," she continued, "a flag should be one-third longer than its width; besides, on your sketch the stars are scattered about at random. Would it not be better to arrange them in lines or in the form of a star or of a circle?"

Washington was especially pleased with the last suggestion. "The idea of a circle," said he, "is good, for as a circle has no end, so our nation shall be for all time and shall never cease."

Drawing his chair closer to the table, he took his pencil and paper and made a new design. This design, in accordance with Betsy's suggestions, provided for a flag oblong in shape, with thirteen alternate red and white stripes and with a blue field displaying a circle of thirteen white five-pointed stars.

"This will undoubtedly make a most beautiful emblem,"

declared Betsy, when Washington had finished his drawing. "I am very much indebted to you, gentlemen, for entrusting me with so honorable a task."

Delighted with the success of their errand, the company rose and bowed their thanks to good Betsy Ross.

On departing, Washington promised Betsy to have a water color copy of his penciled sketch made for her. He furthermore advised her to go to the wharf and look at some of the flags used on the ships.

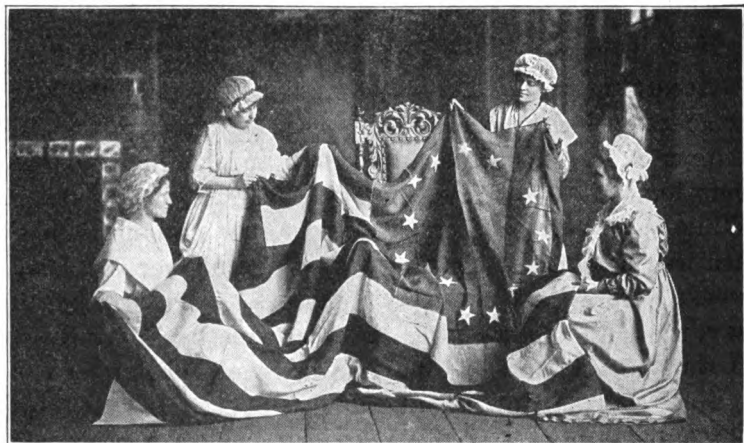
Betsy promptly visited the river bank and succeeded in borrowing an old flag for the purpose of seeing how the sewing on it was done. But if Betsy Ross was a skilled seamstress, did she really need to see how flags were sewed? We must remember that sewing machines had not yet been invented and the work on flags, which were exposed to wind and battle, had to be very well done. Before leaving the wharf, Betsy was also handed the painted pattern of the flag she was to make.

The industrious little woman quickly set to work. With the help of the young women in her shop, the red cotton cloth was cut into seven long strips and the white into six. The strips of red and white were neatly sewed together with strong thread and double stitches. The pretty blue field was next carefully measured and the thirteen white stars arranged in a circle upon it. Then it was firmly fastened in its proper place and—our first national flag (16) was completed.

"From dusk till dawn the livelong night
They kept the tallow dips alight,
And fast their nimble fingers flew
To sew the stars upon the blue.
With weary eyes and aching head
They stitched the stripes of white and red,
And when the day came up the stair,
Complete across a carven chair
Hung Betsy's starry flag."

Would you not like to have been one of that fair group of seamstresses who were the first to gaze upon our beautiful Star Spangled Banner as their mistress spread it out proudly before them?

Betsy Ross promptly sent her specimen flag to the committee. They were delighted with it, and, wishing to see how it looked when unfurled, ran it up the highest



BETSY ROSS AND HER MAIDS HAVE COMPLETED OUR FIRST NATIONAL FLAG

mast of one of the ships lying in the wharf. The new standard was greeted with shouts of applause by a number of by-standers. So satisfied and pleased were the committee with the new banner that they carried it before Congress that same day. Congress immediately adopted it as the national flag of the United States on June 14, 1777. June 14, therefore, is the birthday of our flag and is now celebrated throughout the United States as Flag Day.

Colonel Ross himself brought Betsy the good news that Congress had approved of her flag. He also gave orders to purchase all the necessary material and make as many

flags as she possibly could. From that time forward, for over fifty years, Betsy Ross made flags for the United States government. She was assisted and succeeded in this work by her children and grandchildren, all of whom have told and retold the story of our flag as it is given here. Her home, the birthplace of our flag, is still known as the Betsy Ross House, and is kept in repair by an association formed for the purpose.

PART TWO. THE MISSION OF OUR STAR SPANGLED BANNER

According to a decision of Congress, the new flag was to go into use throughout the country beginning with September 3, 1777. Hence Betsy Ross and her maids were very busy getting ready a supply of flags for distribution. While they were thus employed, our new national standard was hoisted for the first time in actual service some weeks before the day set by Congress. And, strange to say, the flag displayed was not one made by Betsy Ross. It was, nevertheless, a genuine Star Spangled Banner.

How contradictory it all sounds! Yet it is true, and came about in this simple manner: Where now stands the city of Rome in New York, was located during the early part of the Revolution, Fort Stanwix. It was occupied by United States soldiers. On August 6, 1777, there was fought not far from it, at Oriskany, one of the bloodiest battles of the Revolution. The engagement ended in a victory for the Americans, who, during the combat, had captured five English flags. These they hoisted upside down above Fort Stanwix and unfurled over them all the first Star Spangled Banner ever raised.

But where did they get this banner? Betsy Ross's supply of flags was not sent out until September third, and therefore Fort Stanwix had not yet been provided with a flag. Its officers and soldiers, however, knew how to

help themselves. They had heard our new flag described and knew just how it looked. So this is what they did: They cut up some soldiers' shirts to form the white stripes and stars. A flannel petticoat supplied the red stripes, and the blue field was made of a captain's cloak. Although put together with such queer material, this improvised flag consisted, like Betsy Ross's, of thirteen alternate red and white stripes and of a blue field with a wreath of thirteen white stars in the inner upper corner.

The Stars and Stripes was first displayed at sea in 1777 by John Paul Jones on his brig, *The Ranger*. Captain Gray in his ship *Columbia* was the first to carry the flag around the world. He left Boston in 1787 and returned in 1790. As he entered Boston harbor, proudly flying the Stars and Stripes over a cargo of tea secured in China, the cannon boomed and crowds of people flocked to the shore to cheer the flag and honor the *Columbia's* brave captain.

The flag with thirteen stripes and thirteen stars was used for eighteen years. By that time two new states, Vermont and Kentucky, had joined the Union. Accordingly, two stripes and two stars were added to the flag in 1795. It was this flag, (17) with fifteen stripes and fifteen stars, that waved over our unfinished Capitol when the British set it on fire. Proud of the night's achievement, they determined to repeat their work of destruction at Baltimore. But the people of Baltimore were prepared for the attack.

The British at first thought the city an easy prey. But for twenty-four hours they rained shot and shell without any noticeable effect upon Fort McHenry, which guarded the entrance to the harbor. So they ceased the cannonading a little after midnight, and, with the first streaks of dawn, lifted their anchors and departed from

the city. When they had left, a little American boat carrying two men made its way to the city. It had been moored close to the British admiral's flagship during the night.

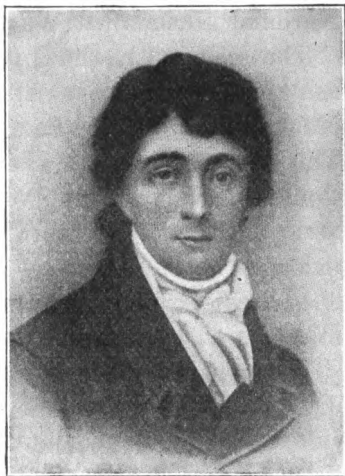
How did these Americans happen to be with the enemy during the bombardment of Fort McHenry? One of them, Francis Scott Key, had gone before the attack began to ask the British commander for the release of a prisoner who was his friend. His wish was granted, but the two friends were obliged to remain until the attack on the city would be ended. They spent their time eagerly watching the flag which floated above Fort McHenry during the bombardment. Now and then they caught a glimpse of it when during the dark hours of the night it was lit up by the blazing of the cannon. But after the firing stopped, the darkness of the night hid it from their view and they became much troubled. "Has the fort surrendered?" they asked. "Oh, if morning would only come to tell us whether our flag is still there!"

At length, when morning dawned, they saw indistinctly the outline of some flag flying over the fort. Still they could not tell which flag it was, no matter how much they strained their eyes. But as the day grew lighter the flag suddenly unfurled gracefully to the morning breezes. Ah! Now they saw that it was not the English flag, but their own starry banner. Fort McHenry still stood and Baltimore was safe. Overjoyed by the fact, Francis Key took from his pocket an old letter and on the back of it told the inspiring story in a most beautiful poem entitled "The Star Spangled Banner."

On reaching the city, Francis Key gave a copy of the poem to a relative who had helped defend the fort during the night. This relative sent it to a printing office. The

printer snatched the first sheet from the press and hastened to a tavern which he knew was crowded with patriots. Waving aloft the paper as he entered, he called for attention and then read the poem aloud.

The reading was cheered with loud applause and the cry, "Sing it! Sing it!" And then and there was sung for the first time the Star Spangled Banner to a tune borrowed from a piece of music for the flute, entitled "Anacreon in Heaven." The song was at once caught up and sung throughout the country. It is now played by the bands on our war vessels and at the evening parades of our military posts. Foreign nations recognize it as our national song, and as such it will probably stand until we shall have another suitable original poem set to some stirring melody composed by an American musician.



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Properly speaking, we have not, as yet, any national hymn. The Star Spangled Banner describes only a single incident, whereas, our national anthem, when it is written, must express the whole of our nation's aspirations—its trust in God; its devout confidence in a just cause; its devotion to right; and, finally, its firm purpose rather to die than to submit to injuries or wrong. It may not be boastful nor speak of vengeance. It must breathe the spirit of a Washington and of a Lincoln rather than that of a Caesar or a Napoleon.

However, the flag that gave birth to the inspiring song which comes so near to being a really national hymn, still exists as a proof that our flag once had fifteen stars and fifteen stripes. For the scorched and tattered banner (17) that waved so nobly over Fort McHenry and unfolded so gracefully to the eager eyes of Francis Key "by the dawn's early light" is still preserved in our National Museum at Washington.

The flag with the fifteen stripes and fifteen stars remained our national standard for twenty-three years. Meanwhile the Union had grown to number twenty states. This necessitated another change in the flag. Hence Congress declared that we return to the original thirteen stripes, but that henceforth a star be added in the blue field on the admission of every new state. Accordingly, the blue field in our present flag (18) displays forty-eight stars, one for each of the states in our Union.

When in 1861 a number of the southern states withdrew from the Union, they chose a flag (19) of their own, called the "Stars and Bars." This flag had a white stripe between two red ones, and a blue field with seven stars arranged in a circle. But after the Civil War the whole nation became once more united under the Stars and Stripes.

"Furl that banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it—it is best;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!"

Such, then, is the origin and such the history of our national banner. And if you were now asked, "What is a flag?" would you feel satisfied to answer, "It is merely a piece of colored silk or cotton cloth"?

Ah, no! You would certainly say, "It is a great deal more!" And so it is. Its highest beauty is its meaning,

and it represents a meaning that is, in a degree, sacred. For when we see a nation's flag we see not the flag only, but the nation itself. We read in this flag that nation's God-given power to govern, that nation's principles and its history. Our starry banner had its origin in the union of the colonies and their efforts to secure freedom from oppression, even at the cost of a desperate struggle. And as it stood for union and freedom then, it still stands for a united people, for liberty, for noble aspirations, for peace, and for the protection of all who love liberty.

Its very colors have a language clear and beautiful. White is for purity, red for courage, blue for loyalty, and all together—stripes, stars, and colors—rippling in the breeze against the vaulted dome of heaven, form our beautiful red, white, and blue banner, the emblem of our nation and the pride and joy of our hearts.

Questions for Thought

1. Trace the flags used on the Atlantic coast of America previous to the Declaration of Independence.
2. Why would it not do for the colonies to use the King's Colors in battle against the King's Colors?
3. What does the flag of a nation mean to its citizens?
4. Find out all you can about the affection and loyalty soldiers have shown to their flag.
5. Tell in what positions the flag should be displayed on the various holidays and other special occasions.
6. Draw in colors, or sew, or paste together a flag in the form it is today.
7. Why can "The Star Spangled Banner" not be considered suitable to be our national hymn?

Selections for Reading

The Star Spangled Banner—Francis Scott Key

The Flag—Arthur Macy

The American Flag—Joseph Rodman Drake

Betsy's Battle Flag—Minna Irving

Barbara Frietchie—John Greenleaf Whittier

Our Conquered Banner—A. J. Ryan

The Man Without a Country—Edward E. Hale

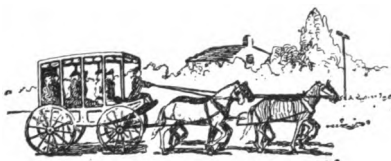
VII

WEST TO THE MISSISSIPPI

1. COLONIAL MEANS OF TRAVEL

PART ONE. BY STAGE FROM NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA

Suppose we take an imaginary colonial trip by land from New York to Charleston, South Carolina, about the year 1790. Not earlier than this, because we do not care to test the rude stages or traveling wagons which were used at an earlier date and which, we are told, were not



STAGE COACH

even set on springs. These first stages required three whole days to go from New York to Philadelphia, a journey which can now be made in two hours.

Here we are at our starting place, New York City. Across the street is a tavern. Near it is our coach which goes by the singular title of "flying machine" because it can make the trip of ninety miles in two days. We smile as we look at this queerly named carriage. It is merely a large clumsy wagon surmounted by a huge top-covered box which rests on lame springs. The driver is impatient to start and we hastily climb to our seats and off we go.

It is early morning in midsummer, only three o'clock. We still feel drowsy and begin to fear that we may fall asleep and tumble suddenly from our seats. We are, however, startled into wakefulness upon reaching the Hudson River. Its waters are unusually rough today and the

wind is high. Still we venture the dangerous passage on a leaky ferry and finally reach the New Jersey shore. The roads become more and more rugged as we advance, and we jolt roughly along over furrows, rocks, and stumps. We are obliged to hold to our seats, and to cling to each other. Now our wagon tips dangerously to one side. Lo!—it loses its balance and—over we go.—

Thankful to have escaped with nothing worse than a bad scare and a few bruises, we scramble to our feet and quickly help to turn our coach back on its wheels. We then follow the wagon on foot for a change. On getting tired, we again mount to our places and rumble clumsily along. Now our road is becoming more and more muddy. There must have been a recent heavy rainfall in this section of the country. Our wagon cuts deeper and deeper into the mud and mire. The jaded and worn-out horses can scarcely pull us along. Each time the poor creatures draw their feet out of the sticky clay, there is a sound something like the report of a pistol. At length we come to a complete standstill—our horses can go no farther—we are hopelessly stuck in the mud. We have no other choice but to get out. Making our way ankle-deep through the pitchy mire, we secure a few rails from a fence near by and with them finally pry our coach out of the mud.

Once safe out of the mud-hole, we again move on. With a sigh of relief we soon find ourselves jolting along on a corduroy road, a track formed of logs laid side by side. Shall we now enjoy a little more comfort? Alas, no, see those deep, inky-looking holes! Oh, how we do hump and bump along.—Smack! dash! crash! down we go into a hole half a yard deep.—Out and away we jolt once more, and before long we come to a river which has flooded its banks. The bridge creaks and cracks and sways beneath our weight. Will it sink and drop us into the deep flood

below? We hold our breath for very fear—at length we reach the other side—we are safe!

Wading knee-deep through water and mud and swamp, our faithful horses again drag us steadily onward. Now we meet a great, clumsy cart drawn by oxen. Look at the immensely high and solid wheels! They are merely thin slices cut from the butt of a huge log. The hubs of these wheels are three feet from the ground. Its inmates do not need to fear crossing an ordinary brook or river, for the water will scarcely reach the box of the cart. Again we come upon a stream, but, alas, we find no bridge. What shall we do? We risk a perilous crossing upon a rude raft and again the opposite shore is reached in safety.

On, on we press. Only at the end of the first long day of eighteen hours do we stop at a wayside tavern for a frugal supper, a night's rest on a hard bed, and a fresh pair of horses for the next day's ride. We rest well, and morning comes all too soon. Though it is only three o'clock, a sharp blast from the driver's horn summons us to renew our tiresome journey. And go we must, no matter how much our bones may be aching; no matter how much the rain may pour or the wind may blow. At length, after two days of this sort of traveling, we roll into Philadelphia, a very cramped and tired company indeed.

PART TWO. ON TO CHARLESTON

But we must not tarry too long in the interesting city of Philadelphia, for the greatest and most difficult part of our journey is still before us. No stage runs southward from the city; hence, we must proceed by some other means of travel. But since Pennsylvania has better roads than any other colony, and these all radiate from Philadelphia like spokes of a wheel from the hub, we can easily continue our way by chaise to the end of

one of these highways. Speeding quite smoothly along, we meet, now a file of packhorses, now a train of white-covered wagons. These white-covered conveyances are named Conestoga wagons after a creek which flows into the Susquehanna River in Pennsylvania. Both, the packhorses and the wagons, are heavily laden with farm products and are making their way to Philadelphia. Now we quite catch up to a long train of wagons carrying



A PACKHORSE

all sorts of products purchased in Philadelphia. But there must be some trouble. Ah! they have come to a very muddy stretch of the road. Their horses are fairly floundering in the mire. The drivers with their trousers rolled up have joined team to team to help each other pull out of the deep mud. By a roundabout way we evade the muddy part of the road. What does that stake and sign straight ahead mean? "Danger! quicksand pits!" is what we read as we draw nearer. Joined by all the teamsters, we now pull down a fence and make a new road through the fields. Before long the train of wagons is again moving on. But where are they going?

To the end of the road, where there will be hundreds of packhorses to carry the goods from the city to the scattered homes and villages of the surrounding country.

We pass the slow train of wagons and soon leave it far behind. The scenes about us are now becoming more lonely and our rugged road finally terminates altogether at the door of a little tavern. There are no horses to be had, and we are obliged to continue our way on foot along a plainly marked Indian trail through a dense forest.



A CONESTOGA WAGON

By and by our path becomes more indistinct and ere long we completely lose track of it. Nor can we find it again though we search and wander about for an hour or more. Night is fast coming on—the forest is very heavy overhead. The boughs are so closely matted together by twining vines as to shut out every ray of moonlight and every cooling breeze. The darkness is becoming frightful and we are almost suffocating from heat and want of air. But we must nevertheless spend the night in this dreadful place. There is no other choice. So we sit closely together upon the ground and try to be brave, though we scarcely venture to speak above a whisper. The low growl of a bear near by brings us to our feet. Dread silence pre-

vails for a while. We are again quite at ease when the howl of a wolf and then the cry of a panther resound through the stillness of the night. But more than these savage beasts we fear the highway robbers. The gold and silver coins quilted into the waistcoats of colonial travelers have more than once proved a rich prize to the covetous highwayman and have brought poverty and even death to the lonely wanderer.

But nothing happens to us. Morning dawns and we begin to move hopefully about in search of our lost trail!

How fortunate that the postman on horseback happens to come along just now! For we must remember that he only travels this way when he has received enough mail to pay the expense of his trip. And this expense, based upon the amount of mail carried, is often sufficiently great to place a postage of twenty-five cents on a single letter. Besides, the receiver of the letter is usually expected to pay the expense of the

sending. Need we wonder then that people write to each other only rarely and that the postman needs to visit the remote settlements scarcely once a month?

But undoubtedly the postman is as welcome in these lonely out-of-the-way places as his visits are rare. He always announces his arrival in a post-town by blowing loudly on a little horn. How eagerly the people flock to meet him! Still, no one can be more happy over the post-



A POSTRIDER ON A CORDUROY ROAD

rider's coming than we have been just now.—Here at last is our lost bridle path. The deep tracks left by the hoofs of the good man's horse now mark it very clearly. We are glad to find also as we walk briskly along that the trees have been blazed and stand out as safe guideposts.

Proceeding for some time along the banks of a narrow but deep and rapid river our path suddenly leads upon a large tree lying directly across the stream. We walk upon it to the other side, wondering meanwhile how the postman got across. As if in answer to our question a loud splash in the water behind us attracts our attention. A mounted hunter has plunged into the stream. His faithful horse, shoulder-deep in water, is making bravely toward the bank on which we are standing. For a while, horse and rider seem in great peril of being swallowed up and carried away by the current. However, they finally succeed in reaching the bank. If the postrider had as hard a time of it as this horseman, he was most certainly obliged to spread out his mail in the sun to dry.



AN OLD-TIME CHAISE

Once more we pursue our lonely path. On, on we journey for many days and weeks, one time on foot, then again on horseback, and sometimes in a sulky or chaise. But at length we come into a vast level country. We catch glimpses of great stately houses hidden among the trees. Whole throngs of negroes are plodding to work along our road. We make our way past fields of cotton and swamps of rice and finally reach Charleston, our destination.

It is needless to say that the people of colonial times made journeys like this but rarely, yet those who did venture to travel were always certain of a generous hospital-

ity. To the rich planters of the South any such chance guests were most welcome, for they always brought novelty and news of the world outside. With the household gathered around him before the blazing hearth, the newly arrived stranger would tell of the happenings in New York, Boston, Baltimore, or even England. Need we wonder then that such an interesting personage was treated to the best in food, drink, and comfort?

"For planters' tables, you must know
Are free for all that come and go."

But for these early means of travel, rude as they were, the colonial towns and settlements would have had little in common and could scarcely have prospered at all. The numerous waterways, the poor roads and winding bridle paths along which the early settlers traveled and trafficked, were therefore the very root and foundation of our country's early progress and development.

2. THROUGH CUMBERLAND GAP TO KENTUCKY

PART ONE. THE PIONEERS PUSH UP THE SLOPES OF THE ALLEGHANIES

The people of the thirteen original colonies kept spreading farther and farther over the unoccupied land. Industry and trade flourished more and more. While the whole Atlantic seaboard was thus beginning to teem with life and activity, the land west of the Alleghanies was still a desolate wilderness. A class of sturdy pioneers known as backwoodsmen had, however, pushed their way up the slopes and into the rugged highland valleys of the Alleghanies, quite close to the unexplored wilds beyond.

They lived in their rude log cabins and raised crops of corn and garden products in the stump-dotted clearings.

These simple, unlearned people liked the lonely life of the wilderness with its wild and bold freedom. The shady, quiet woodlands with their numerous living creatures were far more interesting to them than were the politics, the comforts, or the interesting social gatherings of the seaboard towns and cities. Dangers and difficulties made these people only more hardy, brave, and fearless. Familiar with the rifle, they feared neither the wild beasts of the forests and mountains nor the prowling bands of hostile Indians.

They were wonderfully fond of hunting, which in those times was not only a sport, but rather a serious occupation. The furs and skins of the animals served the backwoodsmen as money in similar manner as tobacco did the Virginians and other southern colonists. With his peltries the backwoodsman bought his homespun clothing, his household utensils, his field and garden tools, and his articles for the chase. The wild meat formed the principal article of food for the family table.

Westward from the clearings of the backwoodsmen continued a dense, unbroken forest. It extended all through the mountains and down their western slope to where the Kentucky and Cumberland Rivers have their sources. Beyond this lay a land of wondrous beauty, a land of wooded hills and flowering glades, of grassy prairies and lofty woodland groves, of flowing rivers and brakes of leafy cane. Here roamed the shaggy buffalo in countless thousands. Here the elk and the deer abounded. Bears, too, as well as the wolf and panther, were numerous, while the canebrakes fairly teemed with feathered game.

Well did it merit the name of "hunter's paradise" as given it by one of its first explorers. The Indians, however, called it "Kentucky," which means "among the meadows" in their language. Kentucky was the common

hunting ground of the northern and the southern Indian tribes, but neither dared dwell therein. It was truly a "no-man's land," crowded with game, but with not a wigwam, not a hut in its entire extent. The various tribes of Indians who came to hunt there frequently quarreled and made war upon each other. Consequently, Kentucky is also spoken of as the "dark and bloody ground."



A PART OF THE CUMBERLAND GAP TODAY

No road, not even a trail, led from the seaboard across the mountains into this wonderful houseless region in which thus far only the Indians and the wild beasts had roamed and reigned undisturbed. Was there not at least some waterway or canyon through which the white man might enter into this fair land? Yes, there was. Where the boundary line between Kentucky and Tennessee touches on the western extremity of Virginia is a deep, narrow passage through the Cumberland Mountains.

By and by, hunters and Indian traders pushed farther

into the wilderness. In 1748 a party of Virginians came upon the pass through which Indian war parties had tramped a trail known as the "warriors' path." They gave to the gap, as also to the mountains and the beautiful mountain stream rising near by, the name Cumberland, in honor of the English Duke of Cumberland.

Other hunters soon passed through Cumberland Gap and far beyond it into the fairyland of Kentucky. They returned with wonderful tales of all they had seen. Though most of the backwoodsmen paid little attention to these accounts, some of them began to look longingly to the wild land of game and forest and rushing waters.

Foremost among the latter was Daniel Boone, the hero of Kentucky. He was one of a family of eleven children and was born in the mountains of Pennsylvania, not far from Philadelphia, about the year 1734. He might therefore have been a playmate of the illustrious Washington, Bishop Carroll, and Charles Carroll, had the families been near neighbors.

Schools were few in those early days, especially in the backwoods. Daniel Boone learned to read, write, and cipher a little from the wife of his eldest brother. But the mild, quiet, serious-faced boy greatly loved the wild woods, and there learned a great deal more than books could tell him about the valleys and the hills, the storms and the floods, the trees and the flowers, the wild animals and the crafty redmen. Like his father, he took much pleasure in hunting and trapping, even while still a child.

We are told that on one occasion, during his boyhood, while roaming in the woods with some other boys, they came quite suddenly upon a vicious, growling panther. Daniel alone stood his ground, and, promptly raising his rifle to his shoulder, took a sure aim and killed the crouching animal. He was then not more than twelve years old.

The young hunter early made friends with the Indians. He visited, ate, hunted, and traveled with them, and thus learned all about their wild habits. He was quite as apt as were his wily red friends in tracking the deer, in stealing behind rocks with a soft tread to waylay his prey, in catching a glimpse of game in the treetops, or listening to the soft footfall of an approaching animal.

PART TWO. DANIEL BOONE DECIDES TO CROSS THE ALLEGHANIES

The growing population of Pennsylvania had crowded westward, and before long the steady blows of the woodsman's ax rivaled the sharp reports of the hunter's gun. Log cabins, surrounded by gardens and cornfields, multiplied on the clearings. The Boone family, finding its hunting grounds thus disturbed, decided to move where there were broader and freer lands. The family belongings were therefore packed in large canvas-covered wagons. In with this storage sat Mrs. Boone and the children. The men and boys rode on horseback, some at the head, and some in the rear driving the cattle. In this interesting manner our travelers made their way across the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, proceeded up the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, and finally settled on the Yadkin River in North Carolina.

In this promised land on the Yadkin we at length find Daniel Boone living in a snug little home of his own. It was a balmy evening in the autumn of 1768. The sun had just disappeared behind the western mountains and left the eastern foothills bathed in a bluish light. Every now and then the whip-poor-will would repeat his mournful cry, while the nighthawks and owls flitted and soared about in search of their evening meal. Except for these restless creatures, the scene was one of perfect peace and quiet beauty.

Boone was sitting on a wooden bench before his rude little log cabin. He was now a man in his middle thirties, not unusually tall, but finely built. One could not help but note the well-formed head, the high brow, the clear blue eyes, and the firmly set mouth. His broad, full chest



DANIEL BOONE

showed that he could run long and fast without becoming short of breath or getting tired. Out-of-door life and exercise had lent a graceful freedom to his whole bearing. His step was light and springy and carried him along so swiftly that not even an Indian could keep pace with him. Everybody who came in con-

tact with the quiet young man respected and admired him for his kind disposition, manly courage, rare prudence, and great skill and strength.

On this particular evening of our story, Mrs. Boone is finishing up the day's work within the cabin. Let us take a peep into the one-room little dwelling. The fireplace is large enough for great logs five or six feet in length. It contains a crane, or iron hook, from which hangs a kettle. In this kettle is cooked the simple food for the family table, such as corn-mush, vegetables, and meat. That wide iron kettle with legs can be placed on the red-hot coals and thus serve as an oven for baking bread. Sometimes this kettle is also used as a sort of frying pan to prepare savory steak for the table. A pair of

deer's horns over the fireplace are holding a hunting gun and a powder horn.

There on a shelf are the dishes used at the family meals—some pewter plates, forks, and spoons; also a number of wooden bowls and some squash shells for drinking cups. On one of the walls are great wooden pegs. From these are hanging, side by side, flitches of smoked wild meat and articles of clothing. The ladder in the corner leads to the attic under the rafters.

After having swept her white-scrubbed floor and arranged her shining bright milk tins upon the rack, Mrs. Boone calls in her little ones, who have been playing and romping about on the clearing. They are soon tucked lovingly into their little trundle bed. Then the happy mother joins her husband for a pleasant evening talk.

"Why so thoughtful and gloomy, Daniel?" says the cheery little woman as she seated herself beside him.

"I am thinking over the latest events, Rebecca. The trouble between England and the colonies is daily becoming more and more serious. The people are much oppressed by taxes, and are ready for open rebellion. There are, however, some, called Tories, who hold to the king, and they are anything but friendly. Then, too, the rich planters, with their fine houses, slaves, and luxuries of all kinds, seem to think that because they are wealthy they have greater rights than their poor neighbors who wear deer-skin clothing and dwell in log cabins.

"And," he continued, "a great number of settlers have moved in of late. They have reared their huts and made their clearings in yonder forest. The deer, the bears, the wolves, and the feathered game have fled to seek a freer life in the distant uninhabited forests far to the west. Owing to scarcity of game, I hunted farther into the

mountains this last time than I ever did on any other hunting trip. I even ventured as far as the Cumberland Mountains, and from a spur of these highlands looked down into a most beautiful country and there saw a wonderful sight indeed. A large herd of hundreds of buffalo were grazing undisturbed in the valley below. I was overjoyed on beholding a scene so grand. A great longing seized me to live and roam and hunt in the wilderness beyond. Why not, my dear Rebecca, move to this western land?"

At this moment the two became aware that a rather interesting visitor, a peddler with horse and wagon, had appeared on the scene. The newcomer alighted from his cart. He was clad in deerskin from head to toe, and carried a rifle. The man certainly looked more like a backwoods hunter than one who made a practice of offering small wares to the settlers' wives. Boone sprang to his feet. "Why, John Finley!" he cried joyfully. "You here? You could scarcely have chosen a better time. Come and sit down; I have much to tell and much to ask you."

The little group were soon engaged in an interesting conversation. Finley had twice been across the mountains. And he gave his fellow-hunter such a thrilling description of the wonderland of Kentucky, which he called a "second paradise," that Boone quite forgot his troubles. Until late into the night the two men talked.

"And are you going back?" asked Boone as they rose to part for the night.

"That I am," returned Finley. "Several other hunters will go too. And you, neighbor, you might come along."

And did Boone go along? Yes. After the winter had passed, he entrusted his family and new-sown crops to his brother, Squire Boone, and set out in quest of the country of Kentucky in company with Finley and four other men.

PART THREE. BOONE VISITS KENTUCKY AND BLAZES THE
WILDERNESS ROAD

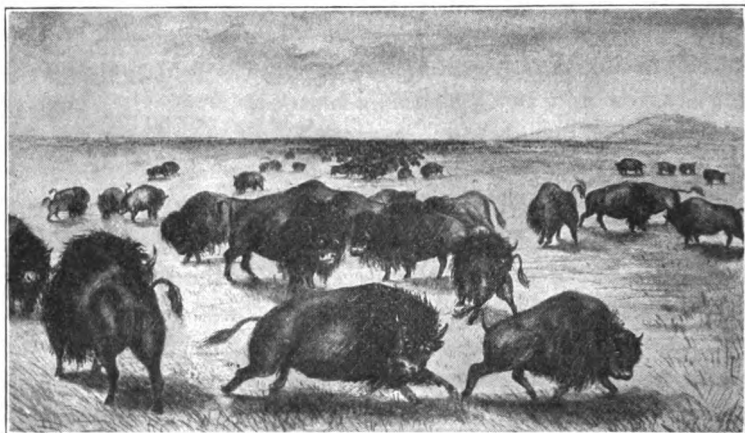
Can you picture Boone and his companions as they passed through their home settlement toward the mountains beyond? They were clothed in comfortable deerskin hunting suits. As head-covering each wore a soft cap of coonskin with the bushy tail dangling in the back. Stout moccasins were laced about their feet. With their trusty rifles resting lightly upon their shoulders and their hunting knives and powder horns hanging from their belts, they passed briskly on, greeting their neighbors to the right and the left as they went.

On, on they went, climbing and tramping and sliding their way over the blue western wall into the valley beyond, and thence on through Cumberland Gap into—the “hunter’s paradise.”

They had been one whole month on the way, but the beauty and bounty of the pleasant valleys and rolling forest lands of Kentucky amply rewarded them for the hardships of their long and tiresome tramp. The salt spring regions fairly swarmed with beasts of many kinds—water-fowl, turkey, deer, elk, and buffalo. The huge, clumsy buffalo had trodden down the young trees and bushes about many of the springs. In some instances the ground thus left bare was covered with a rich growth of red clover. For months Boone and his companions enjoyed such hunting as had perhaps never fallen to the lot of any other American hunter. But they were soon to learn that the Indians meant Kentucky to be “no-man’s land” and that, whoever should enter it, would be regarded as a foe. Boone and one of his companions, named Stewart, were one day captured by the redmen. Both soon escaped and returned to camp, only to find the rest of the party

gone and the hut in ashes. Nothing whatever could be learned concerning the fate of the four missing men.

Meanwhile Boone's family and other relatives had become quite alarmed over his long absence, and Squire Boone was sent out in search of his brother. Thus it happened that Daniel and Squire Boone one day met unexpectedly in the woods. The meeting was a most joyful



A HERD OF BUFFALO

one. But the gladness of the brothers was changed to sorrow when, soon after, Stewart was shot and scalped by the Indians.

The two Boones passed the winter together without any further Indian attacks. But they did not venture to do much hunting, and when springtime came they had not gathered enough peltries to make a five-hundred-mile trip to the nearest market worth while. But they sorely needed ammunition, so Squire returned to North Carolina for supplies.

Few men could have endured being thus left alone as Daniel was without even a dog or a horse for a companion.

But the sturdy backwoodsman spent no time in bemoaning his lonely lot. He explored the wilderness, following the buffalo trails to the salt licks, and the rivers to their sources and mouths. He studied the country and its vegetation, and marked good locations for settlements. During all these roamings he was in constant danger of Indian attacks, and therefore always slept under the open sky, but never two nights in the same place.

But he really enjoyed his wild, roving life. Daily he became more and more charmed by all he saw, and determined to make Kentucky his home. After three months had passed, Squire returned with two horses, a supply of ammunition, and, best of all, news from Daniel's wife and children. The two brothers spent the fall and winter in hunting and exploring, and when spring came again they loaded their horses with all the peltries they could carry and set out for the old home on the Yadkin. Picture, if you can, the joy of Rebecca and her children when the weather-beaten hunter once more sat upon the wooden bench before his cabin after an absence of two years.

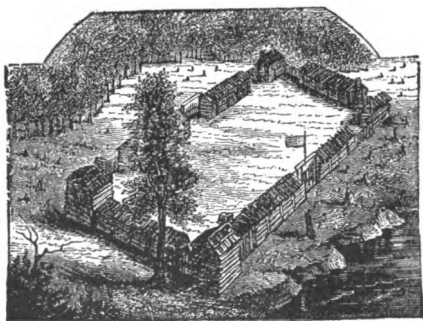
But Boone loved adventure too much to stay at home and follow the quiet life of a farmer. His one great ambition was to open a pathway across the mountains through which settlers might enter and enjoy the bounties of Kentucky. An opportunity to carry out his cherished idea soon presented itself. A company of wealthy men in North Carolina wished to buy from the Indians a large tract of western land which they might in turn sell off in small farms. They chose Daniel Boone to transact the business in their behalf.

The latter accordingly met a council of Cherokee Indians, and, in return for a large sum of money, secured from them the privilege of settling Kentucky. After the treaty had been arranged, a kindly old chieftain took

Boone by the hand and said, "Brother, we have given you a fine country, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it." And so he did.

To encourage immigration, the land company decided to construct a road leading into Kentucky and to build a fort at its terminus. Again Boone was entrusted with the undertaking. It is needless to say that he set about his task with a will. At the head of thirty well-armed workmen, hired for thirty-three cents a day, he cut and blazed a road two hundred miles long, from the Holston River in Carolina, over the mountains, through Cumberland Gap, to the Kentucky River. This rude track, the first across the eastern highlands to the unexplored West, is famous in history as Boone's Trail, or the Wilderness Road.

The new road ended near a salt lick on the southern bank of the Kentucky. Here was built Boonesboro, a



BOONESBORO

wooden fortification in the form of an oblong. Each corner of the oblong consisted of a two-story blockhouse. The sides were formed by log cabins which opened to the inside. The spaces between the cabins were filled out by a stockade or

high fence of huge logs sharpened and planted firmly in the ground. The opposite ends of the fort contained two heavy gates which could be securely closed when necessary. There were loopholes in the walls and corner buildings, from which the Indians could be watched and fired upon. This rude fortification, which could not have with-

stood the smallest battery, was, nevertheless, bullet-proof; and, since the Indians had no cannon, the walls were as difficult of entrance as those of a castle.

Thus were built the Wilderness Road and the frontier station of Boonesboro in 1775, the same year in which the first battle of the Revolution was fought and in which the first martyr's blood was shed at San Diego, in the interest of the California redmen.

PART FOUR. PIONEER LIFE IN KENTUCKY

Shortly after the completion of Boonesboro, Boone recrossed the mountains to bring his family to the new home he had prepared for them. He had previously brought them and a number of other emigrants as far west as Cumberland Gap. Here several of the company, among them Boone's eldest son, were killed in an Indian attack. Alarmed and discouraged, the party retreated forty miles back to a settlement on the Clinch River in Virginia.

This time Boone and his family reached Kentucky in safety; and Mrs. Boone and her daughters felt happy, indeed, when, standing on the banks of the Kentucky, Boone told them they would be famed in history as the first white women to look upon that stream and tread the fertile soil of beautiful Kentucky.

Other settlers soon followed through Cumberland Gap along the newly-cut Wilderness Road. Before long the frontier stations of Harrodsburg, Logansport, Bryan Station, and other forts patterned after Boonesboro, dotted the canebrakes of Kentucky and caused the frightened buffalo to stampede for the salt licks.

For some time the early pioneers of Kentucky were left quite in peace by the Indians. Their cattle gave them

plenty of milk; they made sugar from the sap of the maple, gathered honey from hollow bee-trees, and raised fine crops of corn on their clearings. The salt licks furnished them with plenty of salt, and there was an abundance of wild meat of every kind. In short, they enjoyed a rude plenty, and they were truly happy and prosperous in their new palisade homes.

But would the Indians let them thus peacefully settle in "no-man's land"? Ah, no! Hundreds of Shawnees, returning from their summer hunt in the southern hills, saw the innumerable trackings of men and beasts into their beloved hunting grounds. Amazed, they crept stealthily along the Wilderness Road and came upon the settlements. There was no longer any doubt; the white men had invaded their sacred hunting grounds. Their amazement gave way to savage wrath. Forthwith a runner was despatched to spread the news. "The Cherokees have sold Kentucky," was passed from tribe to tribe.

The Shawnees and Iroquois promptly gathered in council about their campfires. "Kentucky is 'no-man's land,'" said they. "The Cherokees have no right to sell it. We will defend our hunting grounds and give them up only with our lives."

Just then the Revolutionary War was well in progress, and the wrathful redmen enlisted eagerly in the services of the English. A regular Indian war upon the western settlements was the outcome. The "hunter's paradise" now became in truth a "dark and bloody ground." Its pioneer settlements suffered all the horrible outrages that could possibly be inflicted by savages who were determined to defend their hunting grounds as well as gain the rich rewards offered by the British commander at Detroit for every American scalp.

The anxiety and sufferings of the scattered bands of

settlers were terrible. Every step was beset with dangers. The hunter in quest of game was tracked and scalped. The workman starting on his way to the fields or salt licks was laid low at the very gates of the fort by an Indian's rifle. At times bands of hideously painted savages assailed the garrisons with terrible fury. Their war-whoops were awful to hear and their cruelties sickening



ATTACKED BY AN INDIAN

to gaze upon. All these horrors, together with the fact that the Indians were allies of the British, so alarmed the people that hundreds of them hastily packed up and returned to their old homes in the East. But for the influence of Boone and a number of other bold pioneers, the entire country of Kentucky would have been abandoned.

With the close of the Revolution, the redmen were quite subdued, and these frightful Indian raids upon the frontier settlements gradually ceased. Yet for many years after the war the people were never entirely secure against Indian treachery. Every now and then straggling savages

would kill a lonely farmer on his field, or kidnap an unsuspecting woman or an unguarded child.

Among the pioneer heroes who helped Boone settle and save Kentucky must especially be mentioned Simon Kenton, a most skilled Indian fighter, and George Rogers Clark, the hero of our next story. John Sevier and James Robertson stand out as leaders in the early settlement of Tennessee. But the West was neither discovered, settled, nor won by any single man; we owe its conquest to all the backwoodsmen. Still, among them Boone stands out as the hero of heroes, from the fact that he was able to turn his daring Indian craft to the advantage of his fellow-pioneers. Everybody was willing to entrust Daniel Boone with even the most adventurous enterprise. He was never known to boast, nor could he be influenced to do anything small or low. His self-command, patience, daring, and trust in himself inspired with confidence all who came near him.

When sixty years of age the great pioneer, accompanied by his wife, again slipped away from advancing civilization into the wilderness beyond the Mississippi. There he settled in what is now the state of Missouri. By trapping and hunting diligently for some time he soon saved a large sum of money, which he forthwith carried to Kentucky. Imagine his joy when he saw how the pioneer settlements had grown and prospered. He could not help but recall the winter when he was the only white man in all the breadth and length of this beautiful country which was now so rapidly filling up with people.

But it was not curiosity, not even his great love for the old place, that brought Boone back to Kentucky, but rather an important business affair. On one occasion, many years previous, when Boone was returning to Kentucky from a visit on the Yadkin River, he carried with

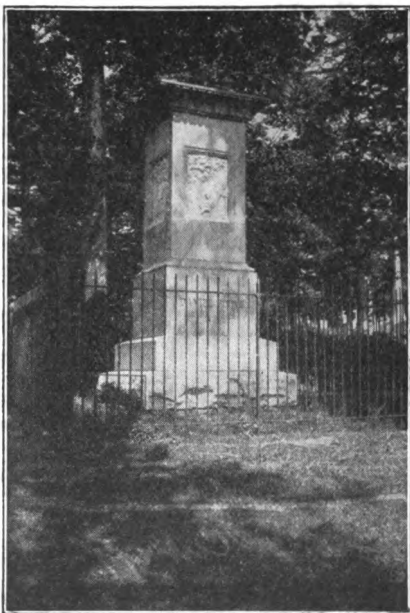
him twenty thousand dollars. This sum of money had been entrusted to him by persons in North Carolina to take to their friends in the new country. On the way a combined party of Indians and whites fell upon him and robbed him of all he had.

The matter had troubled the good man for many years, and now he had come to look up and pay everyone who had been robbed through him. This done, he returned to Missouri with only half a dollar left. "But," said he, "I have paid all my debts and no one can say, 'Boone was a dishonest man.'"

The old hunter continued his hunting and roving in the forest, and often made long trips into the western

wilderness, even into Kansas and to the far-away hunting fields of the Yellowstone. The greatest affliction of his life meanwhile came upon him in the death of his aged wife, the faithful Rebecca, so noted for her meek, generous, and heroic nature. She was laid at rest on a beautiful knoll in the wilderness of Missouri.

Boone now went to live with one of his sons in Missouri. He died at the ripe old age of eighty-six, and was buried beside his wife. Some time later the remains of both were



BOONE'S MONUMENT

removed to the cemetery of Frankfort, Kentucky. A marble monument, on the four squares of which are represented scenes from the hero's life, marks their final resting-place. Thus the noble pioneer is at rest in the land into which he opened the Wilderness Road and into which he led the first body of pioneers that ever established a settlement in the Middle West completely cut off from the seaboard states.

The Wilderness Road is still only a rough track, no more than a sort of side road extending through a rugged country. A west-bound traveler of today, making his way along it, need no longer climb Cumberland Gap, but may be carried to the other side of the mountains by train through a tunnel one hundred miles long. Should he choose, however, to climb through the Gap as Boone did, he will, on reaching the highest point, enjoy, like Boone, a beautiful view of the rich blue grass and salt lick region below. He will there behold, not the shaggy buffalo and wide-antlered deer of old, but great droves of high-bred horses and large herds of finest cattle. Where Indian trails and buffalo paths once reached out in every direction, railroads now branch out from the numerous thriving cities which have supplanted the log cabins and frontier stations in which the pioneer settlers slept always with one ear open for the stealthy approach or war-whoop of the Indians.

3. DOWN THE OHIO TO THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY

PART ONE. GEORGE ROGERS CLARK GOES TO KENTUCKY

"I will not take up arms against the King, nor can I think of fighting against my fellow-colonists." Thus spoke George Rogers Clark, a tall, handsome Virginian, only twenty-two years of age.

"But what will you do, my boy?" asked his brown-eyed little mother, dropping the long silken stocking of her husband which she was darning.

"He ought to hold with the King," said John Clark, who had meanwhile entered the room just in time to hear his son's remark and his wife's anxious question.

"You mean to say, father, that the King ought to treat his colonies fairly, so that one might consider it an honorable duty to fight on his side if necessary."

"That is exactly what I mean to say, my son," said John Clark, gazing approvingly upon the youthful patriot.

"But what will you do?" asked his mother once more.

"I really don't know, mother. It seems so difficult to choose between two evils. Our royal governor, Lord Dunmore, undoubtedly honors me highly by offering me the position of Major in the Virginia army. It would seem most ungrateful on my part to fight against him. On the other hand, he is a haughty, treacherous representative of our despotic King, George III."

The young man became very thoughtful and seemed uncommonly distressed. Silent and absent-minded, he stroked the sunny head of his four-year-old brother, William, who had fallen to sleep upon his knee. "I shall fight neither on the side of the King nor on that of the colonies—there is still a third alternative," he said at length.

"And what is your alternative? Is it an honorable way out of the trouble?" asked his surprised father.

"I shall go to Kentucky and there join Boone and his backwoods companions. Heigh-ho for Kentucky!" he exclaimed with a cheerful ring in his voice.

"Heigh-ho for Ken-tuck-y," drowsily murmured little William, aroused from his slumber. All looked in silence at the sleepy child. Could they have peered into the

future, they might have beheld William Clark heading the way not to Kentucky but to the Pacific.

To Kentucky George Rogers Clark did go. On horseback and by canoe he made his way to and down the Ohio. He first spent some time surveying lands in West Virginia, and finally joined Boone and Kenton in Kentucky. His intention was to take up land for a home and earn his way by surveying.

But he found so much to do for the struggling Kentuckians that he quite forgot all about his original idea. The Indians were on the warpath most of the time. Dressed in hunting shirt, with his rifle upon his shoulder and his hunting knife in his belt, Clark would at one time pursue the redmen into their retreats, and at another time gallop at the head of his horsemen to break up a savage attack on some frontier station.

One time it happened that powder was running short. "It is probable," said Clark, "that Virginia will furnish us with powder. At any rate, it will be necessary for us to make sure whether she is willing to protect her Kentucky settlements or whether she is disposed to leave these to take care of themselves." Virginia, it must be remembered, had acquired a claim to the territory of Kentucky by a treaty with the Iroquois Indians. At a meeting held at Harrodsburg the pioneers chose George Rogers Clark to go to Virginia and there represent the Kentuckians in the Assembly.

Jefferson had just returned to Monticello from writing and signing the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia when Clark, cut by thorns and briars and covered with ragged clothes, strode into Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia.

Lord Dunmore, the royal governor, had some time previous been forced to flee from the wrath of the people,

and had sailed away for England midst a raking fire from the shore. After the wretched governor's flight, Patrick Henry had been elected first American governor of Virginia. When Clark appeared before the new governor in his headquarters at the palace, the latter could not help but admire the noble youth who stood before him earnestly pleading for a supply of gunpowder wherewith to save Kentucky.

"Your errand and your cause are good," said Patrick Henry after the young backwoods surveyor had made his pressing request. "I shall give you a letter to the council."

The members of the Virginia Council looked up with amazement when they heard Clark's urgent appeal. "Five hundred pounds of gunpowder!" said they. "As it is, Virginia is straining herself to the utmost trying to do her part in the fight against England. It cannot, therefore, be expected to waste gunpowder in Kentucky. Why not move these settlers back to Virginia and thus save the money that it would take to protect them in their remote frontier?"

"Move Boone and Kenton and Logan and Harrod back?" exclaimed Clark with a ringing laugh. "You might as well think of transporting the buffalo and deer to Virginia. Besides, Kentucky is like a back-door to the Old Dominion, and its pioneers may be compared to guards defending this door. If the savages exterminate the settlers of Kentucky because these have no powder wherewith to load their rifles, the Virginians will be the losers, for who will then be left to keep the savages from swarming in and laying waste their homes?"

Clark knew that a large supply of powder was stored at Fort Pitt, our present Pittsburgh. It had just been brought with great difficulty from New Orleans by way of the Mississippi and Ohio, and was the first cargo of

the kind that was ever transported by this western water route.

"We cannot give you the powder, but we can lend it to you, provided you are willing to attend to the transportation of the same," declared the Council at length.

But Clark shook his head and said: "I cannot borrow it from you, since I can neither promise to return it nor

pay for it; nor can I, without your help, convey it safely to Kentucky through a region swarming with savages."

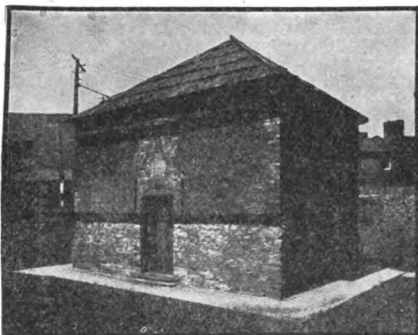
"God knows we would help you if we could," returned the Council, "but we can do no more for you."

"Very well," re-

turned Clark. "A country that is not worth defending is not worth claiming. And since Virginia will not defend Kentucky, the latter will have to take care of itself independent of the mother colony."

Thus speaking, Clark turned on his heels and left the Council. To his surprise, however, he was recalled the next day and promised five hundred pounds of gunpowder which would be delivered to him at Fort Pitt. The Council furthermore asked him to carry back with him to the frontier settlements the news that Kentucky would henceforth be considered as a county of Virginia. Thus, only one month after the Declaration of Independence, the young nation already reached out to the West opened by Boone and his sturdy backwoods companions.

With a light heart, Clark, assisted by a number of



BLOCKHOUSE AT FORT PITT

boatmen, launched his precious cargo on the Ohio. And down they floated. The Indians, however, were on the alert and were soon in hot pursuit. But with all the energy possible to human strength and courage, Clark and his oarsmen hastened down the swift stream. For five hundred miles the chase continued, until the pursued ran up a creek, rolled out their powder kegs on Kentucky soil, and sent the boat adrift. While the Indians followed the empty canoe some distance downstream, Clark and his companions quickly concealed the powder among the rocks and trees and struck out overland for Harrodsburg. Kenton and a small party of men promptly set out for the place where the powder had been hidden, and returned safely, each bearing a keg on his shoulder.

The whole Indian country had emptied itself, as it were, to scourge Kentucky. The very dogs were in fear; the horses and cattle were restless. Even the jay in the tree-top and the wren in its hollow seemed to chatter less freely, and the owl to hoot more dolefully from the shady old sycamore. The pioneers were soon cooped up in their fortifications. Boone was in Boonesboro, Clark in Harrodsburg, and Logan in Logansport.

March, April, May, June, and July passed and the hot and stifling days of August came. The people, walled up in their forts, began to suffer extremely. Again ammunition was failing. Provisions, too, were short, for there had been no planting. And still the savages lay about the forts. Kentucky was truly in a sad plight. For a time it seemed as if it must again become "no-man's land," such as it had been before the sturdy backwoodsmen with their wives and children began their struggle for a home in it. Was there no hope of relief? Every eye was fixed upon Clark. And this brave young leader was all the while thinking hard and secretly forming great plans, all of

which, strange to say, concerned not Kentucky directly, but rather the country north of the Ohio.

This region, which once belonged to the French, who still peopled its scattered posts and villages, was then in the hands of the British. Colonel Hamilton, the English



A PIONEER HOME

governor of this northwest territory, is known in history as the "hair buyer" from the fact that he not only incited the Indians against the Americans, but even went so far as to promise a rich reward to the redmen for every American scalp they would bring him.

PART TWO. CLARK PLANS TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE BRITISH
OUTPOSTS NORTH OF THE OHIO

"Never," Clark reasoned with himself, "shall we be able to drive off the Indians or make peace with them unless

we gain control of the French posts held by the British at Kaskaskia, Cahokia, Vincennes, and other points. (See map, page 89.) Unknown to anyone, he had already sent trusty spies to these very posts. As stealthily as the wary redmen, these scouts had slipped from their wooden fort and had stolen away as silently as the panther to the country north of the Ohio.

"And what have you learned?" Clark asked them in a whisper when they returned some weeks later in the darkness of the night.

"The forts are carelessly guarded," said they, "and the French are secretly our friends, though the English are trying their best to make them hostile. As for the Indians, they have always, even from the time of Father Marquette and Joliet, leaned more to the French than to the English."

Upon receiving this information, Clark at once resolved to take possession of the British outposts north of the Ohio. He knew, however, that men with families could not well leave, and that, therefore, most of his fellow-settlers would have to remain in Kentucky to defend their homes. Consequently, he would be obliged to secure the greater part of his force from Virginia.

Without saying a word to anyone of his secret intention, the young hero buckled on his sword, shouldered his rifle, and with more than human daring slipped from his wooden stronghold and sped away straight through the ranks of the sleeping besiegers. The Wilderness Road was lit up by the great bonfires of the savages, and Cumberland Gap was closed. So up over the autumn-colored mountain-tops he went, on and on, till he reached his father's house in Virginia, late in the night. Little William heard him coming and sprang from his trundle bed to unbar the door for his elder brother. But the latter

tarried only long enough to hear the latest happenings, and then hastened away to Williamsburg.

There, to his great delight, he came upon Jefferson and Madison, his neighbors of old. These two famous patriots listened with interest to his plans. "Let's be off to the governor," said the author of the Declaration of Independence, with a warm grasp of the hand.

"Did you get the powder?" asked Patrick Henry when Clark entered his apartment a little later.

"We got the powder," answered the young man. "With it we have saved Kentucky thus far. But all the savages of the country are still upon us; they seem as numerous as the leaves of the trees. Unless something can be done at once, Kentucky will yet be lost. I have plans, however, which, if carried out successfully, will make friends of the enraged savages and save the frontier stations."

"And what are your plans?" inquired Patrick Henry eagerly. "Let me hear them."

Clark made answer: "I mean to gain possession of Kaskaskia, Cahokia, Vincennes, and other British outposts in the Ohio country, since at these places the Indians are fed, clothed, armed, and stirred up against us. Furthermore, the French inhabitants of these towns under British control have great influence over the redmen, and are at the same time kindly disposed toward us Americans. They may therefore help us win over the Indians."

"Yours is a brilliant plan, young man," said Patrick Henry, delighted. And he forthwith made Clark a Colonel. He also gave him power to raise seven companies. To the officers at Fort Pitt he gave orders to supply our friend with boats and powder.

During the winter our hero was busy trying to raise troops. But he had set himself a hard task. It was difficult to find men who were not needed at home or who

had not already entered their country's service. Nevertheless, he finally succeeded in recruiting a small army. When springtime came he embarked at Fort Pitt with about one hundred and fifty men and some twenty pioneer families. Just as the fleet of flatboats was pulling out, Clark was handed a letter. From its contents he learned that France had decided to join the colonies against England. This was good news! Now the French in the Northwest Territory would be all the more easily won



CORN ISLAND

over to the American cause. Hopefully the little band drifted down the swift-flowing stream to what was then known as the Falls of the Ohio. Here, opposite the place where Louisville now stands, lay Corn Island, which has since been swept away by the rapid current.

"Do you see that high rocky island at the head of the Falls?" said Clark to his men. "It is safe from the Indians. Let us locate there. While the troops construct a fort, the families can clear a field and plant their corn."

Soon the sounds of the ax disturbed the silence of centuries. The odor of the falling hawthorne trees filled the air. The startled eagles soared aloft toward the sun. The gulls fluttered and swept away over the falls, and the high-walking cranes fled in alarm. Across the river

on the Kentucky side, the deer, bear, and buffalo, roaming in the shades of the sycamores, looked on in dumb surprise.

Meanwhile Simon Kenton, with a band of Kentuckians, had joined the busy workers, and at length the fortification stood completed among the yellow-topped stumps of the great trees of which it had been built. Clark now summoned all the men and divided them into four companies. What a sight they were—these backwoodsmen, bronzed by the sun and tireless as the deer of the forest! With their rifles grounded, they expectantly awaited further orders from their Colonel, who stood before them, stately, vigorous, and brave, though only twenty-six years of age.

Until now the young leader had kept his plan a secret, leaving his men under the impression that they were merely engaged to defend Kentucky. But now he told them that he meant to carry the war into Hamilton's country and take possession of all the British outposts. All were silent after the brave speaker had finished, but only for a moment. Then a shout went up from the ranks that drowned the noise of the falls. There were a few, however, who did not cheer, and these deserted during the night.

The next morning one hundred and eighty men embarked with Clark for Kaskaskia. The sun shone brilliantly upon the departing fleet, but at the very moment when the flotilla was shooting the rapids it was darkened in a total eclipse. The incident was regarded as a good omen. Some one in the company, we are told, remarked, "Hamilton's scalp is hanging by a lock across the sun." The word was passed from boat to boat, and on dashed the men, with cheers and laughter. Four days and four nights they rowed down the river, never stopping until

they landed about three miles below the mouth of the Tennessee, near an old French outpost.

Two hunters who happened to be encamped at the place agreed to pilot them to Kaskaskia. It would have been much easier for Clark and his men to have gone all the way by water, but they feared that spies stationed along the Mississippi might carry the news of their coming to the British posts. The boats were therefore run into a small creek and hidden. The little army then started off on a hundred-mile tramp across the trackless wilderness. At times they marched through dense forests and over wide, grassy plains. Again, they forded rivers or waded through swamps. But on the evening of the third day, they halted about one mile opposite Kaskaskia, with the Kaskaskia River flowing between them and the town.

From their elevated position, Clark and his men looked down with joyful hearts upon the goal of their long and difficult tramp. With folded arms our hero stood gazing upon the peaceful little French village with its low houses, orchards, and gardens softly gilded by the last rays of the evening sun. In the center of the town stood a neat stone church; and southward from this sacred place, quite close to the water's edge, nestled the fort, surmounted by the King's Colors. Great herds of cattle grazed on the surrounding plains, and far away to the westward could be seen the Mississippi gleaming through vast groves of cottonwood.

For a long time Clark stood viewing the beautiful scene. But when the sweet-toned bell of the church rang out the Angelus, he seemed strangely touched. Turning to his men resting under the trees, he exclaimed: "Boys, this is the Fourth of July. Two years ago today the Liberty Bell proclaimed the birth of a new nation. If we take Kaskaskia tonight, it will be like giving to our nation a birth-

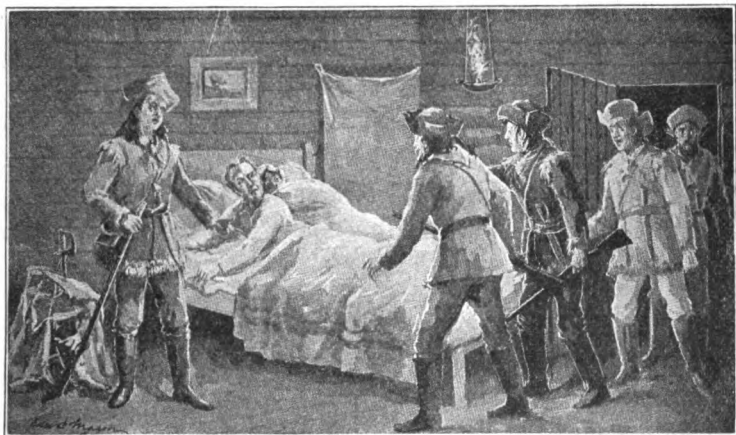
day gift of the oldest town on the Mississippi. And who knows but before long, as a result of tonight's work, not only this country to the north of the Ohio will belong to the American people, but also all the territory extending far westward even to the mighty Pacific."

PART THREE. GEORGE ROGERS CLARK TAKES POSSESSION OF
KASKASKIA AND CAHOKIA

At nightfall Clark and his little company noiselessly crossed the Kaskaskia on a boat obtained nearby, and proceeded silently along a sort of cow-path to within a short distance of the town. Here they halted and listened almost breathlessly. But not a sound disturbed the stillness of the night, save that of the crickets and frogs in the marshy plain, and the whirring of the prairie grouse which had been frightened from their haunts. Satisfied that no one within the village knew of their coming, the larger portion of the army stealthily surrounded the town, while Clark at the head of the remaining band of men, entered the fort, captured the English commander in bed, and made prisoners of the garrison.

Then, as the story runs, attracted by the sound of music coming from an open window, the Colonel slipped through a little gate and strode quite unperceived into the open door of a rudely-built ball-room filled with merry dancers. Most of the villagers, even the sentinels, were there. A group of Indians were sitting on the floor. One of them chanced to look in the direction of the door. Imagine his surprise when he beheld Clark's majestic figure clad in rough backwoodsman's dress, leaning against the door with his arms folded and a smile upon his weather-beaten face.

In the twinkle of an eye the redman was on his feet uttering a most frightful warwhoop. The music ceased instantly. The dancers paled and stood as if fixed to the floor. But they somewhat recovered from their fright when Clark quietly said, "Keep on enjoying yourselves. Only remember that you are now dancing under the flag of Virginia and not under that of the English King which floated over you when your fiddler struck up his music."



CAPTURE OF THE ENGLISH COMMANDER

No one thought of resisting, neither did any one think of continuing the dance, but all fled to hide away in the darkness of their homes dreading what the morning might bring. For the English had taught their French and Indian subjects to call the Americans Big Knives and to fear them quite as much as the worst of savages.

To strengthen the Kaskaskians in this idea and thereby to frighten them into submission, as it were, Clark's troops, at the signal of three rifle reports, started up such hideous whooping and scalp-hallooing as might have

given credit to the most savage redmen. As the blood-curdling notes echoed and re-echoed from the bluffs beyond, the poor people shrieked and trembled. "The Americans are Big Knives indeed," said they, "and we have nothing better than captivity, torture, and death to expect from them."

Meanwhile runners were speeding through the streets of the town ordering the people under pain of death to keep close within doors. At length the crowing of the cocks announced the dawn of the new day. The hot July sun soon beat down upon Kaskaskia. But the quaint little houses with their sloping roofs and wide porches remained darkened, the doors closed, and the garden walks deserted. The church bell tolled forth sad and mournful tones so different from its cheery



FATHER GIBAULT

peals of the previous evening. While all was thus wrapped in silent dread, a man clad in a flowing black robe was seen to hasten quietly along the lifeless streets in the direction of the fort. His whole bearing bespoke dignity, courage, and trials borne for others. It was the village priest, the venerable Father Pierre Gibault. He was soon joined by a small band of villagers and together with these he sought Colonel Clark.

"Allow me, good sir," said the priest, "to assemble my people in the church, that they may there attend services, and then take leave of each other."

"My good Father," said Clark, "an American commander has but one duty toward any house of God and that is to protect it. Do as you please about the matter, but see to it that no one leaves the town."

The face of the noble priest kindled as he said warmly,

"By this answer, Colonel Clark, you have made Americans of the Kaskaskians."

Before long the frightened citizens of Kaskaskia were seen thronging to the church. There before the candle-lit altar they knelt and prayed in common. Then Father Gibault, who knew and loved his people well, spoke to them in words so eloquent and convincing that all became quite resigned to any fate that might befall them. They waited patiently while the good priest again went to confer with the American Colonel.

"My people," said Father Gibault to Clark, "beg but for their lives. They are willing to submit to the loss of their homes according to the fate of war, but, in case you intend to carry them away into captivity, they entreat you not to separate man from wife, nor parents from their children."

"Do not mistake us for savages," declared Clark abruptly. "Our intention is to prevent sufferings, not to cause such. We have tramped through a thousand miles of wilderness to drive the British from your towns so that they may no longer arm the savages and send them out to slaughter our wives and children and destroy our homes. We do not fight against Frenchmen. Your French King Louis, convinced that the Americans' cause is just, has joined hands with Washington. He has given our country money and is sending ships and soldiers to help us. Be not alarmed. Your rights shall be respected. Your townspeople may go where they please, safe in person and property. But they must take the oath of allegiance to Congress. Go now and tell this to your people who are waiting for you at the church."

Deep silence reigned when Father Gibault told his expectant flock what Clark had said. They were at first speechless with astonishment and then fell to praising

God with streaming tears. Shouts of wildest joy rent the air. "Long live the Americans! Long live Colonel Clark, the savior of Kaskaskia!" was the cry that rose to the sky and was sent back by the bluffs beyond, while the bells of old Kaskaskia pealed forth as joyously as did the Liberty Bell two years earlier. It is needless to say that when Father Gibault and his people once more wended their way homeward they were Americans indeed.

Thus the first of the English outposts was taken without the loss of a life, though the event was undoubtedly hazardous as it was important. "Now, carry the good news to our neighbors at Cahokia," said Father Gibault. And the happy Kaskaskians forthwith brought out their best ponies and rode with Major Bowman and a detachment of Americans to the little French settlement which lay about sixty miles up the Mississippi directly opposite the Spanish town St. Louis. The undertaking was a dangerous one, for Cahokia was the center at which British agents were accustomed to assemble the Indians to give them arms and incite them against the Americans.

"The Big Knives," cried the Cahokians, trembling with fear, when Bowman with his men burst into the town.

"But they come as friends," said the Kaskaskians. And they went on telling the Cahokians all the latest happenings even as Father Gibault had told them. As a result the latter joyfully welcomed the Americans and hauled down the British flag to raise in its stead the Stars and Stripes, then but one year old. Prairie du Rocher and Fort Chartered, too, submitted readily to American rule.

PART FOUR. FATHER GIBAULT SECURES THE ALLEGIANCE OF VINCENNES FOR CLARK

More important, however, than the posts thus far taken was Vincennes. It lay eastward from Cahokia, on

the Indiana bank of the Wabash River. It was more populous than any of the other outposts and was more easily reached from Detroit, the English center of supplies and conquest in the Northwest. Though a most venturesome undertaking, Clark intended to capture the place with his handful of backwoodsmen.

"Do not move against St. Vincennes," pleaded Father Gibault. "I know my people. Let me speak to them for you, and you shall have the post for the asking."

"You, Father, go to Vincennes!" exclaimed Clark. "Make that difficult and dangerous journey of more than a hundred and fifty miles!"

"I shall not mind the hardships nor the length of the journey," answered the priest simply.

Colonel Clark gazed silently at the noble speaker. He well knew that for more than a hundred years the missionaries of the Church had walked the wilds alone with God, not minding sufferings, tortures, or even death. During his short acquaintance with Father Gibault, the young man had learned to admire the fine qualities in the humble missionary, whom he found possessed of unusual tact and personal influence.

"By the way," continued the priest, breaking the silence, "I have a small sum of money, the savings of years for the time of old age. You are more in need of it now than I am. Accept it from me in the name of Him who became all to all."

Colonel Clark was deeply touched and tried to conceal his emotion by saying almost rudely, "I do not want your money, Father; keep it, as you intended, for your time of want." But the priest was persistent, and Clark, with deep admiration and gratitude, accepted Father Gibault's services and his money as well.

The patriotic priest then hastened away on his pony

to St. Vincennes on the Wabash. With him went Captain Helm and a small detachment of soldiers. The people of Vincennes were not slow to assemble in their little log church. Here Father Gibault told them with his usual winning eloquence how Kaskaskia was taken and how France had joined with the Americans against the Brit-



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER CHURCH AT OLD VINCENNES

ish. He so completely won over every one of his listeners to the American cause that they gladly declared themselves citizens of the American Republic and welcomed Captain Helm with one soldier and a little squad of volunteers to the garrison.

Meanwhile a number of women had been busy sewing together a flag like that made for Washington by Betsy Ross. It was now hastily finished, sewed to a staff, and then one of the maidens of Vincennes, unwilling to entrust the treasured ensign to anyone, sped away with it toward the fort, where the people stood in scattered groups around the central blockhouse.

Unnoticed by all, she entered through a break in the palisade, mounted a rude ladder, and firmly planted the Stars and Stripes on the roof of the blockhouse, where it beautifully unfolded for the first time to the breezes of the Northwest Territory. Then she slipped out of the fort to wend her way thoughtfully across the prairie. She was soon startled out of her reverie by an Indian leaping serpent-like from a clump of bushes right into her path. Pointing with one hand to the flag on the fort and holding aloft a tomahawk in the other, he demanded fiercely, "What for be that new flag on fort? What people be yonder?"

The girl was much frightened and quite lost her breath, but she quickly mastered herself and said calmly, "The great Chief of the Big Knives has come. The French have joined the Americans. Your old friend the King of France is angry at you for fighting with the English. We are now friends of the Big Knives. You, too, must make peace with them."

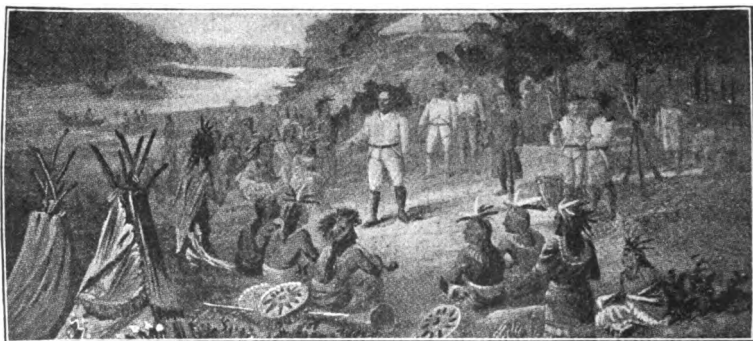
For a moment the redman was silent while a strange, hideous glare shone from his eyes. Then he plunged into the high grass and was off again.

PART FIVE. GEORGE ROGERS CLARK ADDS THE NORTHWEST
TERRITORY TO THE UNITED STATES

"The Great Chief of the Big Knives has come," was the rumor that flew from one Indian camp to another. The redmen were amazed. From all directions the warriors, great and small, hastened to make treaties of peace with the victorious Big Knives. Into Cahokia they swarmed like bees, asking to see the great Chief. In vain General Bowman tried to put them off. So Clark went to Cahokia. He well knew that if he failed to impress the redmen with his power and the power of the

country for which he fought, neither he nor his men would ever see Kentucky again. He therefore passed fearlessly and with apparent indifference through the throngs of plumed and painted chieftains who watched like wolves for any signs of weakness in the great white chief.

"I shall not give them presents," said Clark to himself. "It would only lead them to believe that I fear them. Let them beg for peace." And addressing the assembled chiefs he said sternly, "Men and warriors, listen to my



CLARK'S COUNCIL WITH THE INDIAN CHIEFS

words. I am a warrior and not a counsellor. I am sent by the Chief of the Big Knives to take all the towns owned by the English and to watch the redmen. Here in my right hand I hold the red belt of war, and in my left the green belt of peace. Take your choice. If you choose the war belt you may return to your English friends and get ready to fight. If you choose the peace belt you shall be the friends of the Big Knives and of the French."

The inborn admiration of the savages for courage and bravery was powerfully aroused by Clark's firm and fearless behavior toward them. One by one the tribes made peace and Clark soon held absolute sway

over the whole country from the Wabash to the Mississippi.

Great was the wrath of the "hair buyer" general at Detroit when he heard what Clark had done. "I will regain Vincennes," said he, and hurriedly gathering a strong detachment of redcoats, he set out for the post during the early part of October. He took the place by surprise and the townspeople having no other choice, again submitted to English rule.

"I shall quarter here for the winter," said Hamilton. "In the spring I shall march across to Kaskaskia and Cahokia and sweep over Kentucky." Again the "hair buyer" sent out his runners in every direction with presents and messages to the Indians. Thousands of red-handled scalping knives were distributed. Whole hordes of Indian warriors went out in every direction, some to guard the Ohio, some to watch the settlements, and others to stir up the most distant tribes.

"If I don't take Hamilton, he'll take me," said Clark, "But with the help of Heaven, I'll take Hamilton." And though it was mid-winter on the bleak prairies of Illinois, he immediately set out with a company of his men along the fur-trader's trail to Vincennes. Father Gibault blessed them as they marched away.

Over all the prairies the snows were melting, the rains falling, and the rivers flooding. Deep and deeper grew the creeks and the sloughs as they neared the bottomlands of the Wabash. Knee-deep, waist-deep, breast-high, over their shoulders the waters flowed as they waded across. Sometimes they were even swimming, breaking the ice for miles as they went. But still on and on they staggered following their undaunted leader while their fourteen-year-old drummer boy, seated on the shoulders of a tall soldier, beat the charge with all his might,

though his hands were so numb that he could scarcely hold the sticks. Never has the history of our country recorded another such march.

Clark and his men pressed on until close upon Vincennes. There in the mud, nearly frozen and starved,



THE MARCH TO VINCENNES

Clark penned on his knee a letter to the citizens of Vincennes. This is what he told them:

"I will take your fort tonight. Those who are true Americans remain quietly in their homes. Those, if any there be, who are friends of the King will repair to the fort, join the 'hair buyer' general, and prepare to fight."

"Take this," said Clark to a hunter from the post whom he had encountered on the way. "Tell the people of Vincennes that I have come against the British and not against them, and that we shall enter their town with the rising of the moon."

With the friendly light of the moon full upon them,

Clark and his sharpshooters began to rain their bullets upon the fort from behind their entrenchments.

"Surrender!" demanded Clark of Hamilton at daybreak.

"Give me some days to consider," answered Hamilton.

"Not an hour," was Clark's reply.

The fort soon surrendered and with it British rule in the Northwest Territory ended forever.

"Let the English flag float for some days," said Clark. "It will give us a chance to become acquainted with some of Hamilton's red friends." And so it happened, for soon painted savages came from every direction with bloody scalps dangling from their belts. But each as he entered



STATUE OF GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

was shot down under the very eyes of the "hair buyer" general. Fifty had thus fallen before the British flag was lowered. But the redmen took the lesson to heart and from that day forward were slow indeed to accept rewards for the scalps of white men.

The Stars and Stripes, which had meanwhile been held in hiding by the loyal Frenchmen, was once more hoisted above Vincennes, never to come down again. Its beautiful folds were caught by a sudden breeze. Strong voices cheered and thirteen cannon thundered from the block-house—one for each colony—though there should have been fourteen, the additional one for the great Northwest Territory which was that day annexed to the domain of the United States.

In the center of the square, under the flag, stood George Rogers Clark, the hero of the day, unassuming, stately, and noble. His was an achievement scarcely surpassed by any other of the Revolution. By his conquest of the British outposts he had added to the United States all the country north of the Ohio River and as far west as the Mississippi. Because of this America could say to England after the Revolution was over, "Your possessions extend from the frozen north to the Great Lakes, but beyond this the land is ours."

Five states—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin—were formed out of the Northwest Territory, and these were given to our country by George Rogers Clark.

4. THE OLD NATIONAL PIKE

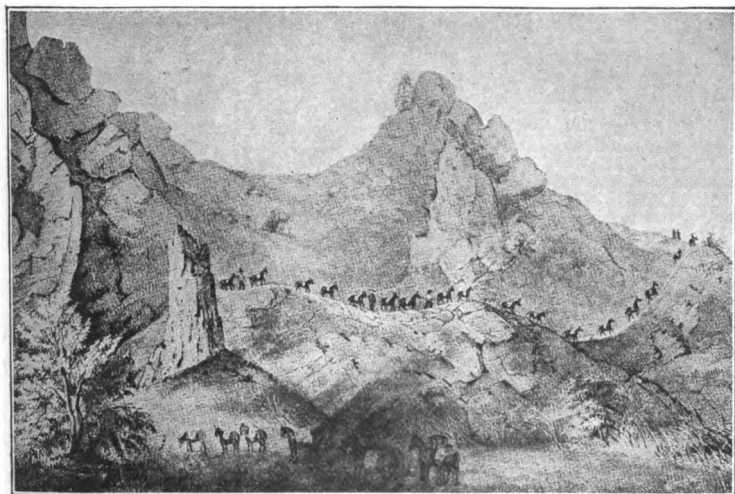
PART ONE. THE BUILDING OF THE ROAD

Boone and Clark, and their hardy pioneer companions had opened and saved for the United States the great Middle West. Portions of this western territory were claimed by the various seaboard states. After the Revolutionary War, however, these states made over their claims to the United States government on condition that it would pay their war debts with the money coming in from the sale of the western land.

Soon parties of emigrants were making their way westward across the Alleghany Mountains. On foot and horseback, with packhorses, handcarts, and wheelbarrows they went. Let us imagine one such party of movers. On the first horse rode the mother with the baby. About her were packed all sorts of household belongings. A second horse carried eatables and various farming utensils. The third bore a rude cradle in each end of which was seated a child so buried in bedclothing that only the head could be seen. Following the train came the father

and several of the older children, driving the cattle. If a horse happened to pass too close to the edge of a precipice, it fell hundreds of feet into the chasm below.

Whole bands of settlers also moved westward by way of the Ohio River, coming down the stream from Pittsburgh on flatboats heavy with cattle and household goods.

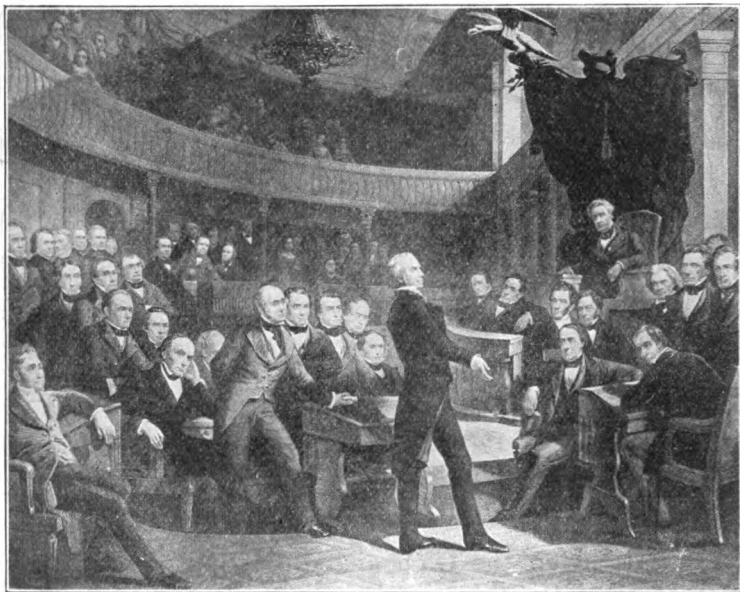


A PACKHORSE TRAIN CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS

They settled on the Ohio and Mississippi, where they cleared away the forests and built home for themselves.

By and by small villages and towns grew up. Yet this western country was being settled but slowly. It was too far away from the seaboard cities and towns. Traveling and moving on foot and on horseback across the mountains were difficult ventures. People of those days spoke of "going into" and "coming out of" the West as if it were a mighty cave or canyon. It was the danger of not getting there alive, rather than even the difficult and dangerous living in the wild country, that kept the people from emigrating to it.

At about this period of our history, our illustrious statesman, Henry Clay, was one day traveling in his chaise along the road leading to the city of Wheeling in West Virginia. While fording a small stream near Brownsville, Pennsylvania, his carriage overturned. When he struggled to his feet and looked at his peach-blossom



HENRY CLAY ADDRESSING THE SENATE

coat, leather knee-breeches, and woolen stockings all wet and covered with mud, he declared resolutely, with a twinkle in his eyes, "Clay and mud shall not be mixed here again." The awkward event proved a fortunate mishap, for, true to his word, Henry Clay finally persuaded Congress to build an iron bridge across the stream.

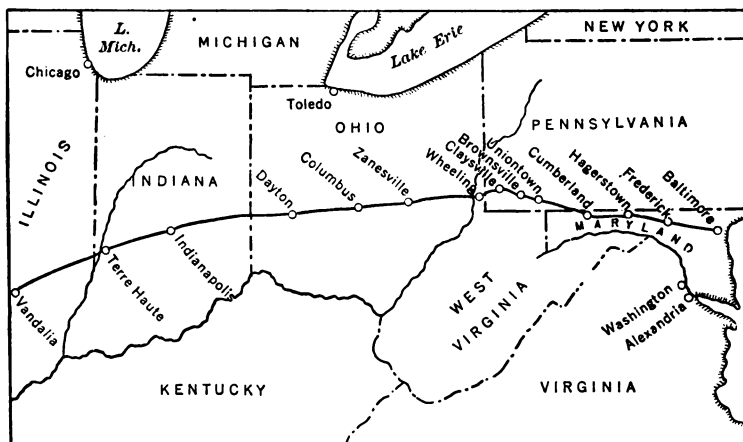
This was but one of Clay's many efforts toward bettering the conditions of travel and traffic in our country. He was the leader of a party of men who petitioned

Congress long and earnestly to build a wagon road across the mountains to the Middle West. "Why," said he, "let the western pioneers float their products down to New Orleans and there trade with the merchants of Europe? They might as well bring their flour, skins, meat, and other products to Virginia and receive in exchange the farm implements, clothing, and household goods produced here or brought here from abroad. Unless something can be done to connect the East and the West, the two sections can never become a great united country linked together by common interests and friendly feelings."

Thus, too, Washington had spoken some years earlier. Thus, too, thought Jefferson, who was then president. At length, in 1806, Congress consented to use a part of the money coming in from the sale of the western lands to construct our first and only great national wagon road. In order that it might truly connect the East and the West, as intended by Henry Clay, it would have to extend from the tidewater region of the Atlantic to the headwaters of the Mississippi, the great waterway of the West. The only highway leading from the Atlantic coast beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains through southwestern Pennsylvania at the time was the famous old pike known as Braddock's Road, which had been blazed by George Washington when a young man. The old trail extended from the tidewater region at Baltimore to Cumberland, in the very heart of the Alleghanies, and thence on toward Fort Pitt. Congress decided that the new national road should begin at Cumberland and thus become a continuation of the old Braddock's Road.

Soon a number of surveyors were busy laying out and blazing the new track. Starting at Cumberland, they followed an old buffalo and Indian trail up, over, and down the Alleghanies toward the Mississippi. In 1811 began

the building of the Great National Pike, and the first part of the lately blazed track became a busy scene indeed. The sound of the workmen's axes and the crash of falling trees filled the air from morning till night for many days, weeks, months, and years. So dense were the forests in some places that it has been fittingly said, "The pioneers fought their way westward through wood like a bullet through a board."

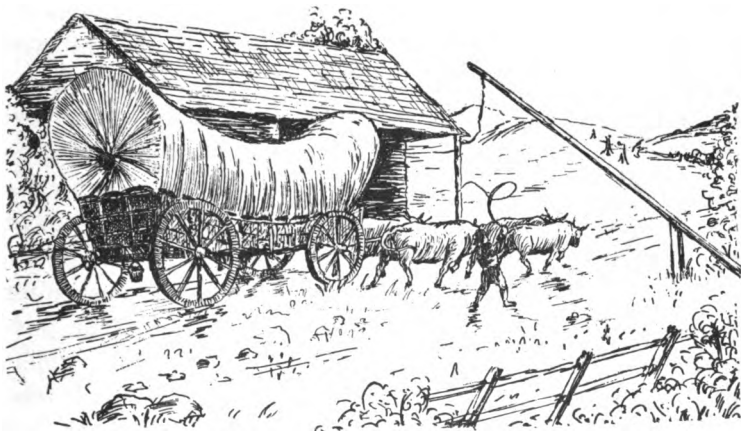


CUMBERLAND ROAD

As soon as a path four rods wide had been cleared for some miles, stone, gravel, and sand were hauled to cover the track. The middle of the carriage-way was built a little higher than the edges of the road-bed. Drains and ditches were dug to lead off the water, and massive stone bridges were constructed over the rivers. Some streams were shallow enough to be forded, while others could be crossed by means of ferries. Mileposts were erected all along the course of the new highway.

The road measured nearly seven hundred miles. Joined to Braddock's Road, it formed a great, broad highway,

extending from Chesapeake Bay at Baltimore through Maryland in the direction of Frederick and Hagerstown to Cumberland. From here it continued northward into Pennsylvania, over Henry Clay's bridge spanning the Monongahela River at Brownsville, across several ranges of the Alleghany Mountains, down to the Ohio River at Wheeling, and, later, on through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to Vandalia.



A CONESTOGA WAGON AT A TOLLGATE

The first two hundred and seventy miles were macadamized. The building of the entire highway cost the government ten million dollars. Portions of it were eventually made over to the various states through which it passed, on condition that they keep it in repair. To meet this expense, the states erected tollgates, or pikes, at which travelers had to pay a toll, or passage fee, before they were permitted to continue their way.

PART TWO. LIFE ON THE OLD NATIONAL PIKE

No sooner was the Cumberland Road completed than population from the East fairly poured into the Middle

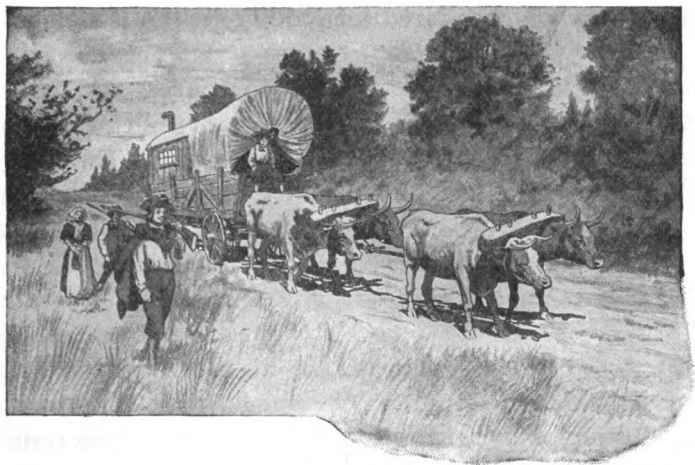
West, settling in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Tennessee. A traveler who passed along the Old National Pike at the time wrote, "Old America seems to be breaking up and moving westward." The few families that went from each place on the seaboard were scarcely missed, but when they met on the great road to the West, they made an endless procession of wagons and foot parties. The account of one turnpike keeper in Pennsylvania alone showed two thousand and one families as having passed his gate between March and December. Soon mail and passenger coaches rushed along the track at the rate of ten miles an hour, and sometimes even faster. One old stage driver in eastern Ohio spoke of himself and his companions as not having gone to bed for twenty nights and that at the time more than a hundred teams might have been met in traveling a distance of only twenty miles.

The mail was at first carried in regular passenger coaches, but later special stages were built for the purpose. From three to six passengers might travel in these mail coaches. Several armed guards always made the journey with the driver to protect the mails from the all too frequent attacks of mountain robbers.

The first coaches to run on the Cumberland Road were long and awkward conveyances without braces or springs. The seats were placed crosswise. The door was in front and a passenger on entering had to climb over the seats. Later this style of coach was somewhat improved by placing the body of the conveyance upon thick leather straps which served as springs. Still later a very handsome coach came into use—painted and decorated on the outside and lined with soft silk plush within. It usually contained three seats, each of which accommodated three persons. In front on a high outer seat sat the driver. Near him there was room for another passenger. These

coaches often bore the names of states, of great men, or of nations, and sometimes fanciful names such as *Jewess*, *Sultana*, and *Ivanhoe*.

The great Conestoga wagon, or road freighter, had a long and deep box which very much resembled a canoe in shape. The bottom curved upward at either end to keep the heavy loads from sliding backward or forward



EMIGRANTS ON THE OLD NATIONAL PIKE

in going up or down hill. The top covering was white canvas snugly drawn over broad wooden bows. The large wheels of these wagons had wide tires, usually measuring four inches, so that they would not cut the roadbed.

These great wagons hauled the products of the mill and factory or the rich harvest of the fields to and fro across the mountains. The loads carried on the road freighters were very large, often weighing nine thousand pounds or more. They were usually drawn by teams of six, seven, eight, or nine strong horses, or oxen.

Tollgates were built every ten, eighteen, or twenty

miles. At these gates, toll was charged for each animal or vehicle in proportion as it damaged the roadbed. Wagons or stages carrying mail or any government property, as military stores and troops, passed the pikes free. Clergymen, school children, persons going to or returning from places of business, and laborers were likewise exempted from paying toll.

All along the Cumberland Road were found numberless taverns which offered hospitality to the throngs of



A TAVERN

travelers that came and went over this highway. The very earliest western taverns were rude log cabins usually containing one room. Here before the huge fireplace

the travelers were glad to sleep together on the rough plank floor. Later, better-built taverns sprang up in great numbers. These were frequently two stories high and often contained several additions and a veranda.

The teamsters on the Cumberland Road were a hardy, jolly class of people. Their lodging places, or wagon-houses, were far more numerous than the coach-taverns, and were often only a mile or two apart. These houses were plain frame buildings, surrounded by spacious yards, great watering troughs, and large barns.

The kitchen was perhaps the most important feature of the tavern. The women of the old West were skillful cooks. They knew how to provide their guests with plain but savory and nourishing food. In truth, the landlords

and landladies of the early taverns were looked upon as very important personages indeed.

Life along the great national road was ever full of stirring interest. How we should have enjoyed a stage-coach journey over the famous track! What interesting sights would have been those numberless coach drivers, mail carriers, and wagoners; those thousands and thousands of passengers and emigrants who passed over the stately stretches of the great National Pike. Coaches, as many as twenty or more, followed one another in a single line. Dashing mail stages hurried around and away from the clouds of dust raised by enormous droves of cattle. Hundreds of tired horses rested beside their great loads in the spacious wagonhouse yards. As many as seventy wandering guests were served breakfast in some taverns on a single morning. The air resounded with the noise of tooting, blasting horns, jingling bells, and creaking, crunching wheels.

The greatest event for the stages and taverns was the passage of a president over the road. Special stages were built for the occasion. The best horses were chosen and the most skillful drivers appointed for the honored task.

The greatest good of the Cumberland Road was the wonderful growth of the Middle West to which it gave rise. It was like a great link which bound together the two sections of our country, the East and the Middle West.

But the railroad and the steamboat soon took away much of the travel and traffic over the old highway. Nevertheless, it is at present attracting thousands of tourists. The bells and horns of bicycles and motor cars echo and re-echo along its course as once did the blasting horns of the old-time stage drivers—the Great National Pike is fast once more becoming the foremost of the great roadways of the country.

Questions for Thought

1. Compare a land journey in colonial days from New York to Philadelphia with one as made at the present time.
2. Find out all you can about how the planters in the South looked for, invited in, and treated with generous hospitality any chance traveler.
3. In what manner do good roads contribute toward the development and the progress of a nation?
4. Write in your own words a description of the life of a backwoodsman.
5. How came the pioneers finally to push over the Alleghenies through Cumberland Gap into Kentucky?
6. Write a sketch of Daniel Boone.
7. Would you like to have accompanied Daniel Boone on his first trip to Kentucky? Give reasons for your answer.
8. What were the chief causes of the Indian hostility toward the pioneers of the Middle West?
9. Compare the Kentucky of Boone's time with the Kentucky of our day.
10. Why did Virginia claim Kentucky and why did the English claim the land north of the Ohio?
11. Trace on the map Clark's route from Corn Island to Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and Vincennes.
12. Why was it comparatively easy for Clark to press into submission the French inhabitants of the Northwest Territory.
13. Find out why the Indians were more kindly inclined toward the French than toward the English.
14. Write in your own words a paragraph telling how different the history and geography of the United States might be if Clark had not taken the country north of the Ohio from the British.
15. Write an account in your own words telling how the Old National Pike came to be built.
16. Find out all you can about Henry Clay.
17. Trace the Old National Pike, including the old Braddock's Road to Vandalia.
18. Compare a trip over the Old National Pike in the days of old with one of today.
19. Describe an imaginary winter evening in one of the taverns.
20. Discuss the historical importance of the Old National Pike.

Selections for Reading

Pioneers! O Pioneers!—Walt Whitman

The Settlers—Alfred B. Street

VIII

WEST TO THE PACIFIC

1. JEFFERSON ADDS LOUISIANA TO THE UNITED STATES

On an evening of April in 1803, Napoleon Bonaparte, the ambitious ruler of France, was pacing to and fro in the marble parlor of the royal castle in Paris. His whole bearing showed intense excitement, and he at length burst forth: "I know the value of Louisiana. I have scarcely won it back from Spain by a simple treaty, and already I am in danger of losing it. But if I must give it up, those who force me to do so shall one day have reason to be sorry. No; England shall not have the Mississippi, which it so covets. But we are on the verge of war with England. English warships are sailing the seas in great numbers. My fifty thousand troops, sent to colonize Louisiana, are dying of disease at Santo Domingo. It will now be an easy task for England to enter the Gulf of Mexico and take possession of Louisiana. But I shall put Louisiana out of the reach of England by selling it to the United States. I give it up with regret, but to keep it would mean to lose it. Besides, I need money to carry on the war."



NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE

Far into the night Napoleon thus walked his marble floor. Early next morning he called for his secretary and asked him what the latest news from London was.

"England is making rapid preparation for war."

Napoleon sprang to his feet and again walked the floor excitedly. Finally, pausing before his secretary, he said: "Go to the American minister, Mr. Livingstone, and tell him that we will sell to the United States not only New Orleans but the whole of Louisiana. I know that Mr. Monroe is on his way with orders from President Jefferson, but we cannot await his arrival."

"Why not buy all of Louisiana?" bluntly asked Napoleon's secretary that day of the surprised Livingstone.

"Buy all of Louisiana!" exclaimed Livingstone in astonishment. "New Orleans is all that I asked for."

"But I offer you the whole province," said the secretary.

Livingstone returned, "I have not the power."

The next day Monroe arrived. "We have no time to lose," said Napoleon's secretary to the two American ministers. "We must make haste, or the English will seize New Orleans. What will you pay me for the whole of Louisiana?"

"Fifteen million dollars," answered the Americans.

"It is yours," returned the Frenchman; "add it at once to your Union. Treat the French living in the territory as citizens of the United States."

Papers of agreement were hastily drawn up in French and in English and signed by both parties. Then the American ministers, rising, shook hands across the document with the French representative.

"We have lived long," said Livingstone to Monroe, "and have done many things for which our country will remember us, but this is the greatest work of our lives."

When news of the purchase reached America, the

people were at first speechless with surprise. Then wild excitement swept the land. "What a bargain!" said some, especially the Western pioneers. "What a foolish thing!" said others. "Fifteen millions for that wilderness! Why, we have not so much money in our whole country."

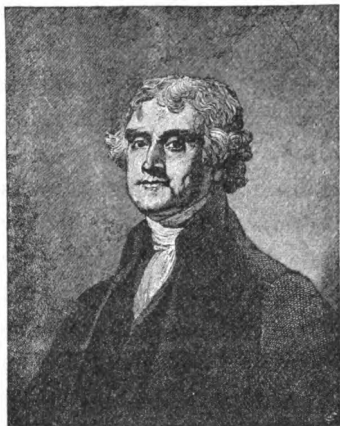
Why did Jefferson wish to buy New Orleans? How did it happen that Livingstone and Monroe were in France just at the one and only moment in which Napoleon was willing to sell Louisiana?

At the close of the Revolutionary War, the United States owned all the land from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and from Canada to Florida. France had some ten years earlier ceded the land west of the Mississippi, as also that on the mouth of the river, to Spain. Few Americans had yet crossed the Mississippi into this Spanish country. They still had all the land they wanted where they were. But, though the settlers did not care about taking up land west of the river, they nevertheless very much disliked their Spanish neighbors. And why? Holding the land on both sides of the mouth of the Mississippi, Spain was free to allow or not to allow the American settlers the use of the mouth of the river for the shipping of their products.

In the fall of 1802, the western pioneers, as usual, floated their flatboats down the Mississippi. The barges were laden with flour and bacon and ham and tobacco and skins, all to be transported from New Orleans to Cuba or the Atlantic seaports. But Spain had meanwhile secretly made her American possessions between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains over to France in return for some territory in Italy. The Spanish, still in authority at New Orleans, therefore made bold to hold the mouth of the Mississippi closed for the new owners of the province and obstinately refused to let the flatboats

pass. All the way up for thousands of miles lay the cargoes of the pioneers crowded together. The whole West was furious. A backwoods army threatened to march against New Orleans at once.

Jefferson and Congress became seriously alarmed on learning that Spain had transferred Louisiana to France. France was at the time the foremost nation in Europe,



THOMAS JEFFERSON

and therefore a much more dangerous neighbor than Spain. Worse still, a war between France and England was sure to come. England might easily take Louisiana from France. With England, her old enemy, as neighbor on the north and west, would the United States be able to preserve her dearly bought independence?

"No, the French must not have New Orleans," said Jefferson. "It is our own front door, and as such we must own it." He hastily sent Monroe with a letter to Livingstone, then the American minister in France. "The Mississippi is worth more to our Western pioneers than the Hudson, the Delaware, and the Potomac, together with all the other navigable rivers of the Atlantic seaboard, are to the settlers of the East," said Jefferson in his letter. "We must therefore purchase New Orleans and as much of the land on either side of the mouth of the Mississippi as will secure to the United States the free navigation of the river."

Thus it came about that our ministers were at Paris just at the right time to purchase the vast territory of

Louisiana for only fifteen million dollars, which was about two cents an acre. This territory included all the country lying between the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains, extending beyond the mountains even to the Pacific in the Northwest. It was large enough to cut out of it three or four countries the size of France. It formed about one-third of the area of our present United States. A single business block in any of its larger cities of today is worth almost as much as Jefferson paid for the whole region.

Imagine the joy of the western settlers when they learned that Louisiana had been bought and that the Mississippi from its source to its mouth was theirs to use, with never a penny of toll to pay, though they navigated its entire length.

The people of the United States, however, knew but very little about this new country. The plucky Captain Gray of Boston, who carried our Stars and Stripes around the world for the first time, had discovered and explored the mouth of the Great River of the West, in 1792, and had named it the Columbia in honor of his gallant ship. With the finding of the Columbia River, three hundred years after the coming of Columbus, America was all discovered. But the United States was far from being all explored, so the next thing for this nation to do was to find out what sort of country Louisiana was.

2. AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION TO THE FAR WEST

PART ONE. PREPARATIONS

Strange stories were told of Louisiana—stories of great tractless plains, of gigantic and savage animals; of towering mountains so lofty that no man could climb them; and of hostile and powerful Indian nations. For hours President Jefferson sat with his young secretary,

Meriwether Lewis, discussing these stories. "No one knows where the Missouri rises," said Jefferson one day. "Maybe its waters meet those of the Columbia in the far-off wilds, and perhaps one can travel by boat from the Mississippi to the Pacific." It was the old, old dream of a water route through the continent to India. "My plan," continued the President, "is to send a company of



MERIWETHER LEWIS

men to follow the Missouri to the Pacific Ocean, if possible. They are to make maps and write descriptions of the mountain passes, valleys, rivers, and rapids. They are to make notes of the kinds of soil, of the plants, animals, and minerals. They must, above all, make friends with the Indians, learn all about the habits of the various tribes, and thus open the way for a rich fur trade."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Lewis. "I am a born backwoodsman and love the life of the wilderness. I have frequently dealt with the Indians, and am familiar with their wild life and savage nature. May I lead that expedition to the Northwest?"

"You may, indeed," answered the President. "But you ought to have an experienced companion, a man like the brave George Rogers Clark."

"If I may choose someone to share my command," answered Lewis quickly, "I would suggest William Clark, the brave younger brother of the famous George Rogers." To this suggestion Jefferson willingly assented.

Thus it came to pass that the same hand that wrote the Declaration of Independence in 1776 drew up, on the Fourth of July of 1803, a paper providing Meriwether Lewis and William Clark with the power and the means to explore the vast unknown country west of the Mississippi.

"If the difficulties become too great, turn back," said the anxious Jefferson when parting with his youthful friend on the bank of the Potomac. "In case you should reach the Pacific and find it too dangerous to return with your party by the way you went, then come back by ship around Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope."

But the young Lewis had no fears. Waving a parting greeting to Jefferson, he pushed up the Potomac to the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. Here he became busy securing a supply of powder and firearms.



MULBERRY HILL

The Clark family had meanwhile moved from Virginia to Kentucky and settled about three miles south of Louisville. The new home, beautifully located and surrounded by a stockade, was known as Mulberry Hill. The dwelling was a double log house, two and one-half stories high, with a hallway through the whole length of it. Here the family lived happily. They did not mind the bare walls, rude rafters, nor small windows. There was no harpsichord in the house, but the busy hum of the spinning wheel was pleasant music. The boys would haul in huge logs on a hand-sled and build up a bright fire. Then the pewter dishes shone like mirrors in the light of the ruddy flames. Sometimes George Rogers or Daniel Boone would be

there. Then were told thrilling stories of Boonesboro, Kaskaskia, Vincennes, and Cahokia.

William Clark had always as a boy been fond of the life of the wilderness. Arrayed in furry cap and fringed leather suit, he was ever ready to go hunting with his favorite brother, George Rogers, or with Kenton and



WILLIAM CLARK

the Boone boys. Imagine the eager pleasure with which he shot his first buffalo in the wilds of the Kentucky woods. He even surpassed the Indians in imitating the bark of the wolf, the shrill notes of the whip-poor-will, or the doleful hoot of the owl. At thirty years of age, he was the most fitting companion Lewis could have found for his exploration trip.

In December a party of men headed by Meriwether

Lewis and William Clark came down the Ohio and halted before the old French-Spanish town of St. Louis, then a village. They had intended to ascend the Missouri as far as Daniel Boone's home, in what is now Jefferson County, which was then the last settlement on the Missouri border and the most western habitation of white people at the time. But a Spanish soldier, flourishing his sword, barred their way up the Missouri. The Spanish governor declared that he would not permit strangers to pass through French territory until he should have received official notice that Louisiana really belonged to the United States. Hence Lewis and Clark had no other choice but to go into winter camp opposite the mouth of the Missouri, where they had to remain until spring.

The mails traveled but slowly in those days, and the Spanish governor at New Orleans had not yet been informed by the proper authorities that Louisiana had been ceded to the United States, though the purchase of the territory by Monroe and Livingstone had been accepted by the United States as early as July Fourth. Besides, Spain was greatly enraged against Napoleon for selling Louisiana. But she could do no more than threaten and delay. At length, in December, the old Spanish town of New Orleans lowered the flag of France, and in its place was raised the star-spangled banner.

When the news reached St. Louis that it now belonged to the United States, the Spanish flag was lowered and the French banner raised to float until evening. It was greeted with loud cheers by the Creole inhabitants. "Let it fly all night," they begged at twilight. All night long the lilies of France floated over St. Louis. But that was the last day of that nation in North America. The next morning the French flag was lowered and in its stead the flag of the United States was unfurled over the new territory.

PART TWO. UP THE MISSOURI FROM ST. LOUIS TO FORT MANDAN

On a sunny May morning of 1804, Lewis and Clark were ready to start out upon their great journey up the unknown Missouri into the unknown West. Three boats lay waiting on the east bank of the Mississippi just below the mouth of the Missouri. The largest boat, the pride of the expedition, had been built at Pittsburgh. It was fifty-five feet long, with two half decks and twenty-two oars at the row locks. The two other boats, secured at St. Louis, were smaller.

In these boats were stored food, arms, ammunition, richly laced uniforms, medals, flags, knives, tomahawks,

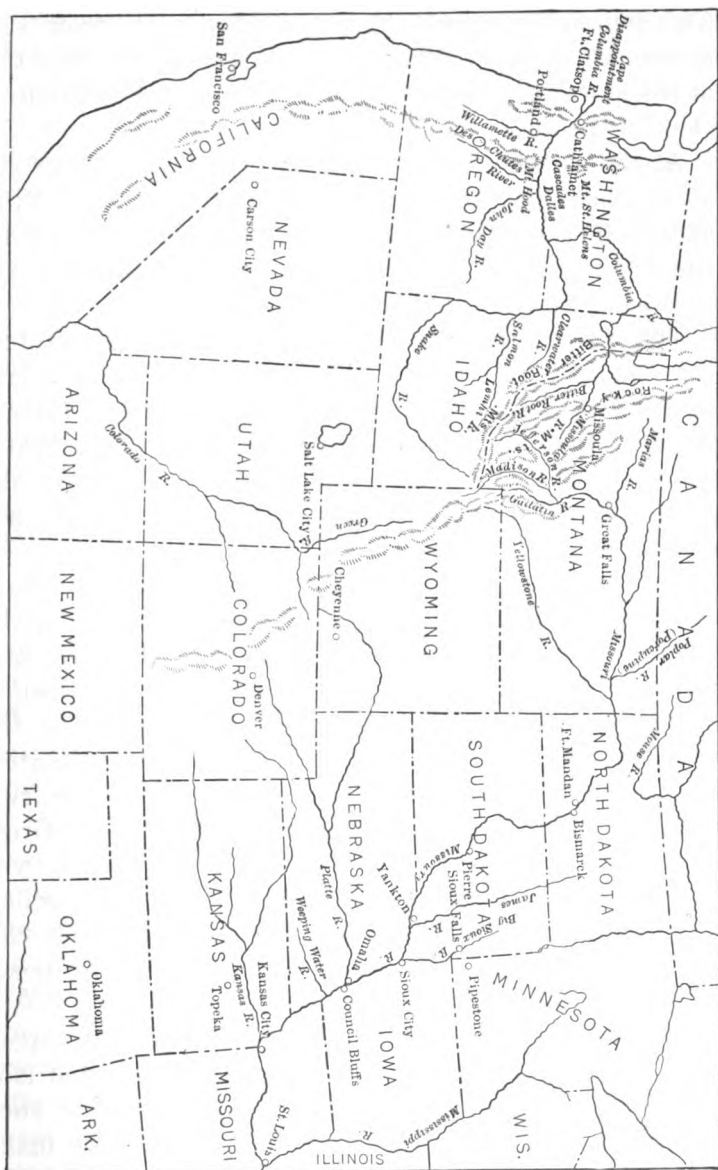
barrels of beads, paints, looking-glasses, bright colored blankets; also such small conveniences as candles, writing material, and mosquito bar. The goodly outfit also included a compass, a thermometer, a barometer, and a bottle of phosphorus, with a supply of small sulphur-tipped sticks. The sticks, dipped in the phosphorus before using, were to serve as matches, for the match had not yet been invented.

There were over thirty men in the company. Among them was Clark's faithful negro slave York. Each man carried a knife, pistol, knapsack, pouch of ammunition, an ink horn, and a quill pen. Everybody was advised to keep a journal. "Not a day without a line," was the order. Lewis and Clark knew that a line written on the spot was worth more than whole pages filled later. The note books, when filled, were to be soldered into water-tight cans.

At the command, "All aboard!" by Captain Lewis, the three boats swung away from the east bank of the Mississippi and pushed up the Missouri. Heavy June rains had set in and the muddy Missouri went whirling and foaming and tearing along, just as, one hundred and thirty years earlier, Father Marquette and Joliet had seen it pour its muddy waters into the Mississippi. Only in mid-stream were the voyagers safe. Again and again the boats were almost turned over by drifts of fallen trees. Poles and oars broke and splintered; masts fell.

Small bands of fur traders came plunging down-stream in canoes and on rafts well laden with peltries. These swift-gliding boats seemed like sights of another world into which Lewis and Clark were about to enter. A thousand miles up-stream against the current our explorers fought their way. Warmer and warmer grew the weather.

MAP OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION



The men suffered much from the heat, some from sun-stroke, others from inflamed eyes caused by the reflection of the sun's rays upon the water. Swarms of mosquitoes clouded the air.

At the mouth of the Kansas River, on the present site of Kansas City, the party stopped for a rest. They stretched their weary limbs and slept so well that neither the cry of the whip-poor-will nor even the howl of the wolf could startle them out of their dreams.

The water gradually fell, and on the 21st day of July the company sailed with a fair wind past the mouth of the Great Platte River and onward a little farther north to the mouth of the Nehawka, or Weeping Water River, which marked the boundary between the Otoe and Omaha Indians, two tribes constantly at war with each other.

On they went past great groves of oak and hickory, of walnut, ash, and buckeye which lined the banks of the river. The elk and deer were numerous. Strange and beautiful birds flitted about in great numbers. Coming to the site of our present Omaha, they landed on the opposite bank. Here, where Council Bluffs is now located, Lewis and Clark assembled the chiefs of the Otoe tribe and told them that they now belonged to their Great American Father, the President at Washington, who begged all the tribes to live in peace with one another. The chiefs then declared that they were satisfied with the change of government and promised to make peace with their enemies, the Omahas.

The captains also gave the Otoes medals and papers with greetings from Thomas Jefferson. "When you look at these," said they to the Indians, "remember that your great American Father bids you above all not to make war on other Indian tribes." A half century later the

Otoes showed at Nebraska City these very papers given them by Lewis and Clark. During all their wanderings of many years they had preserved them tied up between flat pieces of bark.

After their council with the Otoes, the explorers entered also the country of the Omaha Indians. To their surprise, they found only graves and the ruins of former villages. Ascending a hill, they planted a flag on the grave of the dead chief Blackbird. This chief had been one of the most powerful rulers of the Omahas, who had once been a nation of warriors feared by even the most savage of Indian tribes. Stricken by smallpox, Blackbird himself and half of his people died. The rest of the tribe set fire to their villages and fled in terror. But before leaving they entombed their chief Blackbird sitting upright on his horse, that he might, as they said, "watch the traders coming and going."

It was in the country of the Omahas that the first sorrow came to the explorers. Young Sergeant Floyd, having become overheated, lay down on a sandbar to cool off. He became ill suddenly and died in a few hours. Sorrowfully the men laid his body at rest on the beautiful height now known as Floyd's Bluff. On a cedar post near by they carved the name of their youthful comrade. Sioux City has since grown up around Floyd's Bluff, and a magnificent monument now marks the burial place of the young explorer, the first United States soldier to be buried beyond the Mississippi.

Moving on, the explorers passed the mouth of the Big Sioux River. Some distance up the course of this stream are found the famous pipestone quarries. All the Indian tribes, even those on the warpath, came unmolested to these quarries to fashion their peace-pipes from the beautiful reddish rock.

"And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward."

Some distance beyond the mouth of the Big Sioux, the party came one day, toward the end of August, upon what seemed to be a low island covered with great moving drifts of snow. "Pelicans! Pelicans!" cried one of the hunters in the company. The beautiful creatures were fishing in the muddy waters of the river, but speedily



PELICAN

took to flight when the voyagers drew near. Two of the birds, however, were brought down.

"What a splendid specimen!" exclaimed Lewis, examining his bird. "It measures all of six feet from one wing tip to the other. Look at this enormous pouch below the bill! It is filled

with fish! Let us measure it." Out came the fish, and busy hands dipped quart after quart of water until over two gallons had been emptied into the great pouch.

"Buffalo! Buffalo!" shouted the men, a little later, in wild excitement. A great surging herd of the shaggy animals was browsing near by, and the party halted for a day's grand hunt.

The wanderers were now nearing the land of the Dakotas, the country of the terrible Sioux Indians. These Indians were wilder, more cunning, and more bloodthirsty than the most ferocious of the western Indian tribes,

excepting, perhaps, the Blackfeet, who dwelt farther west. They were the kings of the hunting grounds, forever carrying away horses, scalps, and helpless women and children. Everywhere, from the Red River of the North to the Red River in Texas, their dog trains dragged back and forth. They scalped and often flayed and burned alive any Indian who ventured to cross their path. They might well have been called the pirates of the streams and the wilderness trails. There was scarcely a lake or a stream between the Mississippi and the Rockies which at some time was not colored with the blood they shed.

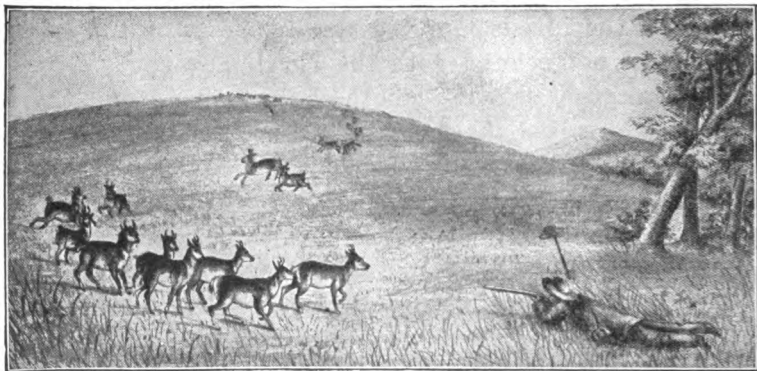
At Yankton, near the mouth of the James River, Clark and Lewis raised the flag under the Calumet Bluffs and invited the savage Sioux to a council. With dignified step the chieftains came, gorgeously painted and dressed in robes trimmed with porcupine quills. They wore eagle plumes upon their heads and strings of bears' claws about their necks. Their pipestone calumets were a yard or more in length and were decorated with bright feathers.

"And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear
Painted like the leaves of autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning."

The captains told the chiefs the same thing they had told the Otoes. Hereupon one of them extended his long peace-pipe toward heaven, toward the east, west, north, and south, and lastly toward the earth. He then made a great speech in which he declared that the Sioux were willing to come under American rule. He begged that the white men might send them traders who would bring clothes and firearms. The captains gave the chiefs presents and then departed, grateful for the peaceful outcome of this council with the dread Sioux.

More and more numerous became the buffalo. Herds

of antelope, shy, beautiful creatures, sped away before the voyagers, as fleet as birds on the wing. In vain did Lewis try to shoot one. Before long, however, the explorers learned that the antelope was a very curious animal. If the hunter would place a showy cloth or a hat on a stick and lie down quietly near it, the antelope would return and keep alternately approaching and running back, until it finally drew near enough to be reached with the rifle.



DECOYING THE ANTELOPE

On one of their hunting trips the explorers came to a spot all covered with tiny mounds. Suddenly they heard a few quick, sharp barks, then saw hundreds of little creatures disappear noiselessly into the earth. Nothing could force them out of their underground houses. The men worked for hours pouring whole barrels of water into one hole. Only one of the little animals was captured. It had a squirrel-like head and soft, silky hair. The men had seen for the first time a prairie dog.

On the present site of Pierre, in South Dakota, the party came upon another band of Sioux Indians. But these proved less friendly than those met farther down the river. When the council was over and Lewis and

Clark had pushed out from the shore, one Indian held Clark's boat by the rope while Chief Black Buffalo advanced to seize the captain and carry him away. Lewis hated to use force, though there really seemed to be no other choice. "Black Buffalo," said Clark, finally, "you claim that you are a great chief. Prove it by letting go our ropes." Flattered by this remark, the chief and his men obeyed. Lewis and Clark promptly pulled out and hastily steered up-stream, glad to be rid of these annoying and treacherous Indians.

Toward the last of October the river became so low that the men were often obliged to wade through the water, tugging and pulling the boats after them. Later, the river froze over and the ice began to be most troublesome. Fortunately, the explorers were now in the land of the Mandans. These Indians were a friendly nation who lived in little towns of mud huts surrounded by fields of corn, beans, squashes, and sunflowers. The captains decided to spend the winter here, on the right bank of the river, directly opposite the site of the present flourishing city of Bismarck, North Dakota.

The head chief of the Mandans, Black Cat, with his warriors, met the white captains in council. Promises of friendship were made and the peacepipe was handed around. The hospitable Mandan women served their white visitors with hominy and other garden stuffs, well cooked in earthen pots. Lewis and Clark distributed suits of clothes, laced uniforms, cocked hats, and colored plumes among the chiefs. An iron coffee-mill was given to the women that they might grind their corn in it instead of pounding it into meal between two stones, as they were accustomed to do. All day long the happy Mandan women ground and ground away, surprised to see themselves making meal with so little labor.

PART THREE. A WINTER AT FORT MANDAN

Winter was fast coming on, and that in a climate where the thermometer dropped forty degrees below zero. Lewis and Clark at the head of their little party became very busy. The tall cottonwood trees were cut down and used to build warm log cabins. These cabins stood side by side in the form of the letter V. A stockade with a strong gate closed the rear end of the triangle. The doors and windows all opened toward the center of the enclosed space. The chinks between the logs were filled in and the chimneys plastered with mud; the windows were curtained with deerskin. Within the enclosed space were erected sheds in which to store food and all sorts of specimens collected on the way.

Every day the Indians crowded curiously about to watch the buildings going up. In the evening they fed their horses with the cottonwood branches that had been stripped from the timber, and then returned home.

By the middle of November the cabins and stockade, called Fort Mandan, were finished. The weather grew very cold, but our hardy explorers had nothing to fear. They had jerked and hung away in the winter smoke-house hundreds and hundreds of pounds of deer and buffalo meat. During the long winter nights they were snug and warm, rolled up in their blankets and shaggy buffalo skins. One thousand six hundred miles stretched between Fort Mandan and St. Louis. Daily Lewis and Clark had written in their journals noting all the happenings and faithfully describing the country, the animals, and the plants. They now became very busy re-writing their reports on clean sheets of paper and re-drawing the maps of the country through which they had passed. They sorted and labeled their specimens and mounted the animals they had caught.

Christmas came, the first celebrated on the upper Missouri. The stars and stripes, floating nobly above the rude palisade, was saluted with a volley of musketry. Dried apples, corn, beans, squash, buffalo meat, spices, and bones filled with marrow made, on the whole, a most delicious Christmas feast. Not an Indian ventured near. Fort Mandan was a mystery to the redmen that Christmas day. "Today is the white man's great medicine day," said they.

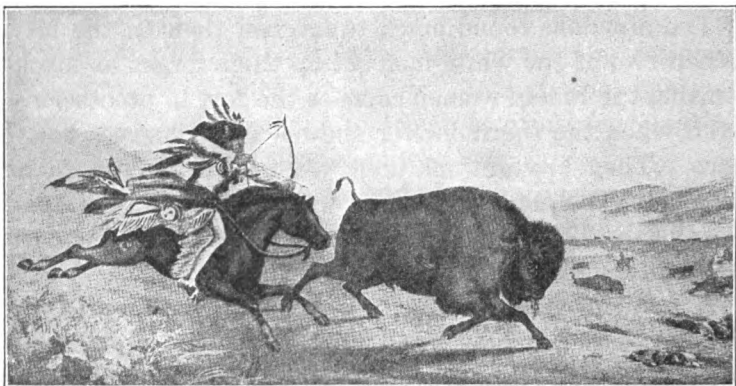
The Mandans found much to interest them at the fort. When two of the white men set up their forges as blacksmiths, the Indian women came to the fort in processions, even when the thermometer showed forty degrees below zero. They brought all their old broken kettles to be mended. The men wanted arrows, tomahawks, and axes. All the work thus done for the Indians was paid for with generous supplies of corn.

A favorite visitor at Fort Mandan was a young Indian woman with her baby boy. Captured beyond the Rocky Mountains five years previous, she was sold by her Indian captors to a Frenchman who married her. She was called Sacajawea, which translated means Bird Woman. Sacajawea was a bright young woman and of a gentle, faithful disposition. Since she knew the languages of the Indian tribes beyond the mountains, Lewis and Clark decided to take her along with them when they would continue their journey in spring.

One morning the Indians came running to Fort Mandan crying excitedly, "The buffalo! The buffalo!" Away flew the redmen on their horses. Away galloped the white men after them. Up the river the hunters went, and gave chase to an immense herd of buffalo. Load after load of meat was carried home on the horses' backs and hung in the storehouse. Day after day with the thermometer

marking twenty degrees below zero, with two suns in the sky, and with brilliant northern lights in the evening, the hunters were out to chase the shaggy animals.

March came; scattered flocks of ducks, swans, and geese were seen flying northward, a sign that spring was coming. And now our explorers became very busy preparing for their onward journey. From morning till night the blows of axes and hammers could be heard. The old



BUFFALO FLEEING BEFORE THE INDIANS

boats were lifted out of the water and repaired. Six new, lighter canoes were made.

In strong wooden boxes were packed horns of the mountain ram and of the elk and deer, all sorts of skins and furs, Indian clothes, bows and arrows, numerous specimens of earths, minerals, plants, seeds and insects; stuffed antelopes and their skeletons, a stuffed weasel, a prairie dog, three Rocky Mountain squirrels, and Lewis's fine pelican; the skeletons of a prairie dog, a white and a gray hare, a badger, two burrowing squirrels, and a white weasel. A live prairie hen, four magpies, and a prairie dog were imprisoned in wicker cages. The whole novel collection was securely stored in the largest of the three

boats. In with this storage went a pack of interesting letters to relatives and friends, also Lewis's report to Jefferson and Congress.

At length on a Sunday afternoon of early April in 1805, the large boat with all its treasures and ten men on board turned its keel down the Missouri.

PART FOUR. FROM FORT MANDAN UP THE MISSOURI TO ITS
THREE FORKS

At the same moment that the large boat set out downstream, the two captains and their party started out upstream with the two other boats and six small canoes. Sacajawea with her babe, accompanied by her husband, now the cook of the party, went along.

The large boat reached St. Louis in safety, and from here its reports, letters, and specimens were sent to their various destinations. President Jefferson was less troubled now that he knew the party had lived safe through the winter and was once more on its way up the Missouri. The collection of rare specimens was much valued by the scholarly Jefferson and was long on exhibit at Monticello.

Hopefully the explorers paddled up the Missouri. The spring air was often sharp and chilly with now and then a light snow-fall on the sprouting and budding vegetation but before long the weather became very warm. In the region where the Mouse River rises and flows on into Canada they saw great flocks of wild geese which built their nests high up in the branches of the cottonwood trees. Bald eagles were remarkably numerous on this part of the Missouri, also magpies, which always built their nests close to those of the eagles. The hills were bare with only here and there a patch of wild sage or a clump of juniper bushes and dwarfed cedars.

On passed our explorers farther up the Missouri,

through rolling prairies and towering highlands. Every now and then they camped on a favorable spot, swinging their axes where axes had never been swung and building their fires where fires had never been kindled by white men. Fine buffalo steaks and savory brown ribs fried and crackled over the flames of the campfires, and now and then Lewis would make some plump, light dumpplings. Sacajawea, carrying her babe on her back, dug into gopher holes for artichokes which served instead of potatoes. The negro York gathered water cress and other greens.

At close of day the captains and others of the party would sit about the fire and record the day's happenings. Finally, everybody would roll up in his blanket and with feet to the fire fall asleep, unmindful of the high Dakota winds roaring through the trees, or the howling of wolves. One man always kept watch through the night.

For whole days at a time the explorers passed along bare veins of burning coal which had probably been kindled by Indian fires. They passed many empty wigwams and deserted villages but saw no Indians, for they had gone to the plains to hunt.

Toward the end of April the party came to the mouth of the Yellowstone, a very clear, beautiful stream flowing through fertile plains. Here they met with great herds of elk, buffalo, and antelope, so tame that they had to be driven out of the way to let the travelers pass. Only the deer were shy. Geese abounded; also bald eagles. The captains named a bold, beautiful stream, flowing into the Missouri from the north, Porcupine River. It is now marked Poplar on our maps. On this stream were found many beaver dams. The industrious little colony of beavers had in some places gnawed down many acres of timber, sometimes felling trees three feet in diameter.

A strong May wind filled the sails and carried the boats west. Everywhere the elk and buffalo roamed the land in herds of thousands. Large numbers of porcupine fed on undisturbed while the white men walked among them. Mountain sheep bounded across the cliffs. The wild-cat, the mountain lion, and the coyote snarled savagely after the white intruders. Vast meadows of clover and timothy, and great fields of wild rice stretched away on every side. The underbrush swarmed with prairie fowl. Swans, geese, and ducks sported in the lakes and streams which were alive with mountain trout. There were whole fields of blooming roses, lilies, honeysuckles, morning-glories, and hops. Strawberries covered the hills like a carpet. The country seemed like a great wild paradise.

Toward the end of May, Lewis, climbing to the highest hill on the north bank of the river, caught the first glimpse of the great mountain range of the West. He called the noble heights Rocky Mountains. Bold and bolder grew the river banks. The course of the Missouri became more and more irregular. The current was so rapid and so deep that neither oars nor poles could be used. With ropes about their shoulders, the men pulled the boats up-stream, struggling along the banks through mud, icy water, and over sharp and rugged rocks. They lost their moccasins in the sticky clay and cut their feet on the sharp rocks.

"Is this the country of your people?" asked Lewis of Sacajawea.

"No, not of the Shoshones," said she, her face blanching. "Here Blackfeet come from way up to shoot and scalp my people when they come here to hunt the buffalo." Well might Sacajawea grow pale. The Blackfeet were savage indeed, even more so than the Iroquois in New York or the Sioux to the east of the Rocky Mountains. They were the scourge of the Western Mountains.

It was therefore time for our friends to hasten on. The explorers now entered a region which has since become known as the natural wonder of the West. For miles and miles valley succeeded valley. Between these valleys of wonderful beauty rose hills and cliffs of white sandstone. Sheer from the river's bank they towered hundreds of feet toward the clear, blue summer sky.



SACAJAWEA

Passing out of this charming wonderland, the explorers entered upon a more level country and at length, on June 3, came to a point where the river divides. "Which is the true Missouri? Which of these branches shall we now follow?" the explorers asked one another.

The waters of the northern branch tumbled along dull and muddy, while those of the southern branch flowed clear as crystal along a pebbly bed. It was decided to explore each division a short distance, Lewis taking the northern and Clark the southern.

"This leads too far north," said Lewis after he had gone some distance up the muddy current. He returned to the fork of the river, where he found Clark. The two captains agreed to continue their journey up the southern stream.

But before leaving this fork of the Missouri, a deep kettle-like hole was dug. The earth was carefully carried

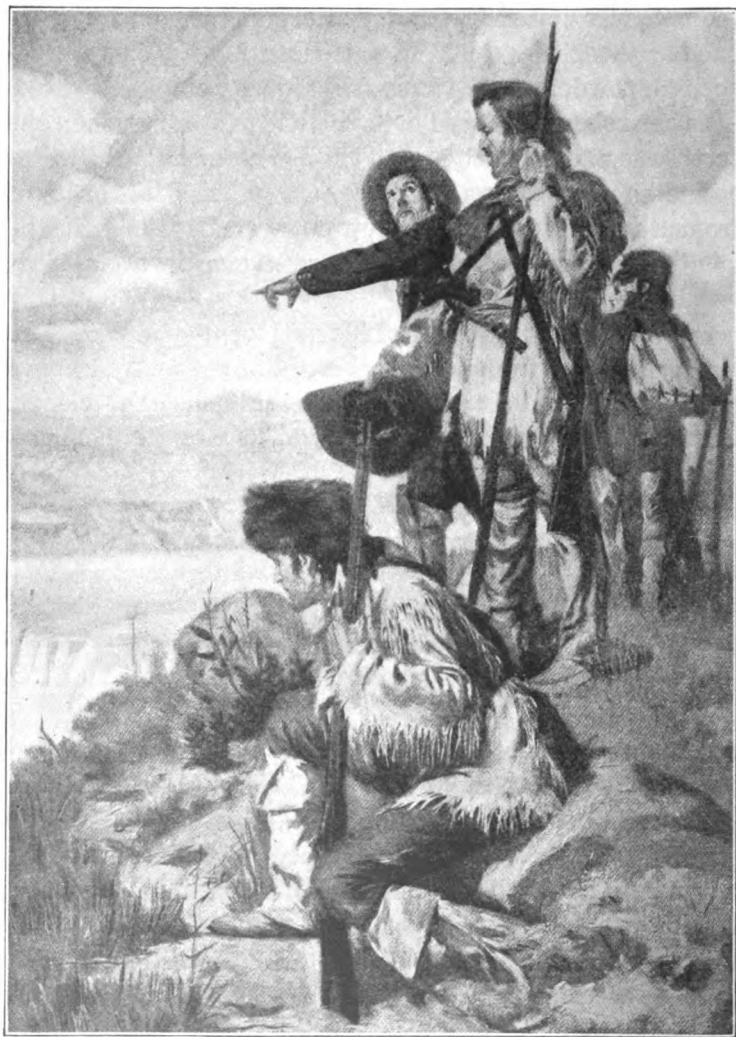
away in skins and dumped into the river. The bottom of the hole was covered with dry sticks and the entire space lined with dried skins. In this hole, or cache, were deposited powder, flour, tools—whatever could be spared. Another robe was placed over the entire storage, then the earth was packed in tight and the sod closely fitted so that no Indian might detect the place. One of the boats brought from St. Louis was drawn up on a small island at the mouth of Maria's River and there hidden in a clump of brush.

Captain Lewis with four of his men went on ahead. The mountains rose higher than ever. Range towered above range, the most distant peaks reaching into the clouds. Lewis pressed on faster and faster, leaving his companions far behind.

“So he journeyed westward, westward,
Left the fleetest deer behind him,
Left the antelope and bison;
Passed the mountains of the prairie,
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,
Came unto the Rocky Mountains,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind.”

One day in the middle of June, Lewis heard a loud roaring noise and saw rising in the distance great clouds of vapor. Hastening on he soon looked upon the Great Falls of the Missouri; he gazed in silent wonder upon the mighty waterfall, which, hidden here in the wilderness from the eyes of civilized man, had leaped down its rocky way for ages. Joined by his companions, Lewis walked on for ten miles. Three succeeding cataracts plunged from rock to rock over a depth of four hundred feet.

The Great Falls of the Missouri seemed the gathering place of all the wild animals of the country. Captain



CAPTAIN LEWIS VIEWING THE FALLS OF THE MISSOURI

Clark says in his journal that at one time he must have seen at least as many as ten thousand buffalo in one herd. The clumsy creatures crowded along the steep, rocky paths and often awkwardly pushed each other into the water. Hundreds of them were thus carried away and dashed down the cataract to feed whole packs of bears and wolves below.

The party now prepared to carry the boats and baggage around the falls. Wagons were made for the purpose. For wheels they cut cross sections from a fine cottonwood trunk. The masts of the white boat, the last of the three brought from St. Louis, were used as axles. The boat itself was concealed in a copse of willows.

A whole month was thus spent in making wagons and hauling the boats and baggage around the Falls, a distance of eighteen miles. With great difficulty the men dragged their heavy loads up rocky heights, through dense woods, and over rough buffalo paths. Prickly pears, a sort of cactus, cut through the moccasins of the men and sorely wounded their feet. Often the men dropped exhausted to the ground.

Many were the trials the little company had to endure. An island close to the camp was fairly crowded with grizzly bears whose growling and restless movements never ceased day or night. One evening the hungry animals came close to the camp and carried off some buffalo meat. A worse annoyance perhaps than the grizzlies was the swarms of mosquitoes which sometimes were so numerous that they darkened the air.

One day there was a sudden cloud-burst and the men had to retreat in haste before the flood which rose fifteen feet in a very short time. The rain was followed by a hail storm. The icy stones were so large and were driven so swiftly by the wind that many of the men were badly wounded and even thrown to the ground by them.

Lewis and Clark were glad to find that the water above the falls was still deep enough for boats. Two new boats, hollowed out of cottonwood trunks, were made, and on July 15 the explorers again set out up the Missouri in eight canoes.

"The Shoshones! My people!" cried Sacajawea joyfully one day when the party came upon burnt-out campfires. "See," she continued, pointing to the pines stripped of their bark, "They were hungry last winter. There were no buffalo, and so the Shoshones had nothing to eat but the tender wood which lies beneath the bark of the pine tree."

With the flag flying, the canoes passed through the mighty gap cut by the Missouri through the mountains in western Montana. "The river will soon branch off in three forks," said Sacajawea. And so it was. On July 25 the party reached the three forks of the Missouri.

"What a splendid camping place," said Lewis. "Let us rest here for a few days."

No better camping place could have been found for the tired explorers to make new leather suits or repair their old buckskin clothes. Birds of beautiful plumage flitted about in great numbers. Sunflowers, buffalo clover, wild peas, and wild beans bloomed everywhere. Numerous beavers, otters, and muskrats made the country a trapper's paradise. All the Indian trails in the country seemed to cross each other here. "On this very spot my people camped five years ago," said Sacajawea. "Here you can still see the traces of their campfires."

The branch to the west, the real Missouri, was named for President Jefferson; the middle branch for Madison, the Secretary of State; and the third for Gallatin, the Secretary of the Treasury. On July 30, the explorers pushed up the Jefferson River toward its source. "Here

I was captured," cried Sacajawea at noon of that day when the party landed for dinner. "Our men fled away on their horses. The women and children ran to hide, and I was caught just when crossing this river."

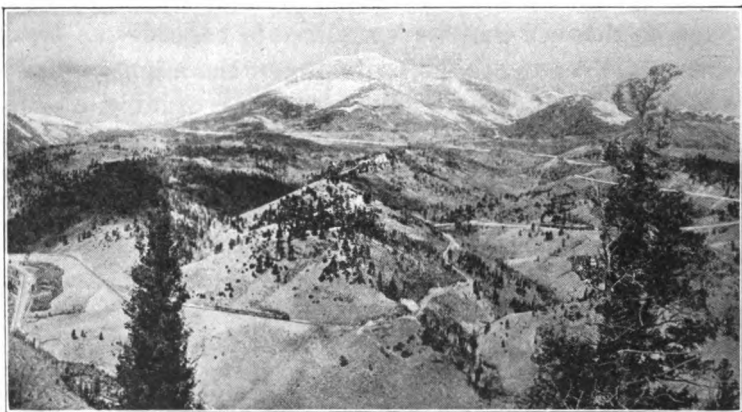
The Jefferson River gradually became smaller and smaller. On the first days of August the explorers knelt for a cool, clear drink on the brink of a rivulet forming the source of the great Missouri. One of the men, planting a foot on either side of the mountain rivulet exclaimed, "God be thanked that we have lived to bestride the great Missouri, lived to see the beginning of the mighty stream which, three thousand miles down its winding course, pours its waters into the Mississippi." Father Marquette's dream, when gazing for the first time upon the turbulent mouth of the Missouri, had become real—the great waterway had been traced from its mouth to its source; a route had been opened to the Far West for the missionary, the trader, the miner, and the home-builder.

PART FIVE. FROM THE THREE FORKS OF THE MISSOURI TO
THE BANKS OF THE COLUMBIA

The explorers were sorry to leave the famous three forks of the Missouri, but they were most anxious to look upon the source of a stream tributary to that other great river which flowed to the Pacific Ocean. They knew that this other great river must rise on the opposite slope of the same height of land which gave rise to the Missouri. But they were in great need of guides to show them the way, and also of horses to carry their baggage. Captain Lewis, therefore, with a few of his men, hastened ahead in the hope of meeting some Indians. Following a trail, he came to the top of a ridge which forms the height of land dividing the source waters of a stream flowing into the Atlantic and the head waters of a river flowing into

the Pacific Ocean. For the first time white men stood on the great divide or watershed of the North American Continent.

Descending the steep western slope, Lewis came to a creek of clear, cold water running to the westward. This stream is now known as the Lemhi River. It forms the source of the Salmon River. The Salmon flows into the Snake; the Snake, joined by the Clearwater, forms one



THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE

of the two principal head tributaries of the Columbia. Around a fire built of dry willow brush, Lewis and his companions slept that night in what is now Idaho. Traveling along a well-worn Indian trail, they later came upon two Indian women, who, won over by presents, finally consented to lead the men to their village. These Indians were Shoshones, or Snake Indians. The chiefs received Lewis and his men very kindly. One of them invited him to his lodge and there treated him with a piece of salmon. Salmon being found only in the waters tributary to the Pacific, Lewis was now certain that he had discovered the head waters of a river flowing to this

ocean. The chief provided the white men with horses, and, accompanied by a number of his Indians, rode back with them to bring Clark and the rest of the party with the baggage.

When the two bands met, the captains called a council of the Indians. "Bring Sacajawea," said Lewis, "that she may interpret for us."

When Sacajawea saw the chief she uttered a cry of joy and flew toward him. He was her brother. After exchanging a few sentences with him, she returned to her seat and did the interpreting for the two parties, often pausing to wipe away or hold back her tears. Through her Lewis and Clark told the chief that they were going to the far ocean. "We are making a road for the traders," said Lewis.

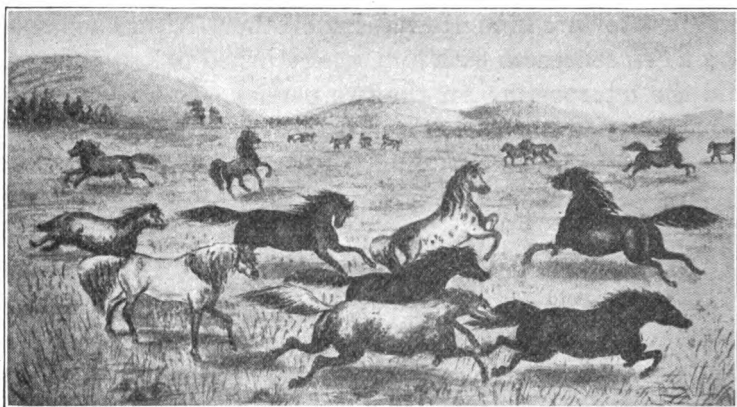
"This makes Indian happy," returned the chief. "But white men cannot travel across the mountains. Seven days over sheer mountains. Nothing but roots to eat, no game, no fish. A river of high rocks. The Snake River is wild, all foam. No man, no horse can cross. High rocky walls a hundred feet high on the sides. No man can walk along the bank. We never travel that way."

But Lewis and Clark said: "If we cannot sail the Snake River to the Columbia, can we not ride over the mountains that line its banks? If the enemies of the Shoshones can travel over these highlands, why cannot we?"

The Shoshones lived in great terror of other Indian tribes, some of whom had received guns from the British traders and often came down like savage wolves upon the poor Shoshones whose only weapons were bows and arrows. But the Shoshones possessed very fine horses. Many of these had Spanish brands upon them. They had once belonged to the herds of noble steeds reared in the California mission rancherias. Traded or stolen from

tribe to tribe, or captured wild, these fine horses became the pride of the Indian nations on the upper Columbia.

It was horses like these—docile and sure-footed, used to the pack and the saddle—that Lewis and Clark wanted. Now, the Shoshones wanted knives and hatchets very badly. They had thus far been obliged to split their wood with elk-horns and mallets made of stone. So from all the



WILD HORSES DESCENDED FROM THE NOBLE STEEDS OF THE OLD CALIFORNIA MISSIONS

valleys of their country the Shoshones gathered their best horses and traded them off for knives and tomahawks.

An old Indian whom Clark called Toby offered to guide the exploring party across the mountains. Unseen by the Indians the heavy baggage was now stored away at night in a cache at the head of the Jefferson; the canoes were sunk to the bottom of the river. On the last day of August our heroes at length set out westward on horseback in search of the Great River of the West which would carry them to the Pacific Ocean. With them rode the Indian guides, Toby and his four sons, and also Sacajawea with her husband and babe.

The explorers traveled along a difficult route leading across the Bitterroot Mountains, our northern Idaho of today. The first part of their way lay along the Lemhi River. Up ahead in a hollow of the mountains they came upon a party of Flathead Indians camping. The redmen looked with wonder upon the faces of the strangers. "These men are cold, their faces are frozen white," said they. A great fire was built. Blankets and furs were brought by the kind-hearted Flatheads. Late into the night the white men sat with the chiefs about the fire, smoking the peacepipe.

It was almost impossible to converse with these Indians, even with Sacajawea as interpreter; for the Flatheads spoke a strange guttural language which sounded very much like the clucking of a fowl or the noise of a parrot. But they were kind and friendly, and gladly shared their small store of food—berries and roots—with the strangers. Lewis and Clark gave them medals and flags, which made the good Flatheads very happy. They never forgot the visit of these first white men, and to this day no Flathead ever killed a white man.

The next day the explorers took a northwesterly course. They cut their way through thickets of brush, pushed through dense woods, crossed deep ravines, and scaled steep and rocky mountains. Some of the horses slipped and fell down the rocky slopes. Others became crippled and worn out. Taking the clumsy pack-saddles upon their backs, the men trudged limping and stumbling along. Thorns and briars tore their clothes and cut their flesh. Worst of all, game became more and more scarce. Soon horse meat became their only food and the flesh of dogs was considered a welcome change of diet.

Ever onward straight across Idaho, the brave little party struggled. They came at last to the Lolo Trail, a famous

well-worn Indian path. Over this trail went the north-western redmen to battle and to the buffalo hunt on the Missouri. Down over this trail went Lewis and Clark with their famished companions. Descending the last of the Bitterroot Mountains, they reached a level country—they were at last over the Great Divide.

Where the Clearwater River forms a fork with the Snake, our heroes came upon a village of Nez Perces Indians. Everywhere the women were digging the camas root, a bulb somewhat resembling the sweet potato in taste. At the sight of the white men the root diggers fled in fright, and the children hid away in the bushes. "Kill these pale-faced strangers," whispered the alarmed Nez Perces warriors.

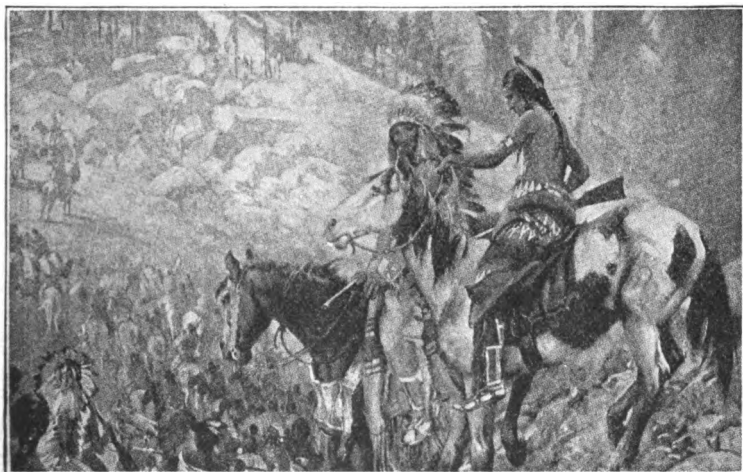
"No, no; do not touch them," pleaded a Nez Perces girl who lay dying in her tent. "Go to meet them. They are good people." The poor girl had once been carried away by a war party of Indians to a distant eastern country. There she met white people who were kind to her. Home-sick for the land of her childhood, she finally escaped and fled away in the direction of the Nez Perces country. Picked up on the way by a party of her people, she was brought home over the Lolo Trail to die.

Reassured by her words the Nez Perces welcomed the tired and hungry strangers and gave them food. The captains told the Nez Perces of their great Father at Washington and made them presents of medals and showy clothes. The Indians were much pleased. Even to this day the Nez Perces tell the story of how the dying Indian maiden had made them the friends of the white men.

Beyond the mouth of the Clearwater River, the Snake was navigable. The captains and their companions consequently spent the early days of October in preparing for the descent of the river. Canoes were made by hollowing

out tree trunks. The saddles and some powder were buried. The horses were branded and given into the care of the Nez Percés. Then the party set out in the new boats on their voyage to the sea.

With joyful hearts the young explorers sped through wild and interesting regions. At length, on the sixteenth of October, they passed from the waters of the Snake River into the wide, blue current of the Columbia.



NEZ PERCÉS INDIANS

With happy hearts they pitched their tents on the banks of the Great River for a short rest. Soon the sound of drums and shouting voices was heard, and a procession of about two hundred Indians came marching toward camp. Gathered in a semicircle around the white men they bade them a hearty welcome. A chief of the Nez Percés had brought these redmen the last words of the dying Indian girl—"Do not fear the white men. Be kind to them." In this way the explorers were introduced from tribe to tribe all the way down the Columbia.

PART SIX. DOWN THE COLUMBIA TO THE PACIFIC

It seemed as though all the Indians of the Far West had flocked to the banks of the Columbia even as the savages of the Middle West had at one time come down upon the frontier stations of Kentucky. But the Indians of the Columbia were peaceable. They had come hither for the salmon fishing. Whole schools of the fish could be seen lying twenty feet deep down in the clear, crystal-like water. They floated on the surface and crowded each other out upon the banks right into the hands of the fishermen, who diligently collected, split, and hung them on scaffolds to dry. Dried salmon was used as fuel, for wood was very scarce in this part of the country.

Here and there at the various fishing places stood clusters of huts built of mats. Landing, Lewis and Clark one day visited one of these mat tents. It was crowded with men, women, and children who came forward with a kindly welcome, bringing mats for their visitors to sit upon. The fire was quickly kindled anew with some drift wood from the river and salmon cooked for the guests.

An Indian chief drew an excellent map upon a large white elk skin. The Columbia River and its branches were represented by lines; the Indian trails were marked by moccasin tracks; and the villages by clusters of tepees. This map of the Columbia River country, until then unknown to white men, was very valuable. It was carried home to Jefferson, who proudly hung it up in Monticello.

In the Walla Walla country at the bend of the Columbia, our explorers caught sight of a high mountain. "Can this lofty peak be Mount Hood?" asked Clark gazing eagerly into the distant West.

"It must be," returned Lewis joyfully. "We are now certain that we are on the Great River of the West which will carry us to the Pacific Ocean."

Lewis was right. The friendly peak was Mount Hood, discovered by Vancouver, an English navigator, in 1792.

On, on sped the hopeful little band. "Remain with us for some time," pleaded the Walla Walla chieftains.

"Not now, but when we come back," shouted the voyagers, as they dashed eagerly on.

While waiting one day with his companions for the boats to come up, Clark saw a large white crane fly across the



MT. HOOD

river. He shot the bird. It came down with outspread wings and fell close to the spot where he stood. Several Indians on the opposite bank of the river heard the shot. They saw the bird flutter to the ground and at the same moment caught sight of the white men for the first time. For an instant they stood motionless, and then fled in terror. Clark and his companions followed them to their huts. Entering one, Clark found in it a number of men, women and children huddled together in hopeless grief.

Clark spoke kindly to them and gave them presents; but all in vain. "Every Indian knows the peacepipe," thought he, and drew his pipestone calumet from his pocket. But when the terror-sticken people saw him kindle the tobacco by letting the rays of the sun fall through his sun glass, they fairly shrieked with fright.

The Indians who had first seen Clark were the cause of all this tumult. Having heard the report of the gun, and caught sight of the white men at the very moment when the crane fluttered to the ground, they went running home with the breathless report that they had seen strange people drop from the clouds with great thunder. This belief was still further confirmed when Clark lit his pipe with fire from the heavens by means of a sun glass.

By and by the rest of the party arrived. The Nez Perces guides did their best to quiet the fears of the frightened Indians. But not until Sacajawea and her little boy landed could these Indians be convinced that the strangers were mere human beings who meant well with them. "No squaw travels with a war party," said they, and soon Indians and whites sat peacefully together smoking their calumets in honor of the Great Father at Washington.

As our party glided hopefully onward, they passed first the mouth of the John Day's River, then that of the Chute. They skillfully darted away over wild-rushing rapids and trudged around a falls so steep that they wondered how the salmon, crowding the river above, had ever made their way up from the ocean over this wall of water. They did not then know that at the season of high floods the water below the falls, held up by a great rock some distance beyond, rises to a level with the water above, making it possible for the salmon to pass up-stream in great multitudes.

Some distance beyond these falls the explorers were surprised to find the river widening into a vast basin with water as smooth as that of a lake on a fair summer day. "But look at that great dark wall of rock in the distance!" exclaimed Lewis. "It seems to extend from the right bank entirely across the river."

"No, I see a pass through it over at the left," said Clark as they drew nearer to it.

The party landed and from the top of the great rock looked down upon a grand sight, the rapids in the Columbia known as the Dalles. A pass only about forty-five yards wide extended for about half a mile right through the huge rock. Through this very narrow channel the whole, mighty flood of the Columbia forced its way, whirling, swelling, and boiling wildly.

"We can not possibly drag our boats by land over this rock," declared Lewis.

"No," returned Clark. "But by careful steering we might venture a passage. The rapids do not seem to have a rocky bed. The water is so wild only because it forces itself through such a narrow channel."

A little later the men in their canoes darted like race horses through the boiling, hissing, and foaming waters, to the intense surprise of bands of Indians who stood looking on from above.

Below the Dalles the river again widened to about two hundred yards. The Indians here lived in wooden houses, the first seen by the explorers since they had left St. Louis. Ever on sped the little fleet between varying scenes of lofty mountains and treeless plains, past wandering Indian tribes and the strange burial places of their dead, to the wild flowing Cascades of the Columbia. Here, for five miles, a series of rapids rushed and leaped and foamed between mossy, dripping walls of rock, the Cascade Mountains. Into the very clouds these mountains reached, and from their wintry summits sprang countless little waterfalls which sank in rainbow-colored mists into the chasm below. To the south rose Mount Hood, high and snowy. To the north, Mount St. Helens reared its glittering summit to the sky.

Passing around the rapids, the explorers launched their canoes below it and floated away into a new world, the

great, rich valley of the lower Columbia. Sleepy hair-seals peered at them from rocky ledges. Flocks of swans, geese, ducks, cranes, gulls, and plovers chattered and waddled and splashed and fished in the river and its creeks.



A WATERFALL OF THE COLUMBIA

Though it was already early November the warm, moist Chinook winds were melting the snows on the mountains and covering the hills with green. More and more delightful grew the country and the climate. There were groves of mighty trees six to ten feet in diameter; rich growths of maple, wild cherry, crab apple, and giant grape vines; great patches of blackberries, gardens of wild roses, and great jungles of wide-spreading ferns.

Bands of Chinook Indians were going down the river with loads of salmon to trade for beads and wapato, a round white root resembling our potato. The Chinooks had a new sort of boat, a long light canoe, wide in the middle and tapering towards the ends, with interesting figures of men and beasts carved on the bow. The captains bought one of these for a hatchet and a few trinkets.

Among all the tribes along the Columbia River, Indian babes were seen wrapped up like mummies with a flat board pressed firmly on the forehead in such a way as to force it upon the top of the head. A flat head was considered a tribal badge of honor among the Chinooks.

Farther back in the mountains the explorers found only the women to have flattened heads, but among the Chinooks both men and women were thus marked.

Farther down-stream a band of Indians clad in sailor-jackets, trousers, and round hats, hailed the voyagers in English. "Go two days down," said they; "two ships there from Boston; white men in them."

"Two ships! white men!" exclaimed the exploring party. And on they sped. They did not even see the mouth of the Willamette River, the largest of the Columbia's tributaries, on which now stands the thriving city of Portland. Nor did they heed the numerous interesting villages on the way. But away they glided through noble forests, past shadowy mountains and burning campfires where redmen walked between them and the brightening flames. Flocks of hundreds of waterfowl and numerous other birds swept noisily up-stream, flying away from the lashing ocean waves and stormy winds. The autumn rains were setting in. But what mattered rain and storm when the goal was so near and ships from the Atlantic seaboard were waiting below? At noon on a day in the middle of November they stopped at Cathlamet for dinner.

"We can even now hear the waves of the ocean rolling and dashing against the rocks," exclaimed one of the party excitedly. But a dense fog screened the longed-for sight from their eyes. Before night the fog cleared away and the hero band beheld the ocean forty miles away. "The ocean in view!" cried Captain Clark joyfully. "Since the days of Columbus, men have searched for a passage to the Great South Sea. We have passed up the Missouri and down the Columbia through deserts, mountains, and wildernesses to find the same South Sea. Here at length it lies before us—stretching away to the borders of Asia."

They cheerfully headed their boats toward the mighty sheet of water. But the rain poured in torrents, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the hail pelted. Again and again the voyagers were beaten back by the high waves dashing against the shore. They could not find a place to camp. Drenched by the rain and faint with hunger, they drifted about on floating trees or sought shelter high up among the rocks. At last the wind and ocean became somewhat calm and the exhausted party sank down upon the beach of the Pacific and slept in the rain.

In vain the captains looked for the two ships of which the Indians had told them. They had secretly hoped that Jefferson might have a ship waiting at the mouth of the Columbia to take them back home. But Jefferson knew that the Spanish in California, the Russians to the north, and the English freebooting vessels at sea were ever on the watch. He did not, therefore, risk sending a ship. The ships seen by the Indians that fall were but two of the many gallant Boston vessels which had ventured around Cape Horn to the northern Pacific to buy furs, catch the whale, or enjoy adventure.

PART SEVEN. A WINTER AT FORT CLATSOP BY THE SEA

The weather continued very uncomfortable. The rain poured day and night. But a winter camp had to be built. The site chosen was a sheltered spot south of the Columbia about ten miles from the ocean. It was located on a small river, now known as the Lewis and Clark River. Here was built Fort Clatsop. By Christmas seven cabins, fashioned after the frontier forts of Kentucky, were finished. And though the men had little reason to be very cheery, they nevertheless fired salutes at early dawn, sang an old Christmas song, and passed the day in good spirits. Their

friends, the Chinook and Clatsop tribes who dwelt here by the sea, were very kind to them. By New Year's day the palisades were completed. The Indians were now told that the gates would be closed every day at sunset, and that they must then leave and not return before sunrise.

How we should have enjoyed a visit to this first winter home of white people on the Oregon coast! Seated on sec-



A HERD OF ELK

tions of tree-trunks before the log fires, the men spent the long winter evenings carving cups, plates, and spoons from cedar wood. Stories were told and plans were made. Often, too, there was a song and a tune on a fiddle.

Books were written, and a new geography was prepared during that winter by the sea. A huge, sawed-off fir stump in the center of the captains' cabin was covered with maps and neatly-written papers. There were wonderfully interesting and valuable descriptions of Indian tribes and

Indian manners; of mountains and plains and rivers; of all kinds of plants and animals.

The country about Fort Clatsop abounded in elk. For miles the men would follow the fleet creatures over great cranberry marshes, so boggy that a whole acre at a time would shake under their feet. A salt-maker's camp was built near the ocean. Heaps of shining white candles were made from the tallow of the elk. Wapato was bought from the Indians. Thus, with plenty of elk meat and salt to preserve it, with wapato for bread, and timber and candles to warm and light up the long evenings, the explorers passed a fairly comfortable winter at Fort Clatsop.

The shore along the Pacific was lined with Chinook and Clatsop villages of neatly built wooden houses. These houses were furnished with fireplaces, beds, mats, bowls of wood, spoons of horn, and water-tight baskets.

The rain continued to fall, but now in warm, gentle showers. The grass grew green and the wild spring flowers opened even in December. Toward the end of January there was a heavy snowfall with sleet and icicles, but, like all Oregon snow, it melted away within a few days, and spring came to stay.

PART EIGHT. HOME AGAIN

The captains would have liked to remain at Fort Clatsop until white traders had come to the Columbia, but the elk had gone to the mountains and food was becoming very scarce. So on a Sunday afternoon in the latter part of March in 1806, they left Fort Clatsop. Slowly they paddled up the Columbia. They camped on the site of our present Vancouver. This time they saw the mouth of the Willamette River and sailed up its course through scenes of richest green and blooming currant bushes, red as roses

in June. Spending a night on the present site of Portland, they returned to the Columbia and continued up-stream.

They made a difficult portage around the wild rushing Cascades and the foamy Dalles. Passing through a country of wonderful spring beauty, the great northwest wheat fields of the present, they once more looked upon the mouth of the Chute River and also that of the John Day's. Remembering their promise, the chief of the Walla Walla was watching for them on his hills. They tarried a while with these friendly Indians, who presented them with a number of very fine horses. Of all the Indians the explorers met, the Walla Walla were the kindest and the most honest.



CHIEF JOSEPH OF THE NEZ
PERCES TRIBE

Following an Indian trail, our travelers once more came to the mouth of the Clearwater River, where they had left their horses and saddles in charge of the Nez Perces. But alas it was still winter in the Bitterroot Mountains and the Lolo Trail lay hidden beneath great drifts of snow.

Only late in June did the company set out from their camp on the mouth of the Clearwater River. They recrossed the Bitterroot Mountains guided only by the marks their baggage had left on the trees and rocks, for the trails were still covered with snow and ice.

East of the mountains the party separated, in the early part of July. One division, headed by Lewis, journeyed

northward to the Falls of the Missouri below the three forks, whence they descended down-stream. Clark, with the rest of the party, turned south and descended the Yellowstone River. In the middle of August the two companies met at the junction of the Yellowstone and the Missouri and pitched their tents on the very spot on which they had camped in April of 1805. The two parties now had much to tell each other.

"We crossed the Missoula River," said Lewis, "and pushed on over plains filled with armies of buffalo fleeing from the savage Blackfeet. We gazed once more upon the Great Falls of the Missouri. Grizzly bears, and mosquitoes were as plentiful and as troublesome as before. Beyond the Falls we found the baggage in the cache and the boat in the copse as we had left them, missing only some of the skins which high water had flooded away. On an exploration trip up the Marias we killed a thieving Blackfoot and then were obliged to flee on our horses, hotly pursued by his enraged companions. Reaching the Missouri, we shot down the swift stream at the rate of eighty, even a hundred miles a day."

"And we," returned Clark, "passed through a beautiful valley, colored pink by the blooming bitterroot plant. We saw the deer and herds of big-horns leaping from rock to rock way up on the snowy heights. Sacajawea led us safely through mountain passes over the continental divide to the Beaver Meadows of the Jefferson River. Here we found the baggage we had buried and the boats as we had sunk them. From the headquarters of the Missouri, we pushed on over a low divide to the source waters of the Yellowstone. Each day as we glided down the Yellowstone, the outline of the mountains against the western horizon became fainter. More and more numerous became the buffalo. One day we waited for an hour to

let a herd cross the river, and before evening two more herds as large as the first came along, blackening the stream as they crossed.

The reunited party now proceeded rapidly down the Missouri and before long came to the Mandan village. Here they left Sacajawea, the heroine of the expedition. Some distance below the Mandan country, our explorers were hailed by a number of men coming up-stream on a barge. "The country has long given you up as lost in the depths of the continent," they said. "We are sent by Jefferson to seek for news of Lewis and Clark."

Joyfully the party sped away, eager to be home again. Down the stream they shot as fast as oars, sails, and current could carry them. They stopped at the grave of their comrade, Sergeant Floyd, the only man who had died during that long voyage of two and one-half years through eight thousand miles of unknown wilderness. They stopped again farther down-stream and spent a night with Daniel Boone.

At noon on a day in late September, 1806, our heroes floated from the Missouri into the Mississippi and moored their boats before the white walls of St. Louis. The whole of the city came to welcome this interesting band of men with long hair and beards, dressed in skins, wearing leggings and moccasins, and three-cornered cocked hats!

But both captains were soon off on their way to Washington to report to the President. They went by way of Cahokia, Vincennes, Louisville, and Cumberland Gap.

"Heigh-ho for Kentucky!" cried William Clark as he caught sight of its thriving villages. Many a log cabin had expanded into a spacious house, with glazed floors, costly furniture, and halls full of music and learning.

In January the captains reached Washington and placed in the hands of the grateful President their precious jour-

nal and other valuable records obtained at such great cost of labor and courage.

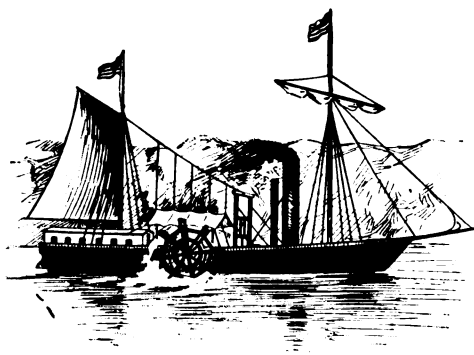
Congress heard with ever increasing surprise how Lewis and Clark had carried the flag to the Pacific. Henry Clay, a member of the Senate ever advocating roads and canals, came forward to greet the two young heroes. Another young man with bright eyes and manly bearing was at the very time endeavoring to interest Congress in an in-

vention. It was Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat.

What an interesting group of great men! Jefferson purchased Louisiana; Lewis and Clark revealed to the world its priceless worth; Henry Clay, by ad-

vocating the building of roads and canals, and Robert Fulton, by inventing the steamboat, encouraged emigration into the great wonderful country.

Could this little group of heroes have looked into the future, they would have seen the people of St. Louis flock to the river in 1817 to see the *General Pike*, the first steamboat that ever came up the Mississippi. They might also, some years later, in 1832, have seen the first steamer on the Missouri, the *Yellowstone*, passing up-stream whistling at every trading post and Indian village. The redmen gazed with amazement upon the puffing, snorting canoe, but soon all of them, even the savage Blackfeet, became eager to trade with the wonderful fireboat which



FULTON'S FIRST STEAMBOAT

each year made a trip up the river. Our heroes could, furthermore, have seen in the distant future great multitudes of people from the Atlantic seaboard moving into the new land of Louisiana. Faster and faster came the settlers, like a mighty flood. Conestoga wagons followed each other in long processions across the Alleghanies. Towns, counties, lakes, and rivers were named after these pioneer settlers who thus wrote their names upon the map of our country. Farther and farther west pushed the pioneers, on horseback, in wagons, canoes, and steamboats. The journey was always long and difficult, but so well had Lewis and Clark shown the way that all who followed them as traders or home-builders had a sure track along which to travel into the great Far West.

Questions for Thought

1. Locate the Louisiana Purchase.
2. What did the purchase of Louisiana mean to the United States?
3. Trace the route of Lewis and Clark from St. Louis to Fort Clatsop and back.
4. Find out all you can about the climate of Washington and Oregon.
5. Make a list of the wild animals mentioned in our Lewis and Clark story.
6. Imagine wireless telegraphy in use in the days of Lewis and Clark. Write the message the two captains might have sent to Jefferson on reaching the Pacific, as also the return message of the President.
7. Of what importance to our country was Lewis and Clark's expedition?

Selections for Reading

Sacajawea—Edna Dean Procter

Indian Names—Lydia Huntley Sigourney

Portions of Hiawatha—Longfellow

IX.

A MISSIONARY TO THE FAR WEST

"Two Indian braves from Oregon want to see the Red-Head Chief," said a clerk to Governor Clark, who was busy at his desk in the Indian Office at St. Louis.

Clark laughed on hearing himself called the "Red-Head Chief." It reminded him of the days of his youth. He welcomed his Indian friends most heartily but could scarcely believe that they had traveled on foot the great distance of nearly two thousand miles to see him. "Ah, you come from the Flathead and Nez Perces tribes. I have not forgotten your fields of camas and your kindness when you said, 'The horses on these plains and hills are ours. Take as many as you need.' Now it is my turn to be kind to you. Come and live in my house and eat at my table."

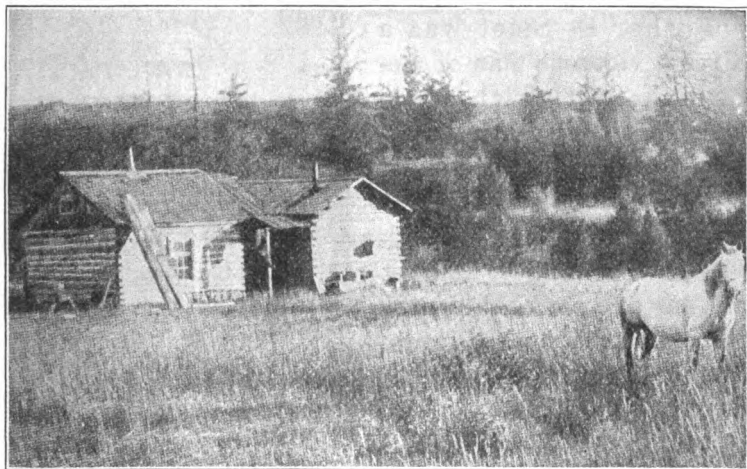
"We have come to ask you for a blackrobe," said Black Eagle, the leader of the band.

How came the Flatheads and Nez Perces to know of a Catholic priest? A number of Iroquois Indians from New York had come among the tribes of Oregon as traders in the service of an English fur-trading company. These Iroquois, whose forefathers had learned the truths of the Catholic faith from the saintly Jesuit Father Jogues, told their western kinsmen of the teachings of the great black-robos in the East. They taught them the sign of the cross and other simple prayers they remembered, and urged them to keep holy the Sunday. The docile Flatheads and Nez Perces were much pleased with the teachings and example of the Iroquois. "We must have a blackrobe," said

the chiefs gathered in a great council around their fires. "If we could only find Lewis and Clark, they would help us." Four braves, two of whom had seen Lewis and Clark, were sent to seek the white chiefs.

"Yes, a blackrobe will come to you," said Clark.

The Jesuit missionaries at St. Louis were too few in number to spare a blackrobe at the time. But the story



A FLATHEAD INDIAN HOME OF TODAY

of the four chiefs who came all the way to St. Louis to ask for a priest spread far and wide. As a result, a number of Protestant ministers crossed the mountains and established missions in the Oregon country.

One of the Flathead chiefs named Insula went to the mission located on the Green River to meet those whom he thought to be blackrobes. He was, however, disappointed to find instead of a blackrobe the Protestant minister Marcus Whitman and his assistant. The old Iroquois Ignace, who had so zealously instructed the Flatheads and Nez Perces, now set out for St. Louis with his

two sons. Again no blackrobe could be given them. A third delegation headed by the young Ignace came to St. Louis. This time their earnest petition was granted. A young Jesuit, Father Peter John De Smet, deeply impressed by the visit of the young Ignace, begged the bishop and his superior that he might go as missionary among the Oregon tribes. His offer was gladly accepted.

Father De Smet was a strong, vigorous man of medium height, with broad shoulders, deep chest, a massive head, black hair, and large dark eyes. He was hardy, adventurous, and indifferent to danger, and yet of an affectionate, gentle, and generous disposition. Born in Belgium in 1801, he began his studies for the priesthood at the age of nineteen. Inspired by the accounts of an aged Kentuck-



FATHER DE SMET

ian missionary who happened to visit the seminary, the young De Smet made up his mind to become a missionary in the New World. On landing at Philadelphia after a voyage of forty-two days, he entered the Jesuit novitiate in Maryland with the hope of being sent some day to labor among the Indians.

Advised by the government, the Jesuits had erected a house in the village of Florissant near St. Louis in which young men were trained for missionary work. Hither came the young De Smet. After some years he went to St. Louis and there helped with his own hands to quarry

the stones for the building of St. Louis University. His heart, was, however, with the dusky children of the wilderness and the petition of the young Ignace for a blackrobe seemed to him like a voice from heaven.

With joyful heart Father De Smet now entered upon his life work. Joining a company of fur traders he set out on his first trip to the Oregon country early in the spring of 1840. Arriving in the land of the Shoshones he was met by three hundred warriors who came galloping into camp and listened eagerly to his instructions. "Blackrobe," said one of the chiefs when Father De Smet had finished speaking, "the words of thy mouth have found the way to our hearts. They will never be forgotten."

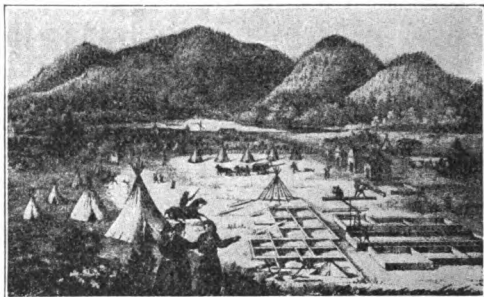
The good priest was happy. He advised the Indians to select one of their number who every evening would call them together for prayer. This the chiefs did. After spending a week with the Shoshones, Father De Smet started northward to the valley of the upper Snake, where he found a party of Flatheads encamped. "On the first evening," said Father De Smet, "I gathered all these people, about one thousand six hundred, around my lodge. I said the evening prayers and they sang together several songs of their own composition on the praises of God."

After two months among the Flatheads, Father De Smet appointed a chief to take his place at time of prayer and to baptize the children. He then set out for St. Louis accompanied by thirty warriors. While journeying bravely on over trackless wilds, he and his companions suddenly found themselves surrounded by a savage war party of Blackfeet. "Who are you?" asked the leader of the dreaded band, eyeing the cassock and glittering crucifix of the fearless Jesuit.

"He is a blackrobe," said one of the Flatheads. "He is a son of the Great Spirit."

One moment of breathless silence, and the blood-thirsty Blackfeet slunk away. Father De Smet and his party continued their way peacefully to St. Louis, where they were warmly welcomed at the University.

By spring of the next year, the zealous missionary, accompanied by three more Jesuit priests and two brothers, returned to his Flatheads. He gathered them in the Bitterroot Valley and here founded in October, 1841, a few miles south of the present Missoula, St. Mary's, the first permanent



ST. MARY'S MISSION AMONG THE FLATHEADS

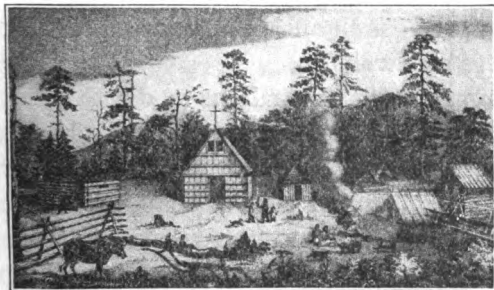
Jesuit mission in the Far West. Imagine Father De Smet's grateful joy when he could write to St. Louis in December: "The whole Flathead nation has been converted and many Indians of the neighboring tribes baptized."

Tirelessly Father De Smet went from tribe to tribe, everywhere instructing his beloved redmen and founding missions among them. As soon as a place was well started, he left it in charge of another Jesuit Father and went on to start a new mission somewhere else. Sometimes he would wander far out of his way to visit an old mission. On hearing the news of the arrival of the loved Father who had so long been absent, the overjoyed redmen gathered from all parts of the country to greet him. Mothers would lay the hands of their infants into those of the missionary. With childlike confidence the chiefs of the tribes would tell him that during the many years of his absence they always had rested

on Sundays and had come together every morning and evening to say their prayers at the sound of the Angelus.

Again the tireless priest would plod his way back to St. Louis beset from all sides by lurking beasts and bands of roving savages. The Blackfeet were a source of great

trouble to the good Father. By constantly making war upon every other tribe of Indians, they worked much destruction among Father De Smet's converted tribes.



THE SACRED HEART MISSION

Father De

Smet frequently went to Europe in the interest of the Indians. Traveling from country to country he begged priests and money for his missions. At Rome the Holy Father, Gregory XVI, rose from his throne and embraced Father De Smet. Imagine the joy of the humble missionary at that moment! When returning to America after his first visit to Europe, Father De Smet took the long route by way of Cape Horn, casting anchor in the mouth of the Columbia River. On board the frail little sailing vessel were eight Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, the first nuns on Oregon soil. They began their labors in a mission on the Willamette River. After five years, however, they withdrew to San Jose, California.

Father De Smet often complained bitterly of the white traders who introduced and sold strong drinks among the Indians. "The redmen are intensely fond of liquor," said he, "and will give up everything they have for a little of this 'fire water,' as they call it.

Several Indians had at one time exchanged a large store of costly furs for a keg of brandy. The keg was hastily set up in the middle of the wigwam. Just then Father De Smet chanced to come along. In the twinkle of an eye the fearless priest seized an ax and knocked in the bottom of the keg. The savages dashed forward with frightful yells to save the precious liquid. But not one of them dared touch the great blackrobe.

Not all the white men loved the Indians as did the good Father De Smet. The poor redmen were often cheated and crowded off their lands. It was hard for them to forgive, and they often rebelled and made bloody wars upon the whites. Again and again Congress sent its agents to bring about peace with the Indians. But these agents could do nothing. The helpless government, knowing what wonderful power Father De Smet had over the savages, now looked to him for aid. The good priest served his country well, often making long journeys to calm the angry redmen and stop bloody uprisings.

The great Jesuit's influence over the Indians was marvelous, and stands out unequaled in history. At one time war with the terrible Sioux had spread through the whole region of the upper Missouri and Yellowstone valleys. Father De Smet alone of all the white race could meet these cruel savages and return unharmed. Fearlessly the brave missionary made his way across the Bad Lands to the main Sioux camp. Here five thousand warriors were gathered about their famous chief, Sitting Bull.

Would Father De Smet venture into this frightful gathering? His great, strong heart feared not his beloved redmen. The surprised savages greeted him with untold joy. They loved and trusted him. He spoke kindly to them and brought them to meet the government agents and sign a treaty of peace. This event is looked upon as the most remarkable in the history of the Indian wars.

A fearless traveler and lover of adventure, Father De Smet could travel for months at a time. He crossed the ocean nineteen times and journeyed no less than one hundred and eighty thousand miles during his missionary labors. He could eat any kind of food, sleep in the open, and share in every way the wandering life of the Indians.

His quiet dignity and winning manners, his loyal nature and warm-hearted goodness won for him the confidence and love of the redmen. Even today he is spoken of among the tribes of the West as "The Great Blackrobe," "The White Man of Gentle Speech," "The Indian's Best Friend."

The great missionary delighted in the company of the young, and frequently spent an hour telling the children of St. Louis about his travels among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. When walking the streets, he often found himself suddenly surrounded by a group of eager little ones begging for one of his stories.

After a life of seventy-one years, full of heroic sacrifice and labor for the glory of God and the welfare of the western Indians, the great Apostle of the Rocky Mountains died in the quiet of his room in St. Louis University. His body was buried at Florissant. There, in the sight of the mighty Missouri, rest the remains of Father Peter John De Smet, the last of the world-famous Jesuit missionaries among the Indians of the American wilds.

Questions for Thought

1. What do you think gave Father De Smet that wonderful influence over the Indians?
2. Find out all you can about Father De Smet's experiences among the Indians, and write one of the stories that you think he probably told the children of St. Louis.

Selection for Reading

Our Country—Author Unknown. (Elson Grammar School Reader, II, p. 19.)

X

THE WEST IS LINKED WITH THE EAST

1. THE FORTY-NINERS

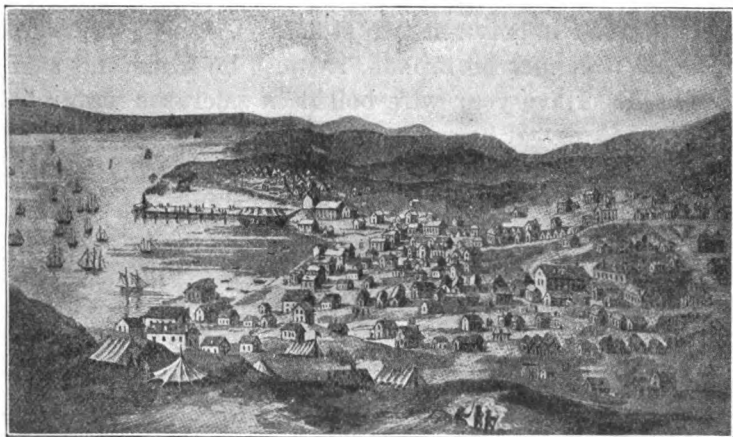
It was in the early spring of 1849. Almost three-fourths of a century had elapsed since the founding of San Francisco by Padre Serra, and very nearly one-half of a century since Lewis and Clark camped at Fort Clatsop on the Pacific. The old missions had already passed from the loving care of the good Padres into the destroying charge of the government agents; Upper California had just become a part of the United States as a result of a war with Mexico.

The broad Pacific still washed, as of old, the shores on which hooded Padres in sandaled feet once swung their bells, planted the cross, and sang their hymns. But the hallowed solitude of old was now being woefully disturbed. The harbor of San Francisco was all astir. It was crowded with ships and thronged by thousands of people. What had happened? What meant that mad rush? What could be the subject of those eager, excited conversations around the open campfires? It was "gold!" There had come

The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of forty-nine.

And this is the story of their coming: Captain Sutter, a Swiss emigrant, engaged James Marshall to build a water-power saw-mill on the American Fork, a branch of the Sacramento River, a short distance from Fort Sutter, and not far away from a village which has since

developed into the city of Sacramento. Let us imagine ourselves visitors on the site in January of the year 1848. The spot was a lonely one indeed. The only dwelling on the place was a double log cabin. The framework of a mill had just been erected and a fine dam constructed. A band of about eighteen men were engaged in the act of



SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849

digging the mill-race. The overseer, James Marshall, observed that the lower end of the race was too narrow.

"The water will not flow away fast enough," he said. "Perhaps we can save labor and time by opening the dam directly into the race."

No sooner said than done. The gate was raised and all night long a strong current flowed surging through the ditch, widening and deepening it and depositing a vast mass of mud and gravel beyond the outlet.

After having shut down the gate the next morning, Marshall said to one of the workmen, "Let us walk down the race and see what the water has accomplished." Together the two men walked along the deep track, noting

with pleasure how well the water had done its work. They soon came to the end of the race and beheld with surprise the vast deposit of mud and gravel.

"But what is this?" said Marshall, hastily picking up a small glittering substance. "Can it be gold?" asked each of the two men as if with one voice. They felt of it; they weighed it in their hands; they finally tried in vain to break it between two stones.

"Since it cannot be broken, it must be a metal," said Marshall. "Have your wife boil it in saleratus water to clean it and reveal its real color."

All day and all night the metal boiled in soapy water. The following morning found it all the brighter.

Several more shining particles were found by the mill hands. Marshall showed the strange metal to Captain Sutter, who tested it as best he knew how. "I am almost certain it is gold," said he, "but to make sure, take it to San Francisco and have it examined."

Away sped Marshall on his horse. Returning, decked with mud and dust, he greeted Captain Sutter with the exciting news, "It is really pure gold!" The two men agreed that nothing should be said concerning the discovery. But the secret could not be kept; it spread like magic. The very winds seemed to whisper it. Eager gold-seekers from the surrounding country and from Oregon soon poured pell-mell into the Sacramento Valley.

Several more rich deposits of the precious metal were discovered, and soon the glittering yellow flakes were picked up almost anywhere. The report passed like wild-fire from one village, town, and city to another. Within a surprisingly short time it reached every part of America. It found its way across the ocean and sped rapidly throughout the countries of Europe. By 1849 it had reached every civilized country on the globe.

From all parts of the world the emigrants now flocked to the land of gold. Growing fields of grain were left unreaped; workshops were abandoned; ships went to sea with scarcely enough men to spread the sails; even the military posts were deserted. On ships, nineteen thousand miles by way of Cape Horn, the fortune seekers sped. Some took the shorter route of five thousand miles by way of Panama. Going by steamer to the isthmus, they crossed the narrow neck with great difficulty on mule-



EMIGRANTS ON THEIR WAY TO CALIFORNIA

back and then proceeded again by boat to San Francisco. Most of the emigrants, however, went overland. On foot, on horseback, and in prairie schooners they wended their weary way of two thousand miles along one of the several trails to the West. They always started from some point on the Missouri, whence most of them followed the Oregon Trail by way of the Platte River and the South Pass as far as Fort Hall, from where they traveled down the Humboldt Valley and across the Sierra Nevada Mountains to Sutter's Fort.

Like a great army the emigrant trains filled the roads for miles. By night their campfires glittered in every direction about the places favored with fresh water and grass. A traveler on the Oregon Trail once counted over four hundred and fifty prairie schooners in a distance of ten miles.

Over plains and mountains and deserts the gold-seekers trudged. Mothers, leading their children by the hand, climbed the steep and rugged highlands and waded through the deep and heavy sands of the deserts. Men once strong and robust sank pale and haggard to the ground from sheer exhaustion. Whole parties fell beneath the tomahawks of the Indians. Wrecks of wagons; bleaching skeletons of oxen, mules, and horses; and numerous graves of men, women, and children soon clearly marked the road of the emigrants.

Nevertheless, people arrived in the gold regions by the thousands. These pioneers were in after years called the "Forty-niners" because they went to California in 1849. Soon their canvas tents and bush arbors thickly dotted the hillsides in the gold region. In the full glare of the scorching sun they worked restlessly on with shovels, spades, and pick-axes. In tin pans, closely woven baskets, and cradles, they washed the sands for gold. Many did not even stop for food or rest.

But farms, gardens, and orchards had been abandoned. How was this multitude of human beings to be fed? Flour sold at one hundred dollars a barrel. Apples brought one dollar apiece. Vegetables, butter, eggs, and meat were of equal value with gold. Great trains of wagons moved along carrying provisions to the California fortune diggers. Now and then a driver spied particles of gold among the sands at almost every point of the road, even far up into Oregon.

"Gold in Oregon!" flew as if on wings over the hills and valleys. And northward, way into British Columbia, the gold-hunters pushed. Thousands were soon gathering gold in the valleys of the John Day, Powder, and Willamette rivers. The yellow metal gleamed from the rocky walls of mountains and canyons. Whole nests of it were

found in the highlands. The beds of the rivers and the sands of the ocean beach glittered with it.

By 1853 the excitement subsided. Many of the gold-diggers had found the wealth they had expected to find; but by far the majority had met with disappointment, while countless numbers had perished miserably. Most of the forty-niners had come only to make their fortunes



DIGGING AND WASHING GOLD

and then return home. Many of them, however, as they moved along from one Californian or Oregon gold deposit to another, took up claims and built their cabins. Some of the newcomers were wise enough to see that they could gain more profit by selling food, tools, and other supplies to the miners than by digging for gold. So they engaged in trade or agriculture. By and by, people also became aware that the wonderfully rich soil and most genial climate of the West were sources of far greater wealth than its gold mines. Numerous thrifty families now came West, and home-building began in good earnest.

Towns and cities had meanwhile sprung up with in-

credulous rapidity, in some instances even over night. Within a half-year San Francisco had grown from a village of a few huts to a city of fifteen thousand people. In less than three years the population of California increased from scarcely ten thousand inhabitants to more than a quarter of a million; it was consequently admitted as a state in 1850.

2. EARLY MEANS OF COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE EAST AND THE WEST

On the map of the state of Missouri find the city of St. Joseph. Let us imagine ourselves seated here on the grassy left bank of the Missouri River shortly after the Pacific Coast had been peopled so rapidly. Our thoughts are with the emigrants in the Far West. We picture them in their new homes and think with awe of the two thousand miles of wilderness which stretch away between them and this little town of St. Joseph. "Do not these distant settlers feel cut off from the rest of the world? Are they not lonesome for their homes in the East?" we ask ourselves. We are told that they are quite unattached. They are a vigorous, adventurous, and generous class of people, and love the rich, sunny country in which they live in luxury and abundance.

But do these Western settlers not long for letters and for the news from home? As if in answer to our musing, a horseman comes riding along at break-neck speed. We hail him, "Where are you bound for?"

"No time to answer questions! Jump on behind and see for yourself."

We leap into the saddle back of the rider, and off we dash. Where to? Ah, we are riding with the pony express which is carrying mail to our friends at Sacramento in the Far West. On, on we fly. Speed is of the

greatest importance. But surely our pony cannot hold out long at this pace. No; we have ridden about fifteen or twenty miles. Ahead is a cluster of log cabins. Here we are, right up to the door of one of them. We look neither right nor left, but dismount in haste and leap upon the back of another pony standing ready for the purpose. Away we speed to the next station. Here, without a moment's loss, we mount a fresh pony and off we race once more. At the third station we dash up to a rider sitting ready in his saddle, and hastily deliver to him our mail bag. Away he flies like a bird on the wing, to repeat what we have done.

Thus the pony express bore the mail—only letters, at five dollars per half-ounce—from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, in ten days. By day and by night; in sunshine and in rain; in cold and in heat; over prairies and deserts and mountains, the brave, tireless mail carriers made their perilous rides. Not one of them but could tell of Indian attacks, of great hardships, and of hairbreadth escapes, while more than a few perished miserably on the way.

Famous among the pony express riders was William F. Cody, known the country over as "Buffalo Bill." He once made a continuous ride of three hundred and eighty-four miles without stopping, except for meals and to change horses. It is interesting to know that Colonel Cody, who died but recently (January, 1917), was received into the Catholic Church on his deathbed. His remains were en-



COLONEL WILLIAM F. CODY

tombd on the summit of Lookout Mountain, near Cody, Wyoming. Here, high above the plains on which the buffalo once roamed in countless thousands, on which the wild whoop of the Indians once disturbed the silence of the wilderness, and over which prairie schooners once rocked their weary way in long processions, rests Colonel William F. Cody. With this famous man the last reminder of the "wild and woolly West" has passed away.

But only a few years after the establishment of the pony express, in the autumn of 1861, the people of the East and West one day found themselves watching in vain for the coming of the pony express. "Shall we have no more fast mails from the farthest end of our country? Who will carry our letters for us?"

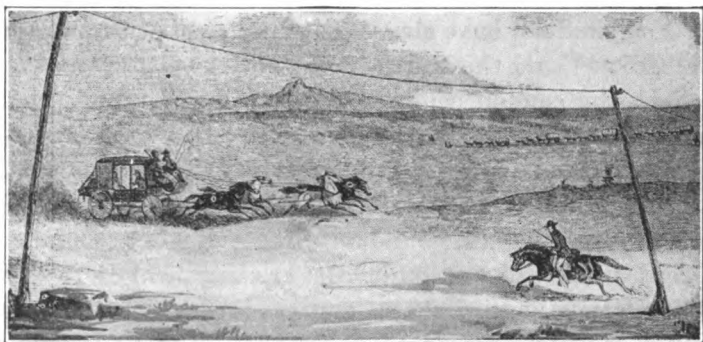
"Send your messages by wire," said a man in a clicking telegraph station. Yes, a telegraph line had been stretched across the continent, and all important news was flashed over this line. Now and then a band of Indians would cut the telegraph wire in two and then ride triumphantly away. The wily redmen looked with suspicion upon this silent conveyor of news. Often while the savages were thus carrying on their work of destruction the telegraph company would string a wire through the grass around the Indians, and messages would go flashing over the line in spite of the break.

Overland express stages also carried passengers and letters and packages to and fro between the East and West. The Indians greatly hated these stages. This circumstance alone made a stage ride across the continent extremely dangerous, to say nothing of the many other hardships and perils connected with such a journey.

Think of one of these stage wagons, drawn by three spans of horses or fleet mules, tearing along with a band of Indians in hot chase. Harken to the shots of pistols

and the whizzing of arrows and bullets as they pass close enough to touch the driver's ears or scratch his hands. He turns and fires a few sure shots at his pursuers. Then he whipe up his horses and away they rush almost headlong down a steep path. Finally, the redmen are left far behind—the stage has once more made a close escape.

"This is too dangerous and too slow a manner of traveling," said the people. "Congress must build a railroad to the Pacific."



OVERLAND EXPRESS STAGE AND PONY EXPRESS

The idea was loudly ridiculed. "A railroad across twenty-five hundred miles of prairies, deserts, and mountains?" exclaimed one of the senators. "Who could ever think of undertaking such a foolhardy thing!"

"But we must have a railroad to the Pacific," declared the people. Finally Congress sent five bands of men to survey five routes to the Pacific; one on each the thirty-second, thirty-fifth, thirty-eighth, forty-second, and forty-eighth parallel. Each band came back with a favorable report. Each had found a path along which a railroad to the Pacific might be laid.

"On which of the five parallels shall we build?" asked Congress.

"On the forty-eighth, from Omaha," said the people of the North.

"No, no; build it on the thirty-second parallel, running out from Vicksburg," demanded the South. The two sections would not agree, so nothing could be done. Before long, however, the North and the South entered upon a terrible war with each other.

The North said: "We do not want slavery."

The South declared: "If we are not allowed to have slaves, we will withdraw from the Union."

"You shall not have slaves, nor may you withdraw from the Union," said the North.

Soon the cannon pealed and blood flowed. The people of one and the same country had risen to arms against each other and ushered in the great Civil War. The noble Lincoln, pointing to the map said, "The Pacific coast is undefended. We must build a railroad. Begin at Omaha."

And a railroad was built. It was begun in 1862. The Union Pacific, assisted by Congress with a large sum of money, built westward from Omaha. The Californians were overjoyed. They, too, began to build. Their Central Pacific Company started Eastward from Sacramento.

3. THE FIRST RAILROAD ACROSS THE CONTINENT

One can scarcely imagine what a gigantic undertaking the building of the first railroad across the continent was. Both ends of the track had to be laid through a new country entirely unpeopled except for the few settlements in Utah and a number of mining towns and camps in Colorado and Nevada. There were therefore no foundries, no factories, nor machine shops to supply the necessary building material for the new road. Among the mountains and in the vast stretches of deserts not a drop of water was obtainable.

Nevertheless, we one day find San Francisco harbor all astir. Numerous ships are crowding the bay. A stranger might suspect another gold rush. These ships have come from the Atlantic seaboard by way of Cape Horn and are bringing tons and tons of iron rails and large stores of tools for the new railroad. A great number of men are unloading the heavy cargoes which are at once dragged overland to Sacramento. Fortunately, the dense forests of the Sierra Nevadas will provide the Californian workmen with all the timber needed for ties, trestlework, snowsheds, and telegraph poles.

The eastern end of the proposed track will pass through hundreds of miles of treeless prairies. There are, it is true, rich growths of cottonwood in the Platte Valley, but the soft cottonwood timber is unserviceable in the building of railroads. But see, the Missouri River is crowded with freight boats for miles above and below Omaha. These boats are laden with heavy timbers from nearby and distant forests. Great loads of iron supplies are also being brought across Iowa by rail as far as Omaha. But listen to that strange rumbling, puffing noise. Ah! see in the distance that huge engine tugging slowly along. It has been dragged across the country all the way from Des Moines. For what purpose? To be used by the Union Pacific workmen in their railroad shops.

Of the two companies building the road, the Union Pacific has perhaps the less difficult part to construct. Its route extends along the trail mapped out by the forty-niners, which passes, for the most part, through a level country. But the Central Pacific will have to be constructed over and through the lofty Sierra Nevadas.

For six years the work proceeded steadily on both the Eastern and Western ends of the road. Several thou-

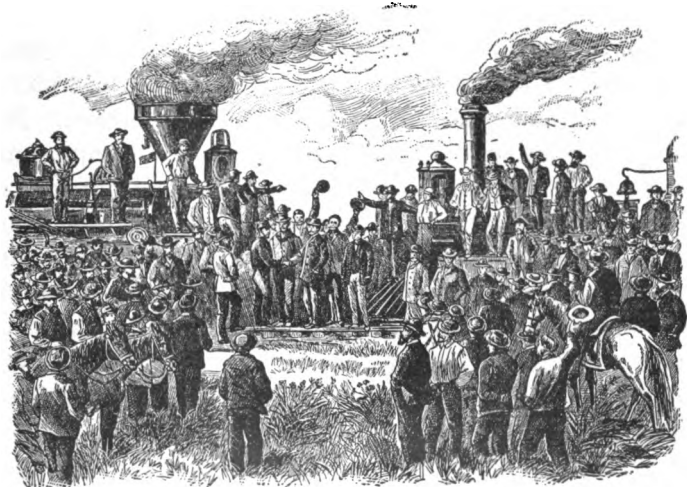
sand Chinamen were imported to California to work on the Western end. The workmen on the Eastern track were largely European emigrants. Many of the laborers were soldiers who had served in the war. Some of these helped to build the track, while others protected the workmen against Indian attacks. It has been boastfully said that a gang of tracklayers on the Union Pacific could at any moment be formed into an army of soldiers. Nevertheless, there were wild times, with dreadful days and nights, with frequent hot and bloody Indian battles; and the grave of many a builder of the great track lies side by side with that of an explorer, a gold-seeker, or a pioneer—all heroes in the westward march of our nation.

Some twenty-five thousand men were employed on the road during the closing months of its construction. And there began the greatest race of its kind on record. The Central Pacific workmen wound round and up and over the Sierra Nevadas. Eastward they rushed, crossing deep ravines and rugged canyons, chiseling shelves upon the rocky precipices and tunneling their way through walls of solid rock. Fourteen tunnels had to be excavated. While some of the laborers were cutting these hollows through the rock, others hauled their iron, tools, and even locomotives over the rocky heights and continued work on the other side; finally, both tracklayers and tunnel-diggers joined hands and completed the track.

Both companies pushed on at the rate of four to ten miles a day, and finally the bold Californians and the sturdy Union Pacific men met at Promontory Point, not far from Ogden, Utah, in May of 1869. Only two lengths of the rails remained to be laid between the two ends. These must be put in place with fitting ceremonies.

A train carrying the officers of the Union Pacific Company and a detachment of soldiers representing the

national government came in from the East. The governor of California arrived from the West. There stood the two great, puffing, snorting engines, gaily decorated in red, white, and blue. In the presence of more than a thousand people the remaining ties were laid. The last one was finely polished and bore a silver plate with the inscription: "The last tie on the Pacific railroad, May 10, 1869." The work-



JOINING THE TWO PACIFIC RAILROADS

men from the West laid their last pair of rails; those from the East did the same.

The last spike, one of gold, presented by California, was still to be driven. Telegraph wires from all parts of the country were connected with this spot in the desert. At last flashed from Promontory Point: "We are nearly ready to begin—bow heads, prayers are being said."

After a pause came the message: "The spike is being presented."

The governor of California and the vice-president of the Union Pacific Company then drove the golden spike.

Flashing over the wires went the glad tidings: "The last tie has been placed, the last rail laid, and the last spike driven. The Pacific Railroad is completed."

Cheers and shouts from the bystanders and shrieks and whistles from the locomotives rent the air of the lonely desert. The enthusiasm of the crowd was reechoed, as it were, in the great cities of the East and the West by the ringing of bells and the firing of guns.

While the road was being built regular runs were made on the newly laid track as far as it had been completed, carrying supplies and provisions to the workmen. And as the work on the road progressed, miners' camps, small settlements, and stations sprang up along its course. After the completion of the road, thousands and thousands of sincere, industrious men and women poured into the new country, and miners' camps and villages and towns grew speedily into flourishing cities. Thus new and rich states were formed where only a few years before were found Indian camps, colonies of prairie dogs, and great herds of shaggy buffalo and fleet-footed antelope.

Soon branch lines grew and reached out from the great road, and now five transcontinental lines bear the traveler and emigrant to and fro across the continent. Over the route where Lewis and Clark pushed wearily on more than a century ago, the traveler now speeds swiftly along over iron rails. The East and the West have been linked with each other and with all the rest of world.

Questions for Thought

1. Find out all you can about Abraham Lincoln.
2. Enumerate some of the immediate results of the discovery of gold in California.
3. What did the completion of the first trans-continental railroad mean for the people of the United States?

Selection for Reading

America—Samuel Francis Smith

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

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